A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

INTERNATIONAL club

France Francs 45,
Austria AS 112,
Belgium BFr 180,
Germany DM 17

VOLUME 22 NUMBER 7

£1.95

IT'S HER FIRST TIME!

LUCY IS OUR VIRGIN BRIDE

BLONDE ON BLONDE

HORNY LESBO READERS CONFESS ALL!

KNICKERS DOWN!

TEN BOTTOM BARING BEAUTIES WIGGLE THEIR CHEEKS

THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Two Number Seven

Thought for the Month: "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder – mind you, you should see what goes on in my corset!" – *Nell Gwynne, 1671*

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Alex

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Lucy

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Kathryn

That's it. We've had enough. Enough of these cramped offices with blood stained walls where people have been unable to swing a cat. Enough of turning away the pleading demolition experts that appear every morning with a crane and a big steel ball. Enough of walls that wobble and pictures that fall off when you slam the door (just watch *Neighbours* and you'll get the idea).

Yes, it's time to move on to pastures new, so after drawing the short straw I approached our accounts department on bended knee – and guess what! We've all been given a spanking new office! And what's more, it's got all the mod cons.

Trendy chairs not held together by string! Electric typewriters instead of these old black ones that snap your fingers back when you use them! Electric light! No more hissing gas jets! Radiators

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instead of open coal fires! Oh I can't wait...

But hang on, what am I going to do with all my executive toys? Sure, my indoor Putt 'n' Play golf game will fit in anywhere, but what about Whitney and Bob, my two goldfish? What if there isn't room for them? And what if the wardrobe that I keep all my loud braces and socks in won't fit either? Oh, sod it, I'll sack someone. Then I can use their desk.

But looking around these four old, peeling walls brings the memories flooding back. Yes, memories of innocent days gone by when a copy of Club could be yours for tuppence and the closest we could get to being erotic was to show two bright red balloons on the cover. The only legs we could show were a table's and casual sex was something you did on Sunday mornings in a v-neck.

If you went to a strip club all you'd see was a woman in a boiler suit giving a step by step guide on how to get paint off wood with a blowtorch and a chisel... oh, happy days.

But hang on! I nearly forgot to tell you! We're having a leaving party! It'll be full of models with no clothes on pouring punch over each other for all of us to lick off while playing 'Hide The Peanut' with nothing but the nearest pair of tits *and* playing 'Sardines' with any six women of your choice as well as 'Naked Twister'.

What's that? You want to come too? Of course you can! It'll be great to see you all. Just leave £30 in used notes in the second dustbin along at Pier 12 down by the old wharf opposite the abandoned warehouse at midnight tonight and I'll send you a ticket! But don't forget to bring a bottle, some ointment and a good lawyer.

See you there! – *The Ed* ♣

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Tel: 071 - 734 9191. Colour by Technik, Berkhamsted, printed Web Offset by Hunterprint Group Plc. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: namely that it shall not, without the consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Subscriptions amd back issues: MRM, Premier House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, LE16 9NR, Telephone (0858) 410510. All contributions, including colour transparencies or photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owners risk, and while every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Ltd, nor its agents, accept liability for loss or damage. Distributed by Comag, Tavistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE, Telephone: (0895) 444055 © Paul Raymond Publications 1993. Printed in Britain.

IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

A Flying Dutchman...

I don't think that I've ever seen any letters from Dutch readers in Club before, so I decided to write in and say how much I enjoy Club here in my hometown of Enschede.

I'm 33 years old and have been buying your great magazine for twelve years – and I think your last issue (Vol 22 No 5) was one of the best. In particular Ellen was especially beautiful; her long, blonde hair, pert boobs and curvy bum looked incredible. How about devoting more pages to her in your next issue? It would make me very happy indeed!

I know that your magazine is very popular here in the Netherlands, mainly due to the beautiful girls that you feature – I know it's not the jokes anyway. Sadly I think your English jokes lose something in the translation – or are they just as crap in English too? *– Hans, Enschede*

A quick perusal of our back issues folder does in fact prove you right, Hans... on both points. You are the first Dutch reader in Club International, and yes: the jokes are just as bad in English. But never mind, turn to page 54 for more of lovely Ellen. – The Ed

Three's No Crowd...

I've always thought that threesomes only happened to other blokes, that was until last week.

My mate, David, was 25 years old last Friday and he had hired a studio to hold his party. It was a big building with lots of little offices and a dancefloor. By the time I arrived just after closing time, the party was in full swing with couples getting off all over the place. I decided that I wanted a piece of the action and went in search of some company.

As I walked around eyeing up the girls, I thought I was seeing double on the dancefloor. There were two stunning blonde girls right in front of me dressed in identical black velvet dresses. I went over and introduced myself and we got chatting. Lorraine was 19 years old, very petite but with a great figure; and Sandra was about 25 years old, very sexy and with a superb pair of big tits.

The three of us went off to get a drink and some privacy and we eventually managed to find an empty office. The drinks were soon forgotten as Lorraine threw her arms around me and then started to rub the front of my trousers, where my cock was getting pretty excited.

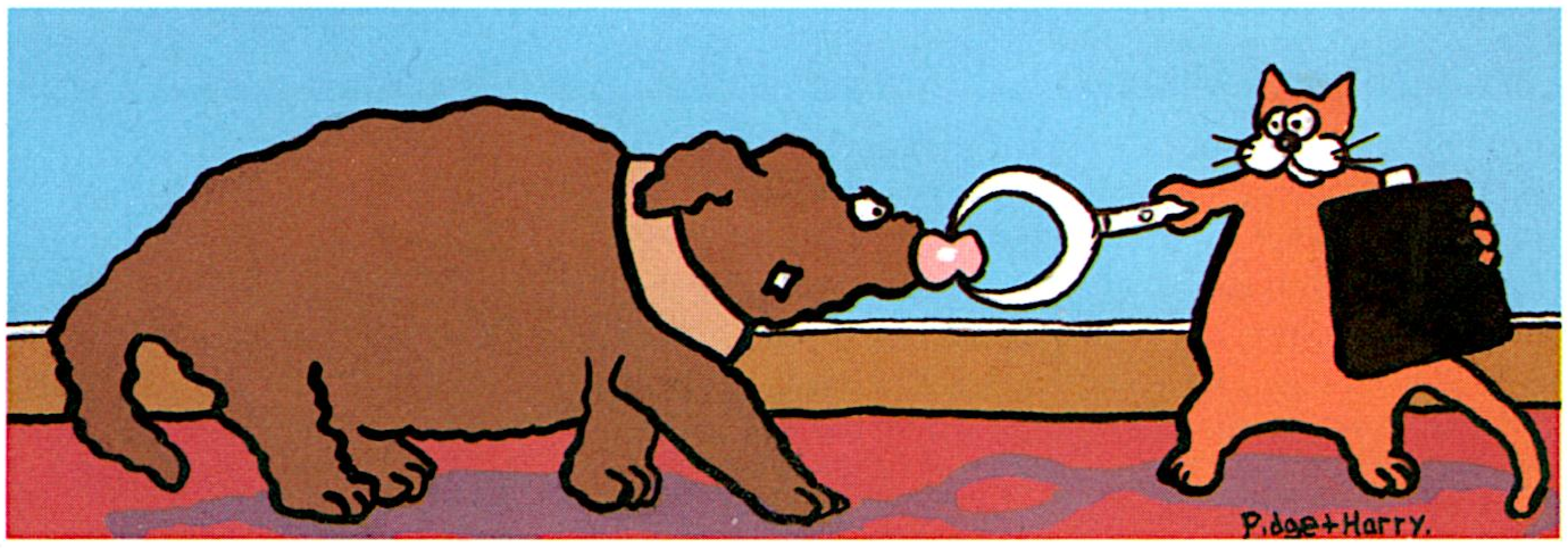
Sandra came around the other side of me and then I slipped the straps of her dress off her shoulders to reveal her fabulous tits. I moved my mouth to meet her nipples and then started to suck frantically, gently nibbling on her swollen buds. While my attentions were on Sandra, Lorraine had freed my cock from my trousers and then dropped to her knees and was gently tongueing my aching cock. "Mmm, this tastes nice, Sandra," she laughed. "You should really have a go!" Lorraine may have been intent on giving me a blow-job, but it seems as if Sandra had other ideas! She pushed me back onto the desk and then pulled her knickers to one side, revealing a sparse blonde pussy, her delicious pink folds glistening with her own juices.

"I want to fuck your brains out," she whispered as she climbed on top of me. I felt her warm fingers grip my shaft as she guided my cock inside her and began to fuck me. Her pussy walls held me inside as we began to screw faster and harder.

Meanwhile, Lorraine slipped off her dress to reveal her gorgeous tits, then pushed her cami-knickers down to her ankles giving me a first tantalising glimpse of her shaven pussy.

Without hesitating she clambered onto the desk and sat astride my face, leaning forward at the same time to kiss Sandra full on the mouth. I couldn't believe I was underneath these two stunners as they both kissed and caressed each other.

I was frantically licking away at Lorraine's sweet pussy as Sandra bounced up and down on my cock, her full, firm tits swaying. Lorraine was screaming out now that she was going to come, and was grinding her cunt even harder on my face as I tasted her tangy juices on my lips. She was moaning even louder now as I took her clitty between my teeth and began gently nibbling it. This



"Quite frankly your curiosity is beginning to to bug me..."

OH-OH, SHIT!

Roger Moore Bond Video Clearance Sale

"Good afternoon, Miss Runnyfanny. My name's Comp, Video Comp. I believe M wanted to see me."

"Sorry, M and N are in a queue for a pee, but I can handle your predicament."

"I'm sure you can!" Comp replied, raising one eyebrow.

"Well we've got all these Bond videos to give away. There's *Octopussy, Moonraker, Live and Let Die*; all the ones with Roger Moore in, so that you can watch him get older in the comfort of your own home. They're produced by MGM/UA and cost at least a tenner, maybe more but we've lost the press release."

"But surely they've all been on television before, Runnyfanny! Who'd want those?"

"But these haven't got commercial breaks in and some are in a wide screen format," Miss Runnyfanny replied.

"Mmm, I see," replied Comp, lowering his eyebrow. "And you need some sort of competition to see who wins them?"

"You've got it, Comp!"

"Well, Runnyfanny, how about asking them how many Bond films Jaws appeared in; as a clue you could tell them it's more than one. Then all they have to do is send the answer to Bond Video Comp, Club, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. The first correct answer gets the videos!"

"How do you do it?" asked Miss Runnyfanny.

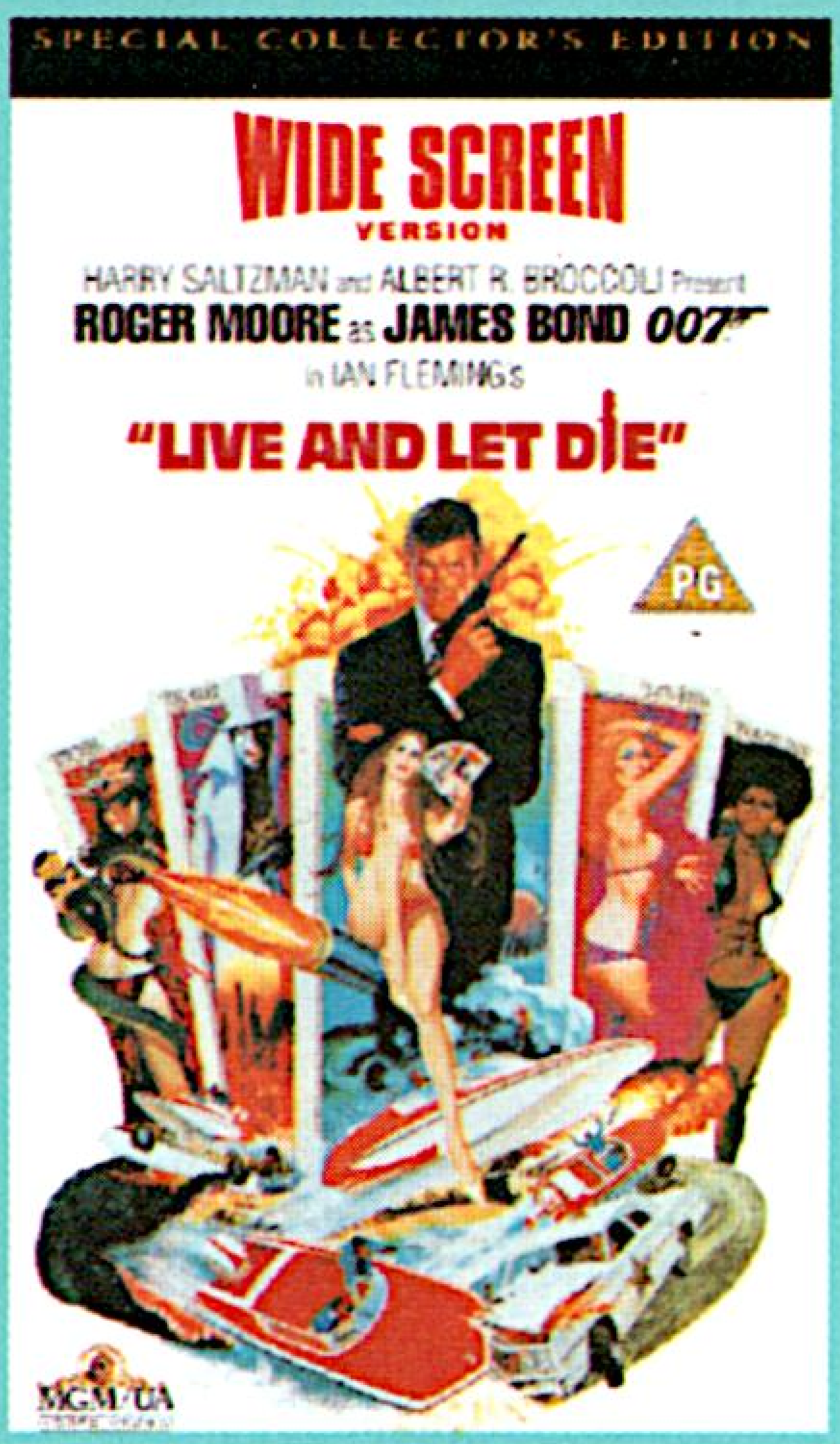
"Quite simple. It's all in a day's work for..."

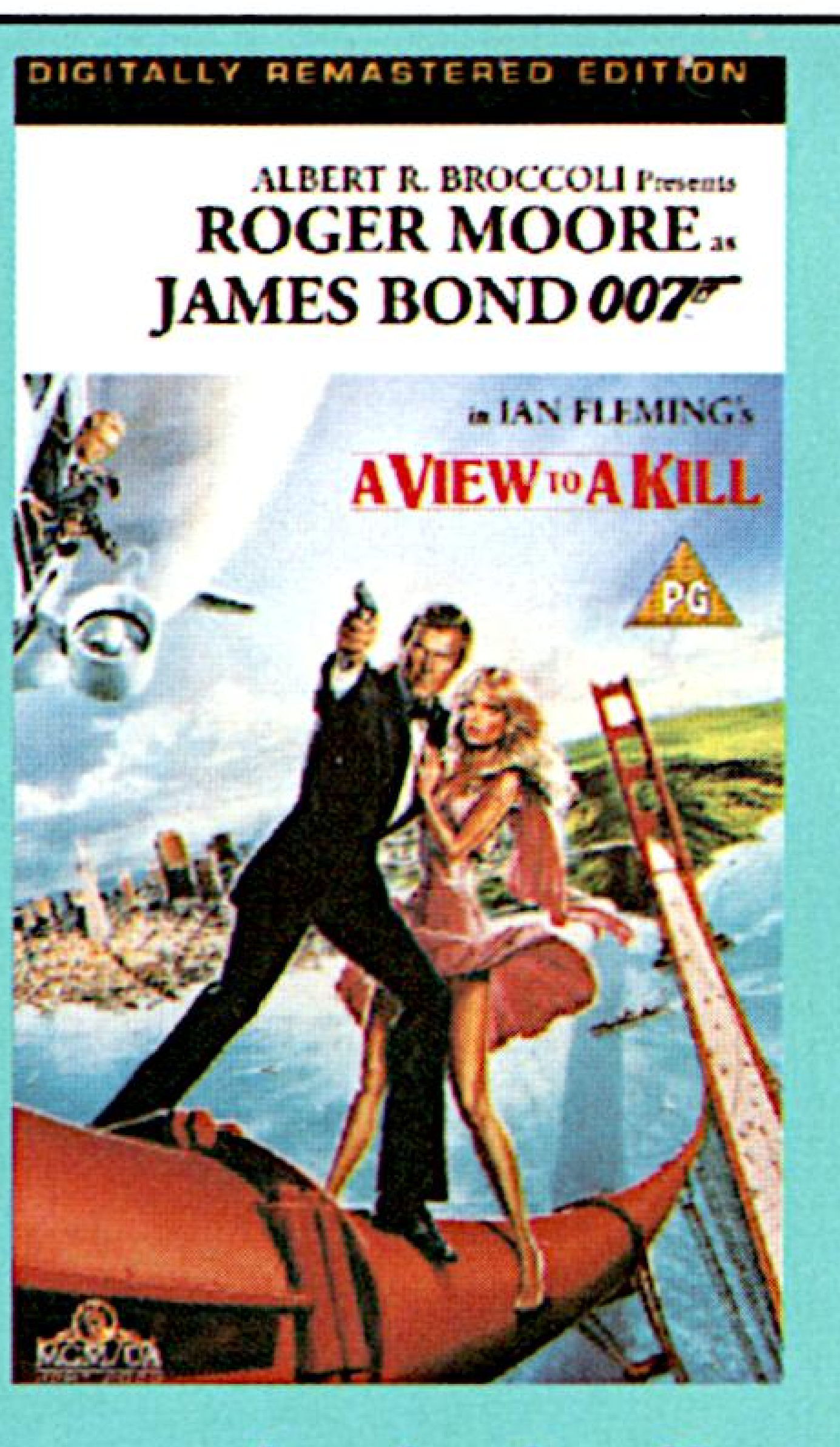
"Not so fast, Comp!"

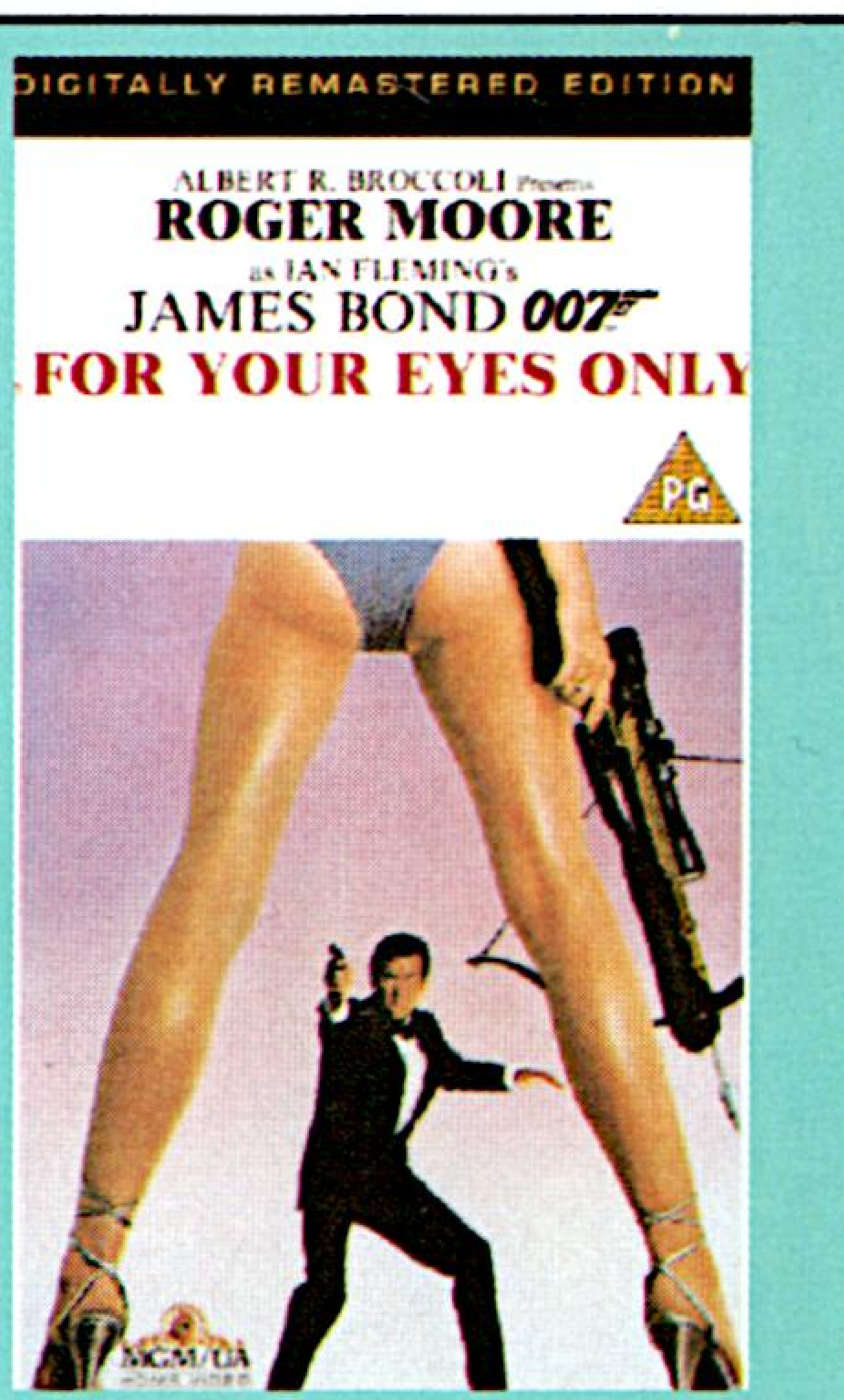
A bald man with no earlobes appears in the door stroking a pussy...

"Okay, Blowjob!" Comp drawled. "I-i-i--i-it's a-a-a-a-all i-i-n a d-d-d-day's..."

(Look never mind all this bollocks, we've got some videos to give away, and if you want them, answer the question and then send it in to us. Okay? – The Ed) ♣


SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
WIDE SCREEN VERSION
HARRY SALTZMAN and ALBERT R. BROCCOLI Present
ROGER MOORE as JAMES BOND 007
in IAN FLEMING'S
"LIVE AND LET DIE"
PG
MGM/UA





prompted Sandra, and she threw her head back and speeded up the pace, pummelling down on my cock until all three of us came in unison.

Both girls then climbed off the desk, and Sandra lay back on the floor, exhausted. Lorraine, however, was ready for more and she leaned forward and began to lick the last few drops of spunk from my cock. Tracing her tongue around the rim of my helmet, she milked me for every drop she could.

After that the three of us rejoined the party for a few more drinks, then just as quickly as the two girls had appeared they left! Thankfully, David knew exactly who they were – apparently it's their party trick at gatherings like that one... and I was the lucky bloke! – *Dean, Richmond*

Let's Work Out...

My girlfriend Carol never fails to excite me – she's got a great body and sexually we're very compatible. The only problem is – and I'm not complaining! – that she always wants to fuck; and she doesn't care where we do it.

I work as an assistant in a sports shop in town, and last Tuesday I was getting ready to lock up the shop and knock off for lunch when in walked Carol. "Hiya, handsome," she purred. "Fancy a little workout?" By the grin on her face, I knew she didn't mean pumping weights! I was just about to suggest that we should nip back to the flat, when Carol grabbed me by the hand and led me through to the back of the shop.

Sitting me down on one of the exercise benches, Carol grinned and then started to slowly peel off her overcoat. She wasn't wearing any clothes underneath, just a garter belt, stockings and panties. I sat there open mouthed as she walked over to me, and pushed me onto my back on the bench.

Without uttering a word, she sat astride me and started to unbutton my shirt with one hand, whilst she tugged at my belt with the other. Then she kissed me hard on the mouth, her hot tongue darting between my lips.

Backing away a little, she slid one nipple into my

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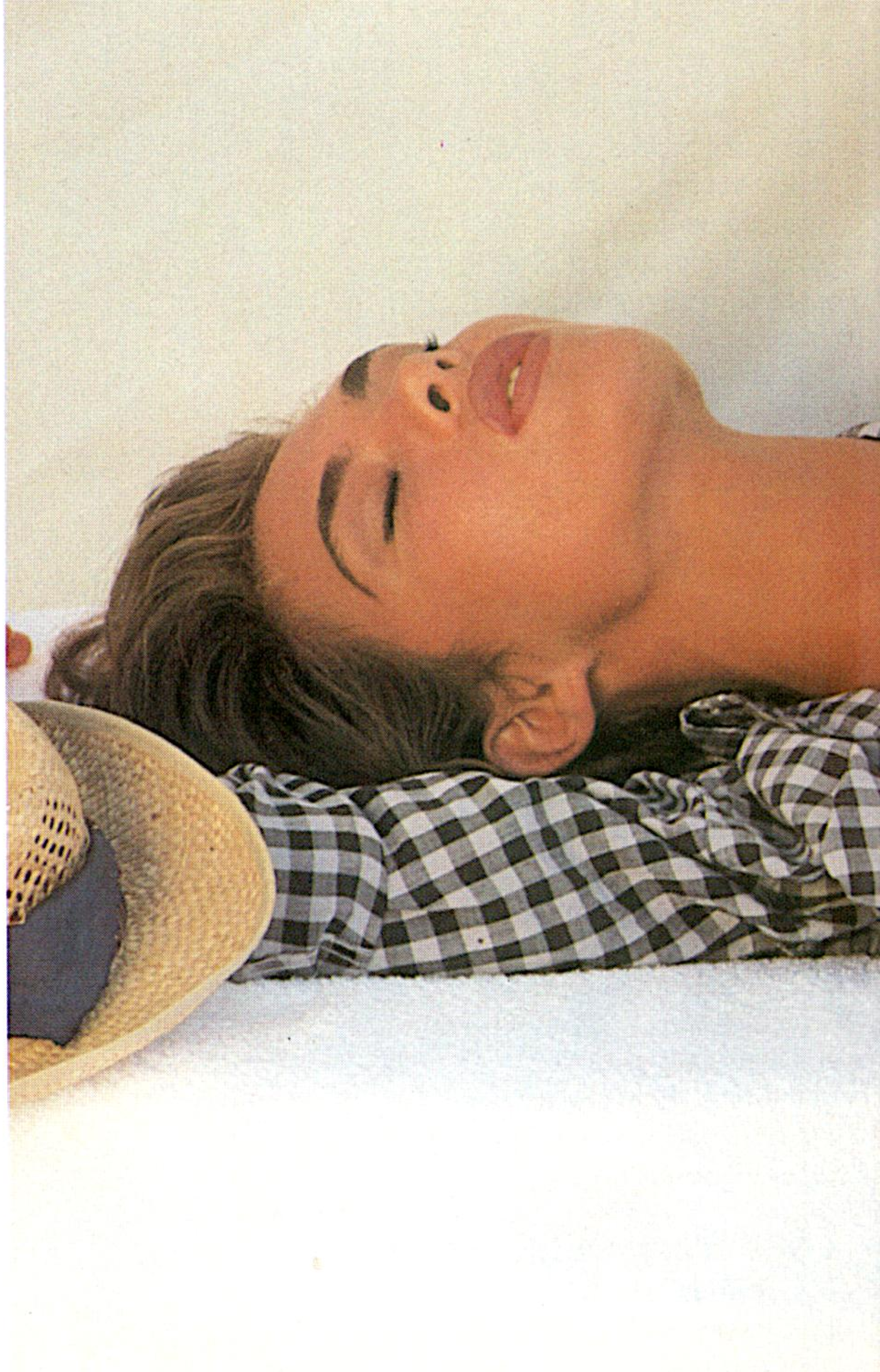
kathleen

Photographs by Michael Moore

The words natural beauty sprang to mind when we saw these pictures of curvy Kathleen sunning herself on holiday. "Being a student means I don't really have much time to



spend tarting myself up," sighs the 19-year-old stunner from Cardiff. "So I'm afraid you'll have to take me as you find me."

Right everyone! Start looking now!♣

GAWD MORNING

He's back! But would you want to see the High Prince of Puke, **Nathaniel Fastbastard**, first thing in the morning?

I've never had any trouble getting up in the morning – or at any other time for that matter. If I'm not up at the crack of Dawn, or any other bird, I'm woken by my pecker making a marquee of the sheets at about 8am, followed by the desperate need for a dump. 'Summoned by Bowels', I think that old poet Sir John Letchman called it. Being such an early riser, it therefore came as no surprise when I was summoned to see the owners of *God It's Morning TV*, the breakfast station with more corny flakes than Kelloggs.

The moment I arrived at E-Cup Towers, I was ushered upstairs to the M.D.'s office. "Ah, Sir Nathaniel!" he boomed. "Would you like to slip into the warm confines of my inner sanctum?"

"Well, let's just go into the office first," I replied.

The M.D. was a bloated, cigar-smoking businessman with stains down his tie, which I recognised as a fine 1959 Chateau Neuf de Crappe (Oddbods £29.99). The fat capitalist himself also seemed familiar. Then I remembered he was Lord David Thrust, the famous angry young anti-establishment satirist of the 1960s.

"I'll come straight to the point!" he told me. "We need a new Dyke."

"Oh, is that Lorraine Kelly a bit of a lez, then? I know what the Scots are like..."

"Good God, no; of course she isn't!" he exclaimed. "I mean a new Greg Dyke. The man who turned TV-AM from a feuding failure into such a success that it lost its franchise. The man who gave us such great television as Roland Rat and Chris Tarrant on an elephant. I think you have the same terrific taste."

"Thank you," I replied.

"You see we started with that Fiona Armstrong, but she just didn't have the F factor."

"I don't know, I'd certainly fuck her," I replied

"That's as maybe," continued Lord David. "But we need fresh ideas. Have you seen *The Dog's Breakfast* on Channel 4?"

"You mean the one with that ginger ponce?" I replied. "Well I had a quick wank over Paula Yates the other morning..."

"Now you're talking my language!" he roared. "I mean that Fiona woman was so grumpy, we weren't so much GM-TV as PMT-V. Give me great television and I'll make you real money!"

"Now you're talking *my* language!" I replied.

"Oh, and one piece of good news," he whispered. "We've managed to poach Anne Diremound and Nick Boring from the BBC."

"Poaching Anne and Nick, great," I laughed. "If you poached them both for two hours they'd be stiffer than a willy at the Revue Bar."

So I went away to work on the first morning's schedules over ten pints of Red Cock cider (£1.85 a pint) and a couple of Glenhoddle whisky chasers (£1.70 a shot). Half an hour later I was ready to announce my new line-up.

In front of me were all the great media moguls – Michael Delgrade, John Birk, Alan Bentslob and Marmalade Pussy, as well as Thrust and his staff.

"Now what I propose," I began, "is a schedule that mixes traditional items such as news and weather with items of interest to those with nothing to pull their pud over until Anthea Turner turns up on *Blue Peter*."

There were murmurs of approval.

"So we start with news bulletins read by Ferm Bottom – you know, her with the fat arse who used to be with Frank Bough before he got tied up with other things. The weather will be read by Irika Jism, a Swedish tart of my acquaintance. In line with our policy of helping the handicapped, she will be offering visual aids for the cloth-eared. Every time she mentions the hilly areas, she'll flash her tits!"

More mutters.

"Other features will include *Get Shagged Out With Mad Lezzie*. Dressed in a leotard, she'll demonstrate good poking positions with her partner, The Sperm Goddess."

Gasps. This was going down well.

"Next comes Bot Spot with our arse doctor, Miriam Cockard. She'll be giving you a chance to check just how well you are from the state of your shit. For instance, if your brownies are bobbing about like buoys in a harbour, chances are you've copped a crap curry. We'll be asking people to phone in and describe their dump, then put the matter in her hands."

Sounds of retching filled the room.

"The rest of the time we'll have *Shoplifting Basket* with Richard Maidoffwithit and Judy Finditagain. Unlike the two smarmy ones on at the moment, our couple are real thieves and will be showing you exactly what's easily accessible for slipping into your handbag this week.

"Finally there'll be interviews with real celebrities – sexy tarts or men with a bigger packet than the cat litter comes in. What do you reckon, guys?"

I sat down. Lord Thrust coughed.

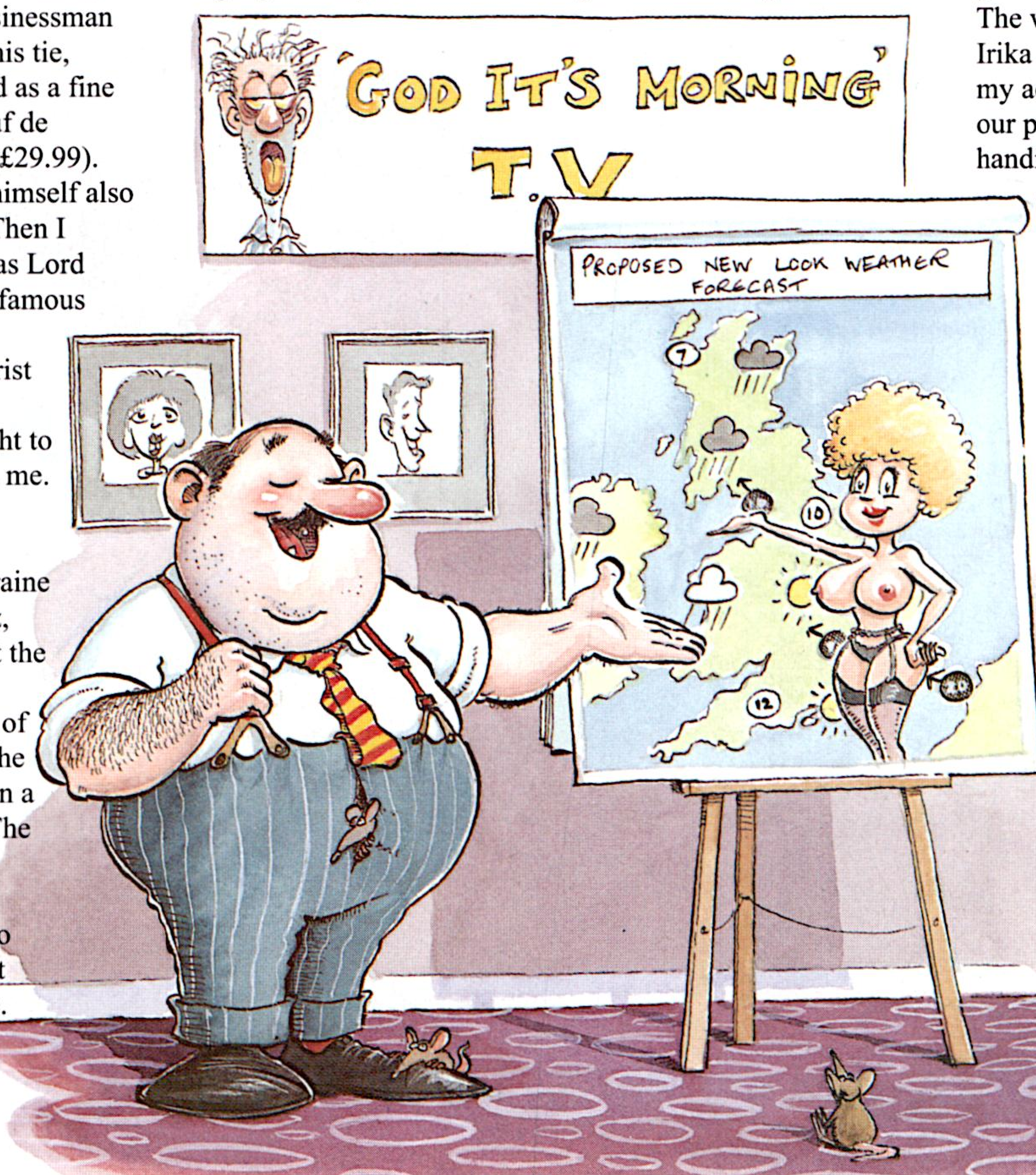
"I'm not sure we're ready for anything quite so, err... innovative," he said. "I think we'll just paint the set, get a new sofa and put more trailers on. Thank you, Nathaniel. Goodbye."

The TV execs trailed out leaving me alone except for a small, grimy looking foreign gentleman with stained flies.

"Allo, Mr Fartbarztidd," he said shyly in a foreign accent.

"Sir Nathaniel Fatbastard to you, prat," I replied irritably.

"Yes, zat's good. I am Transit van Rental from the Dutch satellite station, Red Hot Bitch. I wondered if you would like a job..." ♣


'GOD IT'S MORNING' T.V
PROPOSED NEW LOOK WEATHER FORECAST
7
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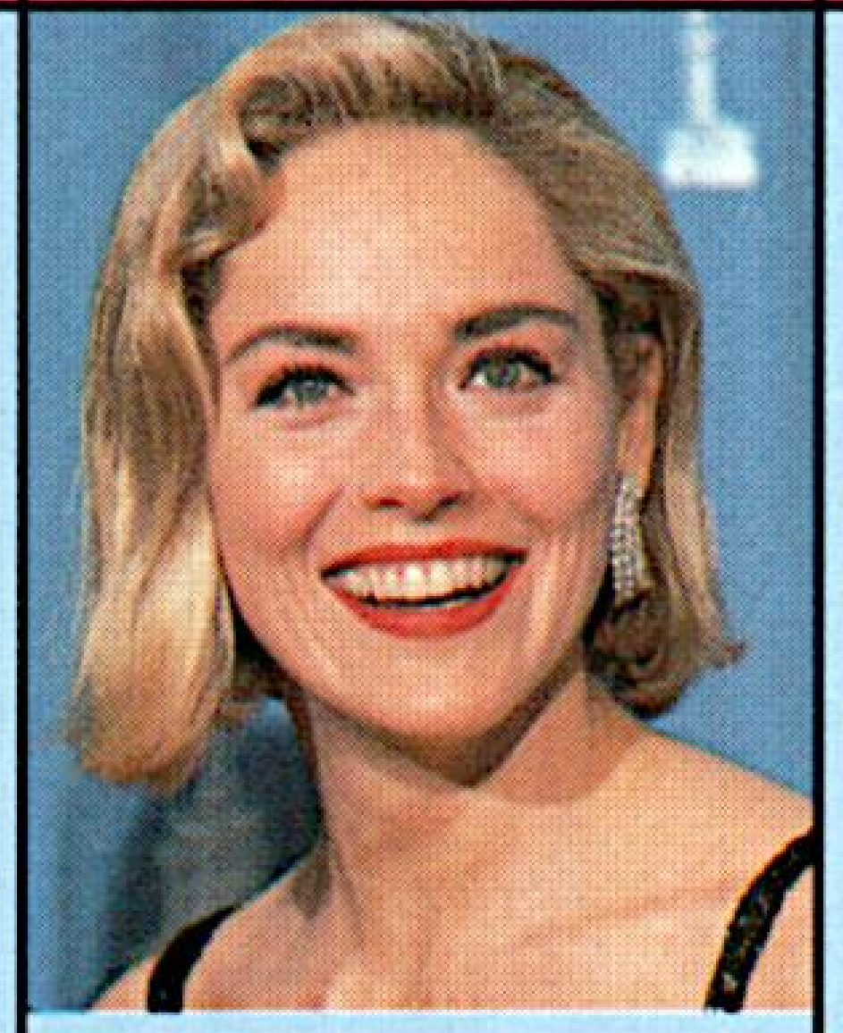
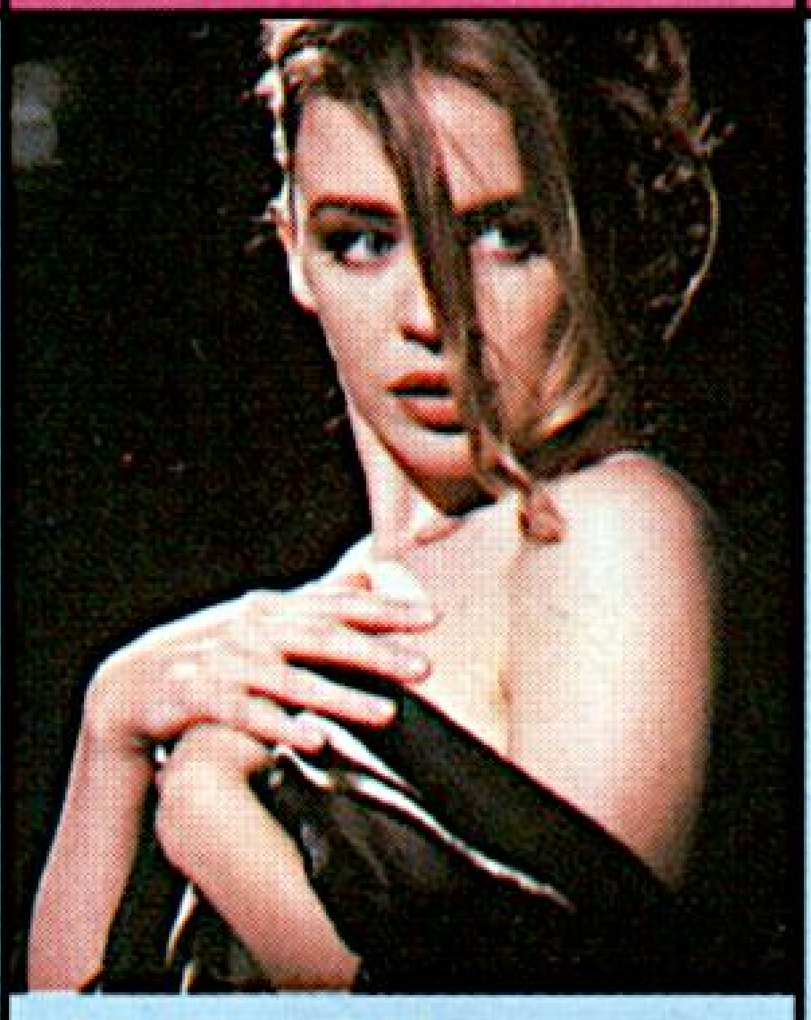
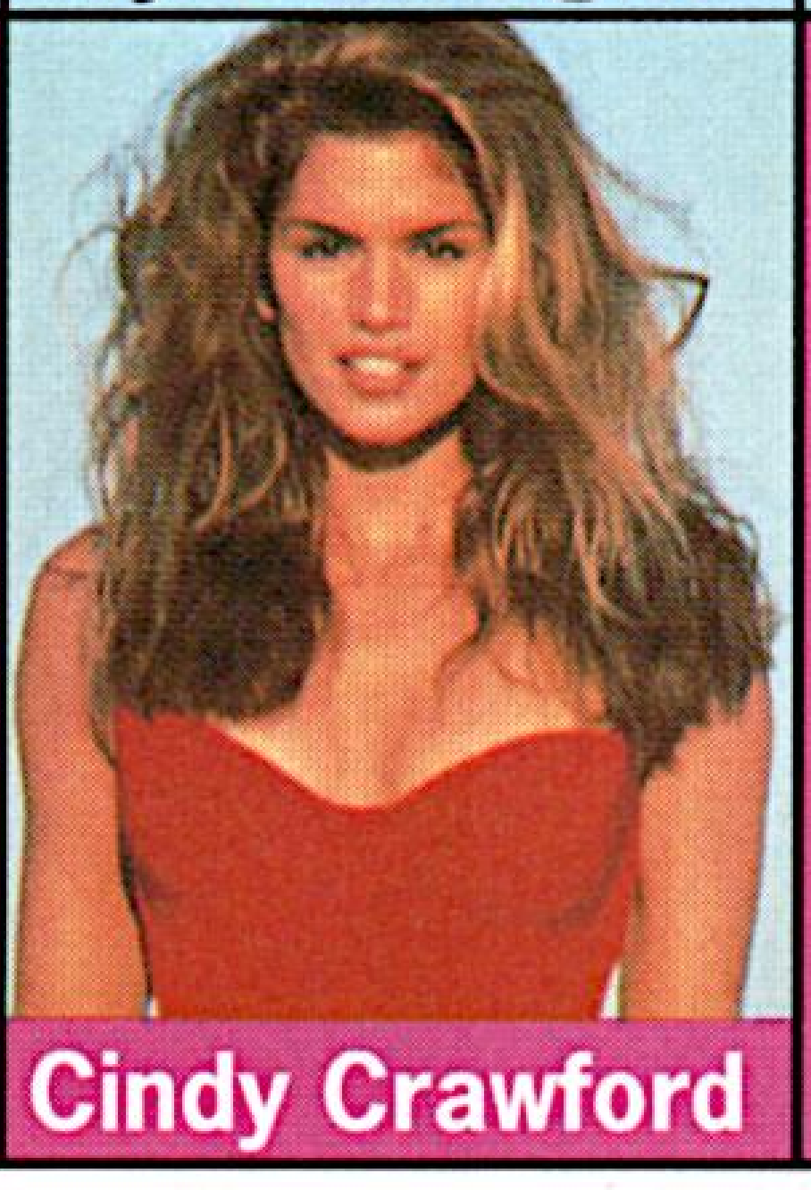
GIVE HER A HAND...

We like gratuitous pictures of naked women, as you may have noticed. They'll spring up at the drop of hat: there you are engrossed in Maurice Short's account of Jesus Gil's antics in Italy, when a snap of a woman with no clothes on leaps out at you from the page for no reason at all. It's tough, we know...

So in an effort to make our pictures seem a little less, well, gratuitous, we've selected the picture that you now see before you... nice, isn't it? And all we need from you is a funny caption to go with it. You won't win anything for your efforts – a gratuitous picture calls for a gratuitous caption – but you'll earn our grudging admiration for coming up with something far funnier that we ever could. Thanks. ♣

BABES: YOUR CUT-OUT-AND-KEEP GUIDE

We all know what it's like... You don't know whether you fancy a night at the Oscars ceremony with a gorgeous film starlet or a quiet night down the local with the girl next door. Well, just take a peek at our simple, easy-to-read and completely made-up guide to today's most lustful ladies...

GENRE	SEX KITTEN	MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE	LEAST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE	POSSIBLE CHAT-UP LINE	WHERE YOU MIGHT TAKE HER	IDEAL GIFT	SHAGGABLE RATING
FILM STAR	 **Sharon Stone**	She'll shag you at the drop of a hat (on film, anyway)	She isn't the landlady at our local	"Fancy a shag then, Sharon?"	To Marks and Spencer for some proper underwear	Ice pick and a good lawyer, obviously	8 (...only because you saw her beaver in *Basic Instinct*)
SOAP STAR	**Michelle Fowler**	You'd only have to see her twice a week (BBC1, Tues and Thurs 7.30pm)	We really don't have the space...	"Ere, weren't you the ugly one in *Grange Hill*?"	The Queen Vic for a pie and pint with Arthur and Pauline	A bottle of Oxy 10	0 (Sorry, tweacle...)
RIGHT ON BABE, ERR, TELEVISION PRESENTER	**Emma Freud**	Her brain. Mind you, her tits ain't bad, either	She is a lot more intelligent than you	Not even worth a try, really	The Royal Academy for the Eugenio Dittborn retrospective	A set of encyclopaedias or a Katrine Herian watercolour	We don't agree with evaluating a woman's sex appeal with stereotypical male... oh, okay – 8
SHAMELESS SELF PUBLICIST	**Madonna**	Her bank balance and her Malibu summer apartment	Her ingrowing toe-nails	"Hey, I'd *really* like to see your holiday snaps, Maddy..."	Nudist colony or a Trappist monastery	Some clothes	5 (Well, after *Sex*, we've seen it all, haven't we?)
SINGER (ALLEGEDLY)	 **Kylie Minogue**	She wears wonderbras and hotpants... yummy!	She's Australian	"Ere, aren't you the Sheila in *Neighbours*?"	To Sydney... then leave her there	A one-way ticket back to Australia	6 (Sorry, Kylie – but we'd rather have Dannii...)
MODEL	 **Cindy Crawford**	Lips, hair, tits, legs, feet, eyes, nose, ears, hands, eyelashes, elbows, bum...	Richard Gere	"Wow! Have I died and done to heaven?"	Straight to bed	Everything you own	A perfect 10, natch

Thanks to Sky magazine for supplying the idea for this feature. If you can't be inspired, then simply plagiarise!

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Well ding ding dong I'm a blushing bride! I thought as no-one's ever asked me to get hitched (although quite a few have asked me to skip straight to the honeymoon bit!) I'd give it a go anyway and dress up in virginal white, just to show you all how pure and innocent I am. And you can stop that laughing!

I can just imagine turning up at St Roger's Church in a great big white Roller, and as I walk down the aisle the organist starts playing 'Here Comes The Bride' on his instrument. Talk about jumping the gun!

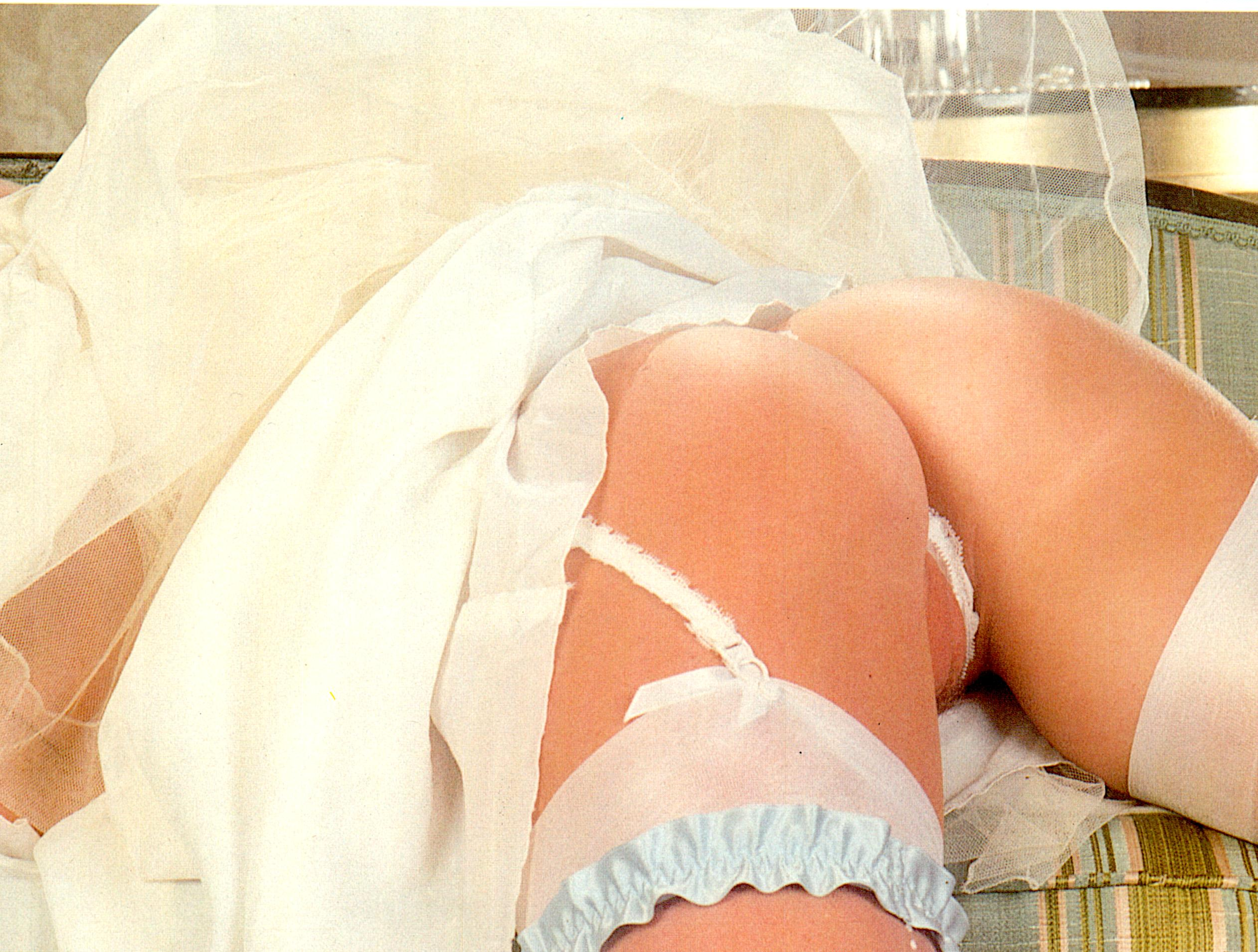
After a quick service, I give the fella next to me a snog – until I realise that he's the best man and I've kissed the wrong one! Then we all stand outside and wait for the photographer to get his exposure just right, but as soon as I hear him clicking away I start stripping off right in front of everyone! Soon I'm standing there totally starkers, with the whole congregation cheering but hubby storming off in a huff.

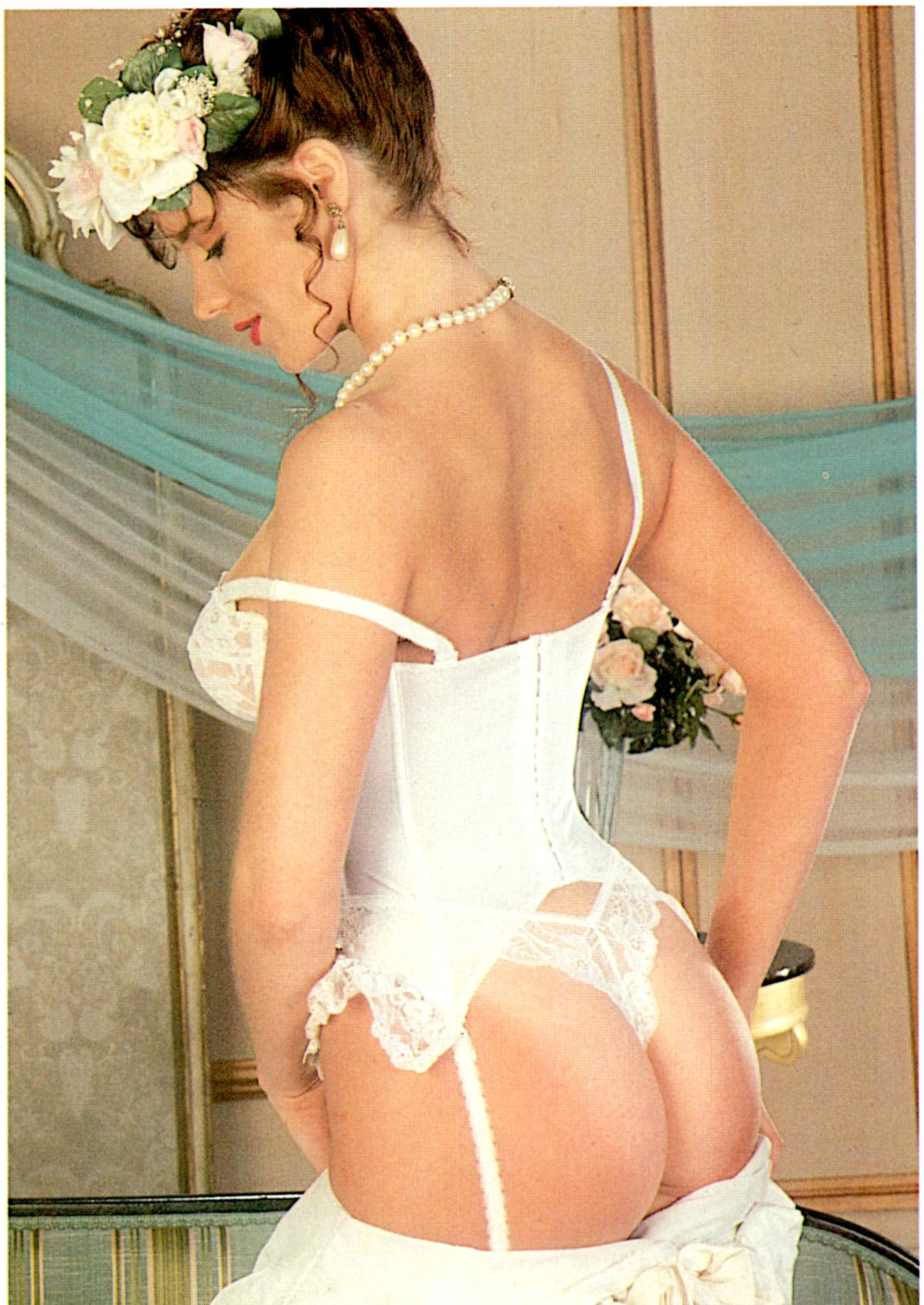
Oh well, looks like I'll have to stay single and stick with the sort of proposals I normally get!

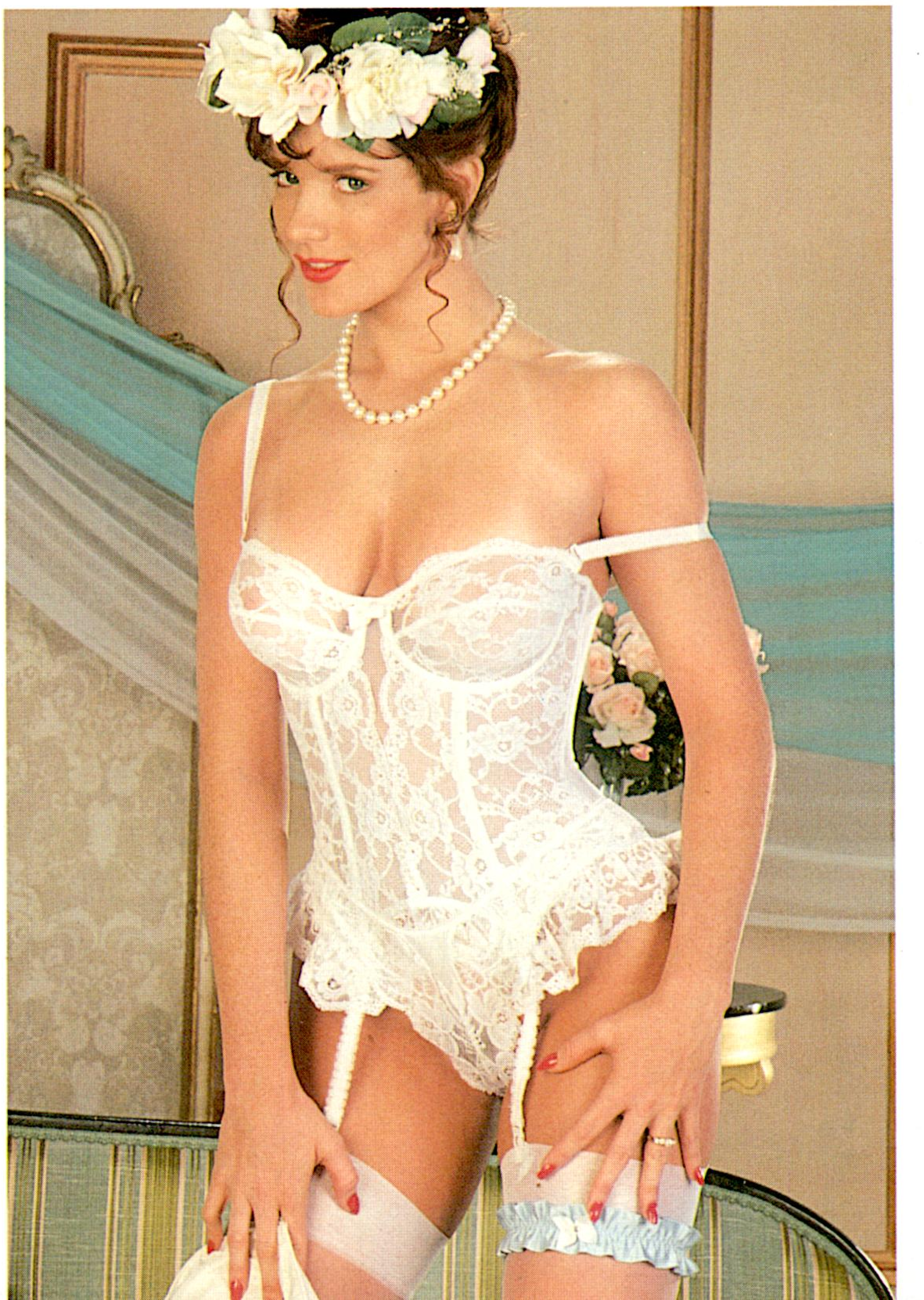
See you next month!

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self–addressed envelope.







LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I really loved that set of you dressed up as a wench working away in a tavern (Vol22 No5). It's the perfect role for such a buxom lass.

And what a magnificent backside you've got! That terrific picture on page 25 is the horniest shot in the magazine. You look great leaning forward over a table, with your undies down around your ankles and sticking out your naked arse cheeks as if inviting us all to give you a good seeing to!

I honestly think you're the horniest women who's ever shown off her naked body. How did Club get their hands on you? And more importantly, how can I?! – *Mike, Edinburgh*

What a sweetie! I'm glad you liked the set, I think I've had more letters about that one than any other.

So who knows? You might be seeing me as a fruity Nell Gwyn, a horny Helen of Troy or even a sexy Cleopatra surrounded by 20 slaves (my favourite)!

Dear Lucy,
I had to write and tell you I've never seen any girl who causes such a stir in the trouser department!

I love your long red hair and saucy smile, together with that bottom that could knock a man over from the other side of the room!

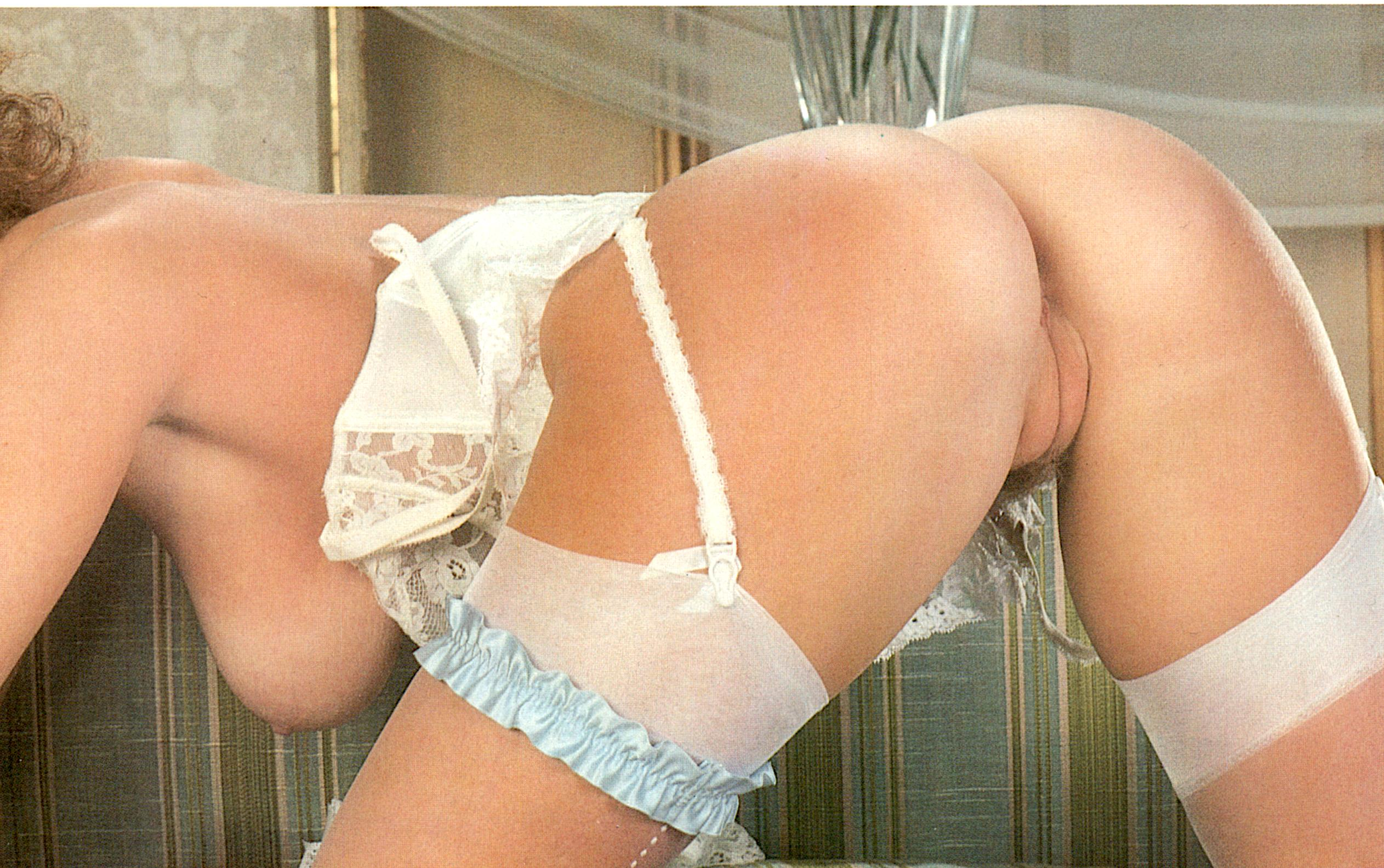
My fantasy is to watch you slowly undress as I lie back on the bed, waiting for you. I can see you now, peeling off your tight dress (no underwear, of course!) until you're standing there in nothing but a pair of heels and a hairclip!

If you're a little short of male models to play the part of the bloke, I might be available! – *Gary, Newbury*

Now there's a surprise! You know, I think this must be 'National Lucy's Bottom Week'! What about my poor boobs? Or my legs? Don't you like them, too? I don't know, I try so hard...

And as for your fantasy, I know there's nothing I like better than a really slow, seductive strip in front of the mirror. I'll take my time peeling off layer after layer of clothes until I'm standing there completely naked!

Of course, I really enjoy doing it in front of a camera – especially knowing you lot will see it too! – ***Lucy*** ♣



PRESS 'P' FOR PLAY

The Barry Norman of the pop world, **James T Bone**, takes another sideways glance at our music makers... And why not?

Is modern-day Zelig and Jimi Hendrix incarnate, **Lenny Kravitz**, getting a bit too big for his boots? The tireless self-publicist and singer has written, produced, performed and been photographed with the likes of Madonna, Vanessa Paradis, Bono, Yoko Ono, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger and Guns and Roses; but he finally got his comeuppance recently when he joined Prince onstage during a concert in New York.

Picture the scene: there was the Purple One gyrating sexily and generally doing his thing onstage, when on walked Mr Kravitz to raucous applause from the audience. All very nice... but it might have been good manners on Kravitz's part to actually tell Prince he was going to join him onstage. Not surprisingly, a visibly agitated Prince – who never even knew Kravitz was in the building, let alone about to join him for an impromptu duet – summoned his minders who unceremoniously threw the embarrassed star off the stage! Stupid boy...

***The Bluebells**: Young at Heart and considerably richer into the bargain as well...*

***Lenny Kravitz**: It's that man again...*

- Crusty, New Age rockers **Ozric Tentacles** released their new LP, *Jurassic Shift* last month... and if the music isn't really your cup of tea, then you can simply smoke the album...

  Up until recently, hemp straw – the derivative of cannabis – has been illegal, but new laws have allowed the limited use of the natural ingredient; and in a stroke of genius, the Ozrics have used recycled hemp for the cover of *Jurassic Shift*.

  Admittedly, hemp straw only contains 0.01percent of cannabis, so by our reckoning you'd have to smoke about ten albums before you even got remotely stoned. But could the current nationwide shortage of cannabis and the unusually high chart position of the album – number ten with a bullet – be in any way connected? Perish the thought.

- **Ooops Award, Part Three:** Surely some mistake here. Some non-smoking smart-arse has decided to open the country's first smoke-free jazz club in the centre of London; news that would undoubtedly make **John Coltrane** and **Chet Baker** turn in their graves. Rumours that Roy Castle has been booked for the first gig there are believed to be, sadly, unfounded.

- Just when you thought that the **Abba** revival had been forgotten until the next time; those tossers at Channel 4 have decided to host a spectacular bash to mark the 21st anniversary of the release of the Swedish supergroup's first single, *Waterloo*.

  George Michael, David Bowie, Pet Shop Boys and East 17 are among those who have been approached to cover a song each, with a television show and a video to follow. Lord help us...

- Heavy metal fans will be crying into their Jack Daniels at the heartbreaking news that the annual rock festival at **Donnington** in August may have to be cancelled... due to lack of interest.

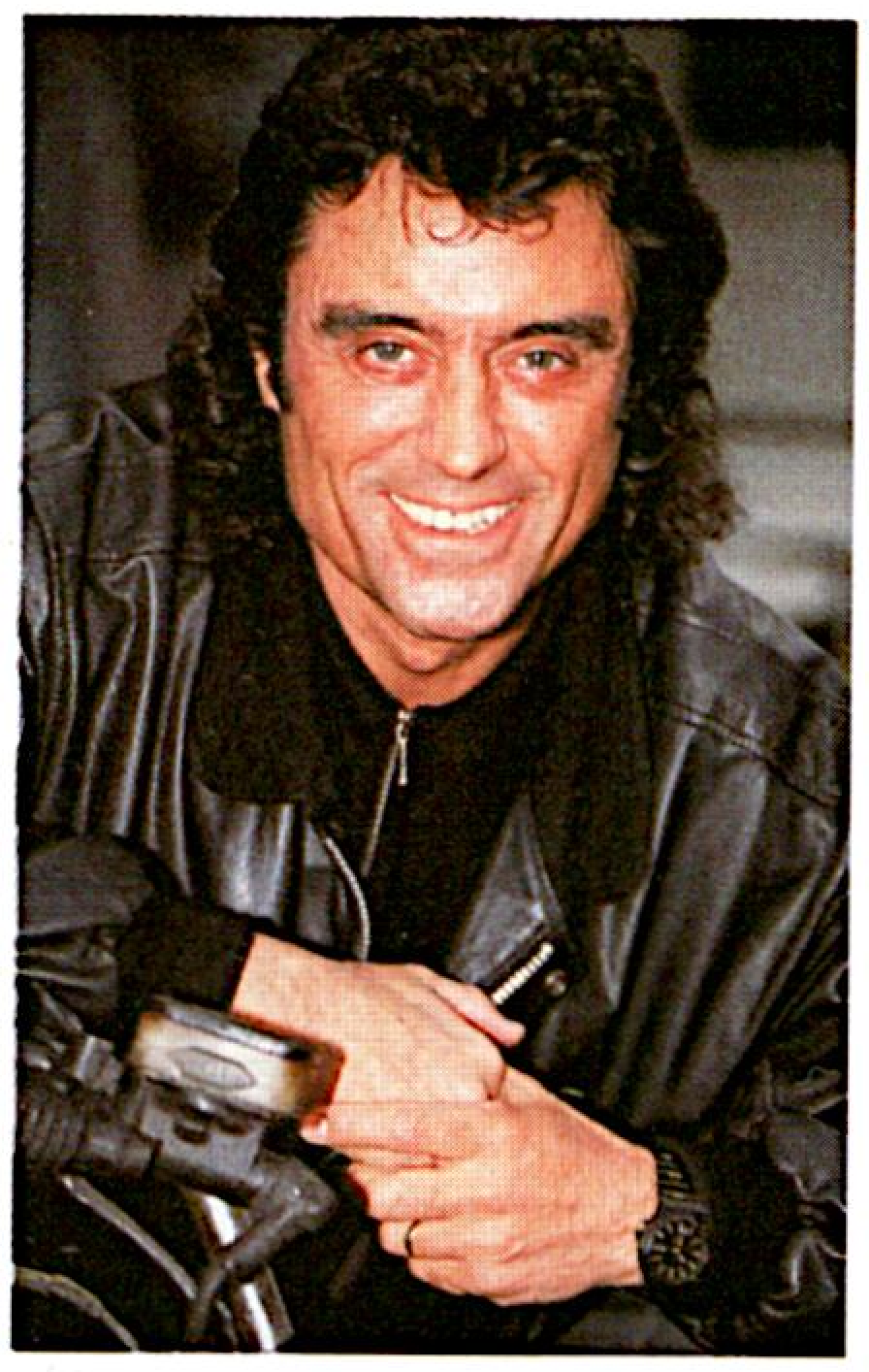
  It seems that the organisers have approached the likes of Aerosmith, Iron Maiden and Van Halen only to be turned down by them all. Makes your heart bleed, doesn't it?

- Public access porn channels in the United States are coming under fire for playing classic rock tracks such as **Rod Stewart**'s *Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?* and **Diana Ross**'s *Ain't No Mountain High Enough* without paying the artists any royalties. Which quite simply begs the question, have Rod and Diana been glued to their television screens watching this sort of stuff or what?

- Shaun Ryder looks set to dip his toes back into the cool, blue waters of pop. After breaking up the Happy Mondays, the singer has got together with Craig Gannon (ex-Smiths and Bluebells), Gavin Whelan (ex-James) and his brother Knobhead

Bez and Shaun Ryder: The (not-so-happy) ***Mondays*** and wacky dancer, Bez. The music is not expected to be a radical departure from his previous band, a fact that is attested by the name he has chosen for the group... quite simply, **The Mondays**. Christ, it must have taken ages to think that one up...

● The recent chart-topper, *Young At Heart*, by **The Bluebells** may not have been to everyone's taste, but you won't hear Siobhan Fahey – the weirdo from Shakespears Sister – complaining too much. She was dating singer Robert Hodgens some ten years ago when the couple penned the song together, and she has already earned £35,000 from royalties. Enough to keep her in fright wigs and black mascara for a few months yet, we reckon.



***Lovejoy** (top) and **Lou Reed** (bottom): Are they related?*

● Finally, after the news last month that the Velvet Underground are to reform, has anyone else noticed the startling resemblance between **Lou Reed** and fictional antiques dealer, **Lovejoy**? Thought not... see ya' all! ♣

Kelly

Photographs by Maria Clarke

It's enough to make your hair curl as curvy Kelly gives us all a frill with the sort the sort of skirt that shows off more than it covers!

"You don't think it's too revealing, do you?" No no no, we all shout together.

"Oh, that's good," giggles the cute blonde, "because I reckon skirts are like Monday mornings."

Why's that then, we ask (already wishing we hadn't)?

"Because neither can be short enough! Boom boom!"

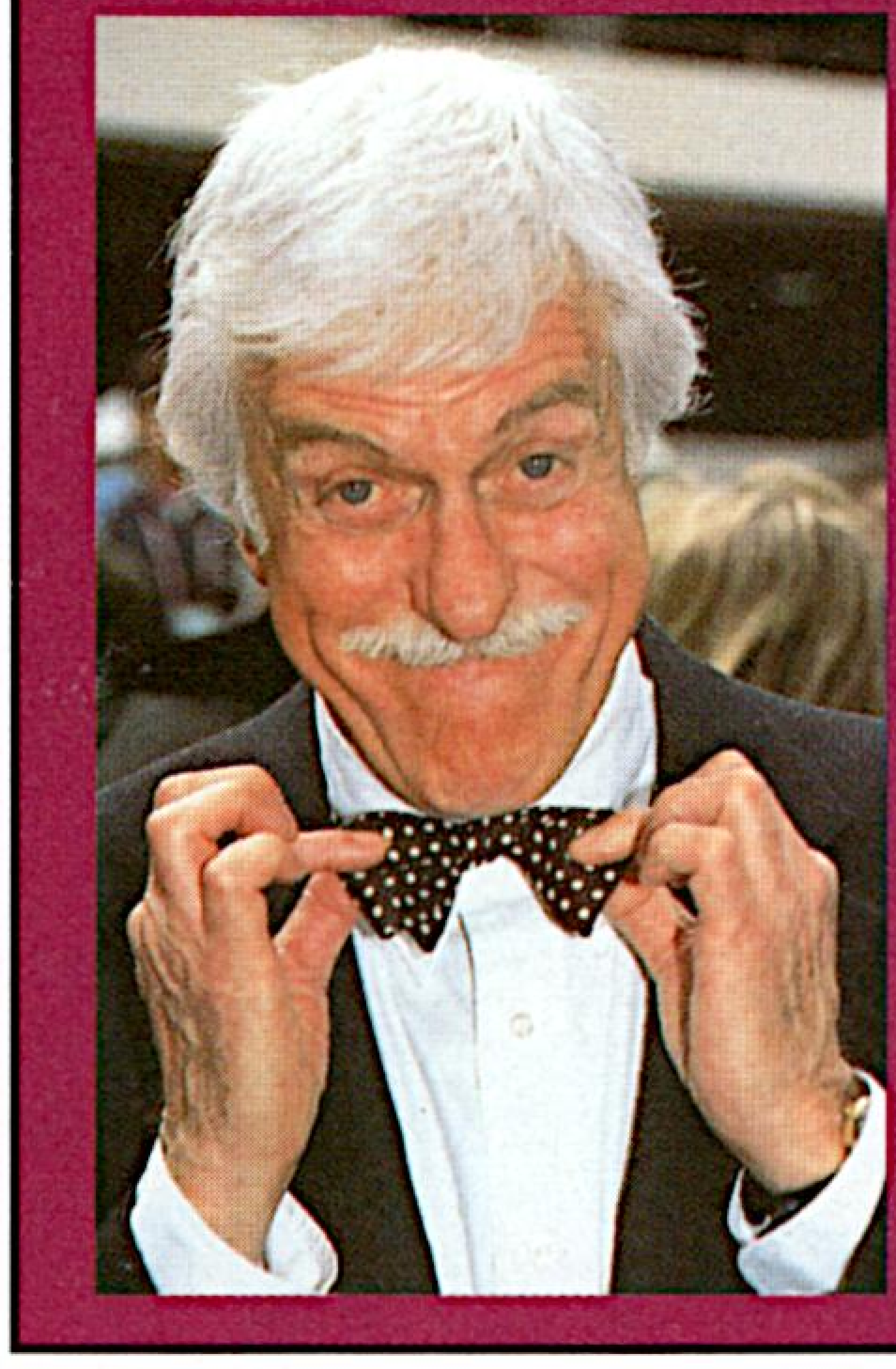
We had to open our big mouths... ♣

TEN OF THE BEST

Let's go over to **Dr Luke Warmbath** who has compiled a few handy lists to help you through this thing called life...

OPENING LINES THAT ARE BOUND TO WORK

1) "I'll have a Martini, and whatever this beautiful lady is having."
2) "Excuse me, but I just had to tell you, you have the sexiest eyes..."
3) "Have you ever considered modelling?"
4) "You disguise your age very well you know."
5) "I didn't know you had dandruff."
6) "What a day! Had *Vogue* on the phone all morning, Kylie hanging around like a lapdog all afternoon and just had the Jag clamped. Not to mention losing on the 18th hole to the Duke of Edinburgh."
7) "Hey, don't laugh, but haven't we met before?"
8) "You're a Capricorn, aren't you? I can tell. You have a beautiful aura..."
9) "Give in to your urges. I know what you want, baby. Don't worry, you're not to blame. You're only human."
10) "I know the editor of Club, you know."



OO-ER, MISSUS... TEN RUDE SOUNDING NAMES

1) Virginia Bottomley
2) Dickie Attenborough
3) Nobby Stiles
4) Dick Van Dyke
5) Michael Rodd
6) Shaft
7) Shaggy
8) Willie Rushton
9) Little John
10) Fanny Craddock

THEY DIED GETTING THEIR ROCKS OFF. HONEST...

1) Ivan The Terrible
2) Simon The Awful
3) Thomas The Tank Engine *(Oh no, he didn't — Ed)*
4) Julius Caesar (well somebody fucked him over)
5) Those two off the Gold Blend ad?
6) Erm...
7) Oh God...
8) What about, er, hang on, no I'm thinking of someone else
9) How many more to go? Just one?
10) Oh bugger it... ♣

TEN SENSELESS THINGS

The bathroom is an oft ignored place of the silly. But as devotees of the daft will assure you, there is more to do in there than forgetting to put the lid up! For example...

1) **Grow two beards at the same time.**
2) **Then shave your gums.**
3) **Put some toilet paper between your teeth and run around the house like that Andrex puppy.**
4) **Use the loo instead of the shower by lathering yourself up and then standing in the bowl and rinsing off by flushing it.**
5) **Smear the inside of the bath with toothpaste.**
6) **Pour some Wash 'n' Go onto that funny distorted glass you always get in bathrooms then buff it up with your flannel.**
7) **Buy one of those pink furry bathmats that go around the base of the toilet.**
8) **And while you're at it, buy a musical loo roll holder, too.**
9) **Tie a can of deodorant to each foot and pretend you're trendy as you now have a pair of platforms.**
10) **Clean your ears out by feeding some dental floss through one ear and then pulling it out the other.** ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

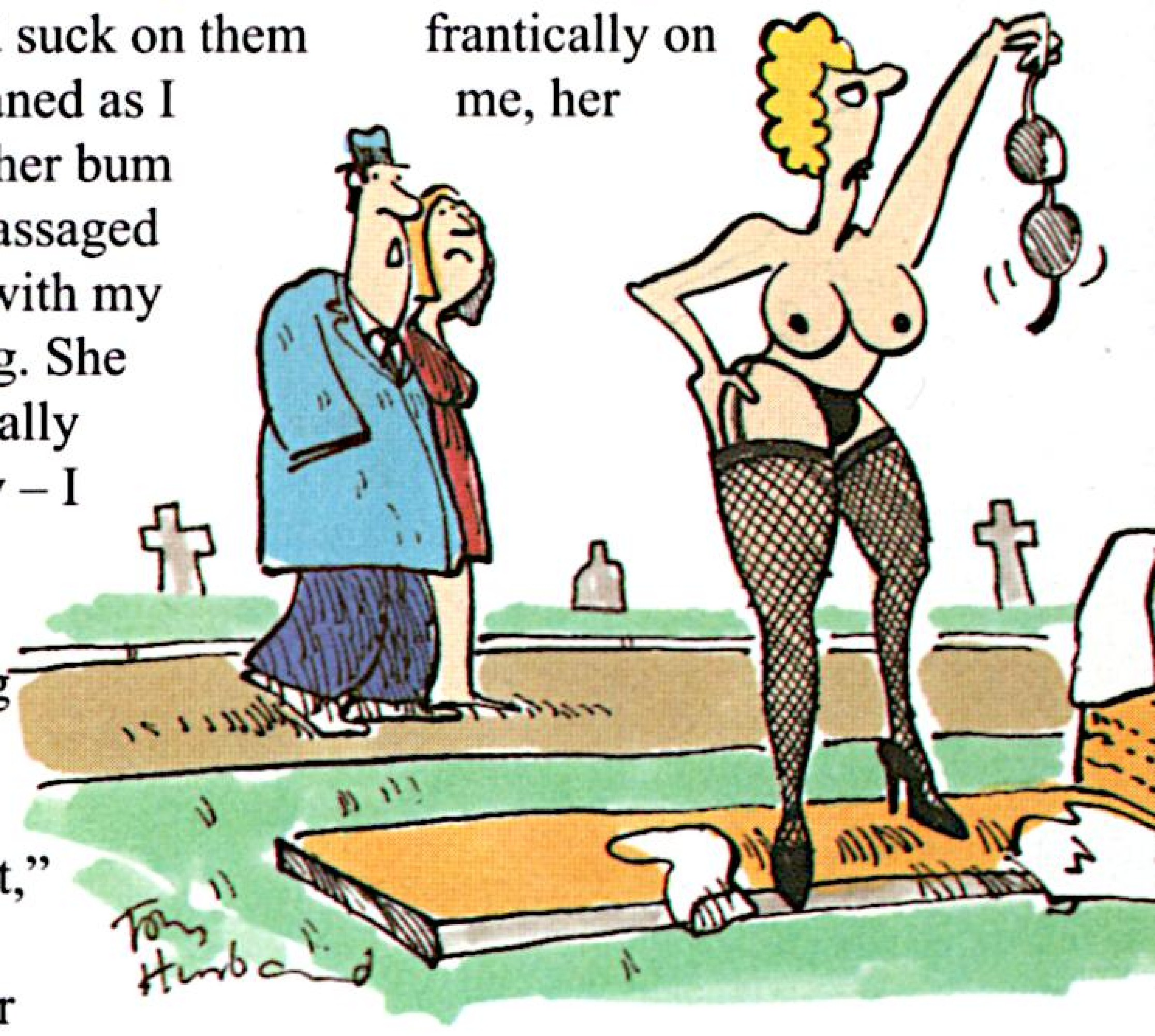
mouth as I licked as much of her boob as I could, and then she squeezed them together so that I could suck on them both. She moaned as I grabbed both her bum cheeks and massaged them in time with my frantic sucking. She was getting really turned on now – I could feel the front of her panties getting damp.

"I want to taste your cunt," I whispered. "Take off your knickers." Carol stood up suddenly and eased her panties aside, then stepped a little closer so that her pussy was within easy reach of my tongue. The pungent smell of her warm pussy drove me absolutely crazy as she stepped right out of her panties and then ground her hot crotch against my face.

She pulled me up, then pushed me down onto the floor. Kissing her way down over my chest, she yanked my trousers off and then greedily clamped her lips around my throbbing cock. She ran the tip of her tongue right up along the sensitive underside of my shaft, before swallowing the whole length of my cock.

Just then she glanced up at me and winked – it was just about the most erotic sight that I've ever seen! Carol knew I was close to coming, and with a loud groan she sucked as hard as she could as I started bucking my hips, avidly fucking her mouth, until I shot my load deep down her throat. She carried on moaning as she gulped my load, then with a sexy smile, she wiped her mouth clean. "Mmm, very tasty," she laughed. "Are you ready for some more?"

I nodded my head, then Carol straddled me and lowered her pussy down onto my cock. She hugged me inside her warm, wet pussy, then started to lift herself off until the tip of my cock was almost out of her, then she went down again. It felt unbelievable! The rhythm soon picked up as she started bucking up and down frantically on me, her sticky juices running down over my hairy balls.



"She always said she'd dance on his grave but I never expected this!"

Even though I'd just come, I knew that any more of this and I'd soon be shooting my second load into her, so pulling her off me I lowered her cunt onto my face. "I think I'd like a little taste of

Dear Charlie,

If you ever fancy coming around to my place and giving me a few riding lessons, you're more than welcome!

I was flicking through Club (Vol 22 No 5) in complete awe. You started off looking every inch the dominatrix with

this," I said, pulling apart her wet, pink folds and darting my tongue inside.

"Ooh, yes... lick me nice and hard," she yelled, grinding her cunt onto my face. Her head was thrown back in delight as I flicked my tongue across her swollen bud. "I want to taste your cock at the same time too," she gasped, swinging me around until we were in a sexy 69 position. Now I had her pussy and bum above my face, and I could feel Carol getting to grips with my pulsing knob. A most satisfying arrangement, believe me!

Carol's sucking was becoming very frantic now, and I knew that she must be close to coming. If there's one thing Carol really likes, it's the two of us coming together – and I knew this was going to happen very soon as she caressed my balls avidly.

Just as I felt myself coming, Carol started trembling and I felt the first delicious drops of her warm cream ooze onto my tongue. I lapped up as much as I could as she ground her pussy onto my face again. "Lick me

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your tight jacket, knee-length leather boots and riding crop – but as you began to strip off things got even better!

By the last photograph you were lying there wearing nothing but suspenders and black patterned stockings, with the sort of look on your face that could easily get a happily married man in trouble... if you gave me half the chance!

How about sending me a signed photo, Charlie? If I can't have the real thing, then that will do very nicely! Thanks... – *Alan, Caterham*

It would my pleasure, Alan, believe me! I'm glad you liked my pictures. I really get off on wearing my 'kinky' gear: the feel of warm leather against your skin is very sexy – although not as good as bare skin against bare skin! – Charlie ♣

Photographs by

kathryn

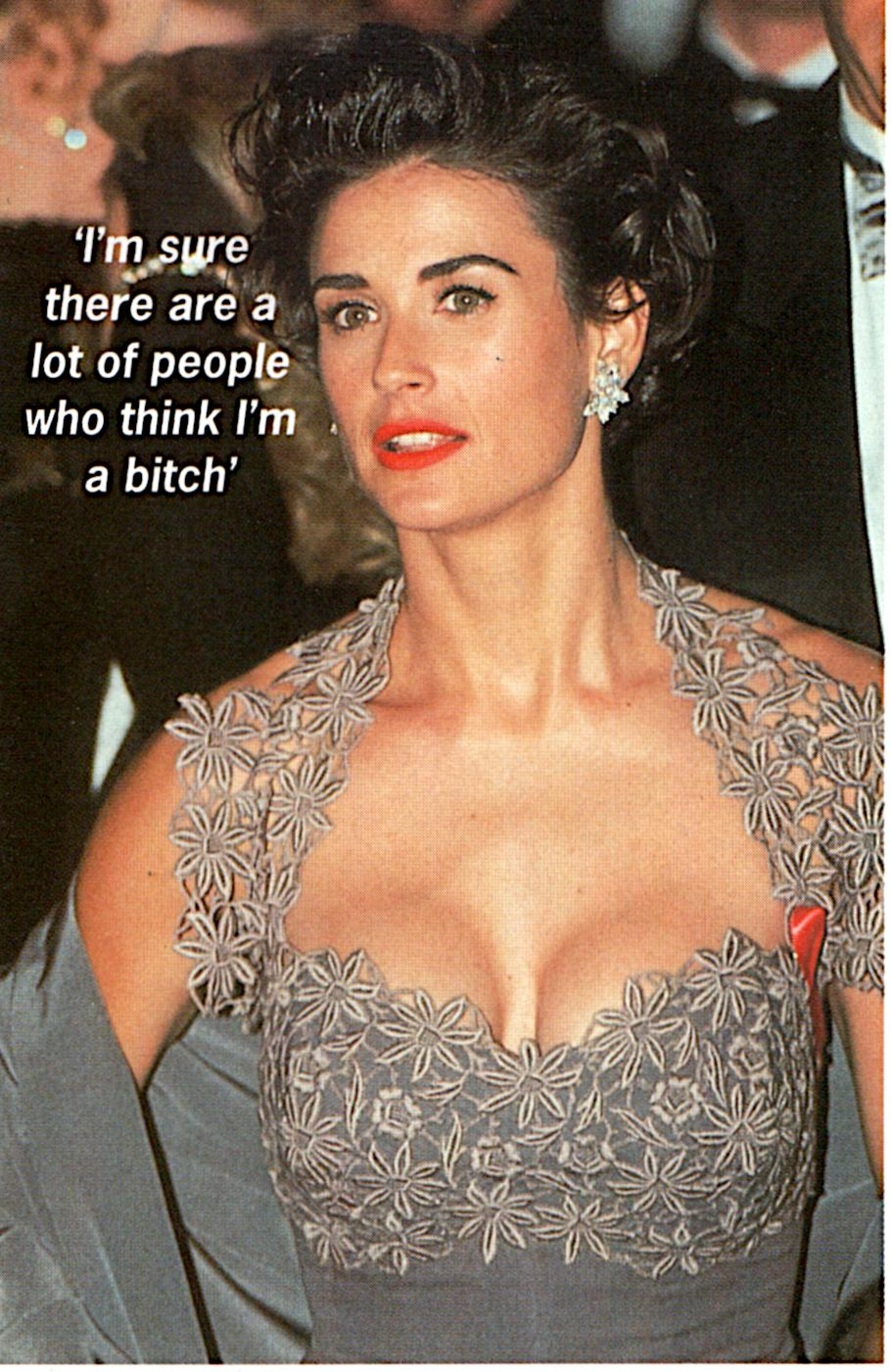
Jack Harrison

If you think you've never seen anything quite like Kathryn before, you'd be right. Believe it or not, this is the first time Miss Edible Bum 1993 has appeared in Club. Honestly, how can a woman keep all that to herself for so long?

"Well I'm making up for it as fast as I can!" laughed the 19-

year-old cutey, reclining on her bed and showing off the sort of assets that would even make a bank manager grin.

"You wouldn't get mine to," sighed the sexpot. "He doesn't approve of me modelling. Though hopefully these pictures will change his mind!" Well, if he thinks he can do better, we'll get him in a pair of fishnets, take a few pictures and see if that raises his staff's interest! ♣



'I'm sure there are a lot of people who think I'm a bitch'

The demi goddess

Mrs Bruce Willis and the sexy star of *Ghost*, Demi Moore, looks set to take Hollywood by storm with her latest film, *Indecent Proposal*. Russell Squire profiles one half of Hollywood's hottest couple...

A gorgeous woman writhes around naked on a bed during a prolonged bout of passionate lovemaking. But is all as it seems? Demi Moore's latest film, *Indecent Proposal*, opened in America recently, and became one of the most talked about mysteries in Hollywood... is it her or isn't it?

In the film Demi plays a broke estate agent who agrees to sleep with Robert Redford for a million dollars – with her husband's consent. It's a film packed with graphic sex scenes culminating in a scene where Demi's character reveals all.

Demi insists that the curves are all hers, but two struggling actresses, Barbara Kline and Amy Rochelle, both say differently, claiming that they were hired as body doubles for the steamier scenes in the Adrian Lyne film.

Such speculation is nothing new to the former Brat Packer who has seen her fair share of controversy. Her early years were turbulent to say the least. A part-time model, secretary and acting class dropout, Demi posed nude for American porno magazine *Oui*, before making her television debut in the soap opera, *General Hospital*. A short-lived marriage to rock musician Freddy Moore in 1981 preceded her first major movie role in *Blame It On Rio*; but not before she was seen in the B-movie, *Parasite*, battling with a monster slug!

Freddie soon exited the scene, quickly followed by her descent into substance abuse and her mandatory period as a Brat Packer. It was during this time that she started dating Emilio Estevez, a romance which ended shortly after the not-so-happy couple sent out their wedding invitations.

But it was the film *Ghost* which put Demi ahead of the Brat Pack and made her a movie star. Grossing almost $200 million, Demi couldn't put a foot wrong. Or so it seemed. Desperate for control of her career, she decided to co-produce her next film, *Mortal Thoughts*. The film flopped. Her next project *The Butcher's Wife* – in which she played a psychic – went the same way.

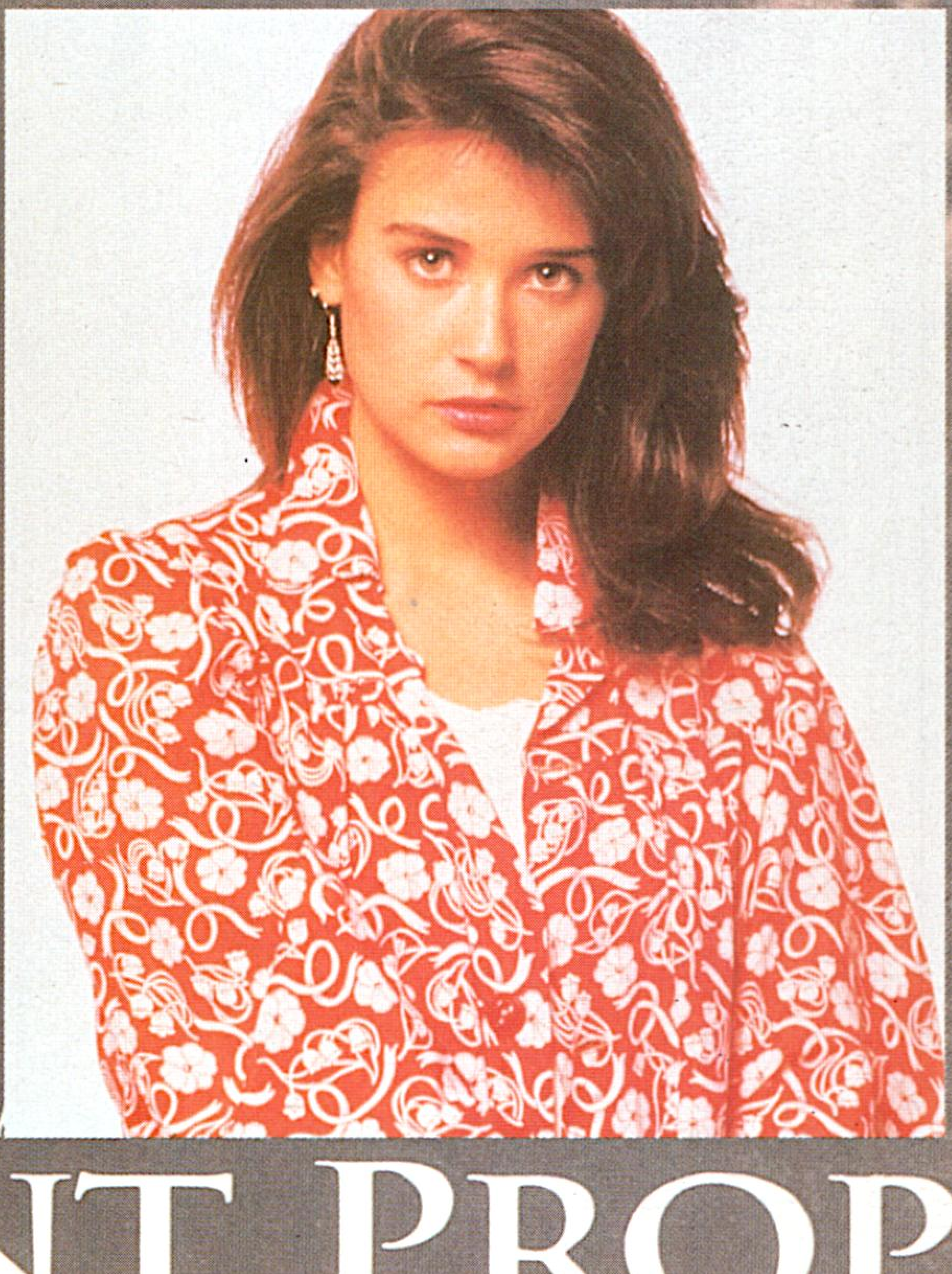
Two box office failures and a 'difficult' reputation didn't do much to enhance her tarnished image. And then there was her mother to contend with too.

Virginia Guynes posed in American hardcore magazine, *High Society*, mimicking some of Demi's *Vanity Fair* covers – complete with a fake stick-on stomach! Not surprisingly, relations between mother and daughter are said to be strained, and the press had a field day.

Demi, though, is quick to defend herself. "I represent a fairy-tale lifestyle," she says. "I'm married to a movie star. I live in a big house. I have a housekeeper and a maid. I'm down-to-earth, but I have to remain aloof and demanding. I'm sure there're a lot people who think I'm a bitch."

Demi is now happily married to Bruce Willis, whom she wed after a four month courtship in Las Vegas – with Little Richard officiating at the ceremony.

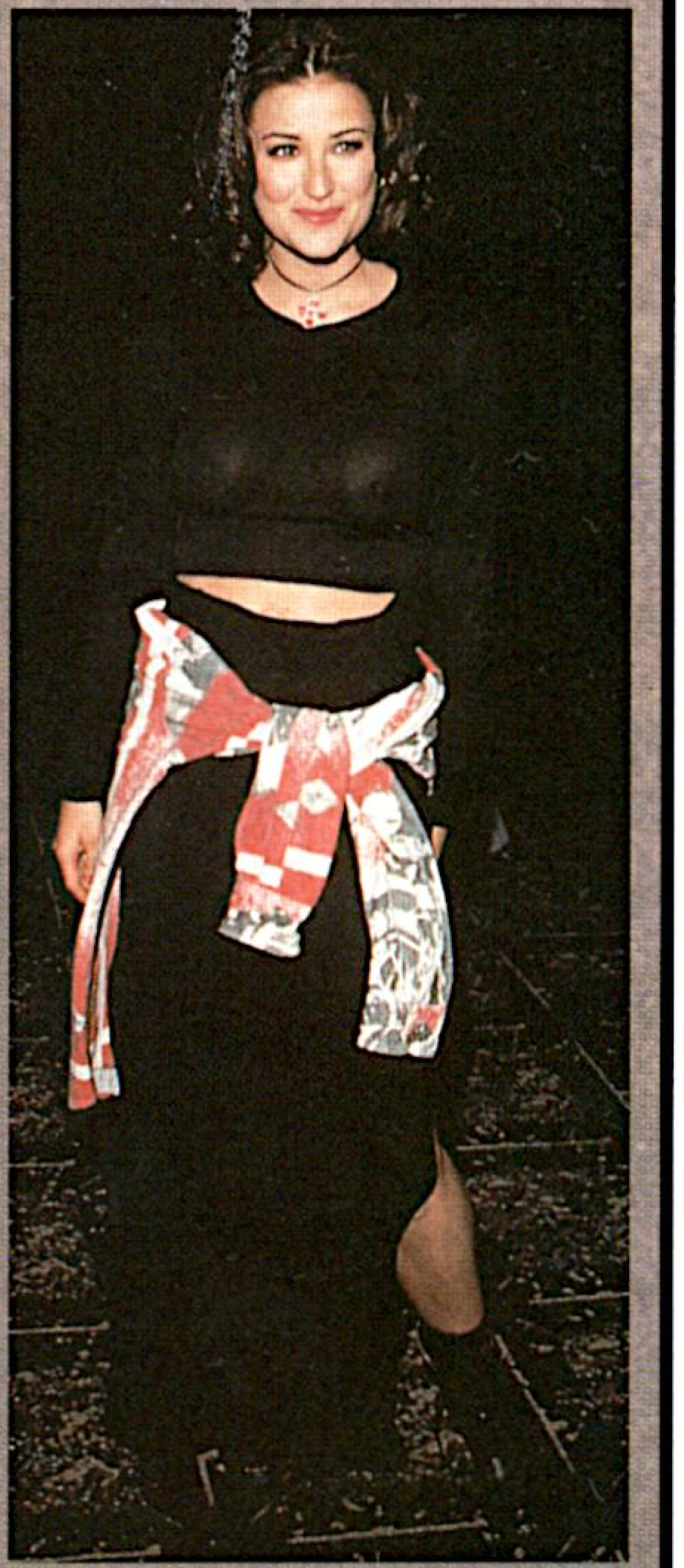
Prompted by his wife, Willis cleaned up his act after she allegedly quelled her own substance problems in a single day on the set of *St Elmo's Fire*. "She turned her life around," says Tom



Cruise, her close friend.

With a new found stability to their lives, it is perhaps inevitable that children were soon to follow; and sure enough Rumer made her debut on the small screen soon after – thanks to Willis who attended his daughter's birth, camcorder in hand. Another child, Scout followed in 1991, again making her film debut at birth. "I really don't have to be conservative because I have children," insists Demi. "You can be sexy and a mother too."

'You can be sexy and a mother too'



However, as with all movie couples, there are rumours of competition. Willis earned an estimated £12million last year and he still commands up to three times his wife's reported salary of £1million a movie. Again Demi is on the defensive: "There's no need for insecurity... that's such a waste of time. The biggest competitor I have is myself. The stuff that's written about me is just bull. The press hope that if they keep on writing bad stuff about us, that eventually one of us will quit. I mean, we're basically like everyone else. We hang out, we go to the movies and we go to the beach."

And finally, Bruce's answer as to whether he'd give up Demi for a million dollars for a single night as in *Indecent Proposal*... "She ain't for sale," he says. What a pity... ♣

OSAL

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women

ARE YOU COMING?

After last month's pitiful piece on how to make a woman orgasm, we were flooded with letters on the subject. We asked **Dr Howard Orwhat** to pick out the best...

"Whenever my girlfriend and I go out on our bikes, she insists that we ride through the old part of town. She tells me that riding over all those cobblestones always gives her an orgasm. Hurts my bollocks a bit, though..." – *Tim, Cambridge*

"Chewing the chow, eating beaver... whatever you want to call it; it's the only way that makes my wife, Erica, come to orgasm. Not that I'm complaining – she's got a lovely pussy, it's really sparse and blonde. The Body Shop do a lovely strawberry lip balm and I love to rub a little bit on her clitty, then I'm quite happy to spend the next few hours with my head firmly between her thighs." – *Mark, Brighton*

"Doing it outside really turns both me and my girlfriend on. I reckon it must be the danger element, myself. The urge can take her in the strangest of places – bus shelters, trains... even in the photo booth in Woolworth's in the High Street – and I've got the pictures to prove it!" – *Dave, Coventry*

"I worked in France for a time last year and I managed to pick up the language a little bit. Sarah, my girlfriend, loves me to talk to her in French when we're in bed together. It doesn't really matter what I say to her, it's just the sound of the accent that drives her crazy!" – *Liam, Anglesey*

"It's got to be leather that does it for my girlfriend, Mandy. She loves to get naked, then rub herself all over me when I'm wearing my leather trousers. She gets herself really worked up by rubbing her crotch up and down my leg!" – *Richard, Leicester*

"I know it's a real cliché, but she loves whipped cream. It has to come straight from the fridge – the colder the better – and she'll insist that I cover her from head-to-toe, then lick the lot off really slowly. I prefer honey, myself; though it tends to get rather messy!" – *Simon, Leeds*

"It's simple really. Judy really gets off by getting her pussy shaved. It's almost like a ritual that we go through every three or four weeks or so. I'll cover her pussy in shaving foam, then with a steady hand, I'll shave her until her cunt is as smooth as a billiard ball. She loves it!" – *Peter, Manchester*

"I'm not entirely sure if this is altogether normal, but my wife can only achieve multiple orgasm by sitting on top of the washing machine while it's going through its spin cycle.

"She claims to have discovered this by accident, but now she can't get enough of it! My only worry is that she's going to leave me and set up home with a Zanussi MZ!" – *Leo, Reading*

"My wife is a dog trainer and can only come when I call her!" – *Terry, Carlisle*

"I'm a traffic warden and my wife can only come when I slap a ticket on her bottom!" – *Adrian, Dover*

Yes, well, I think that once again Club has probed deep into the psyche of human sexuality in a way that only we can.

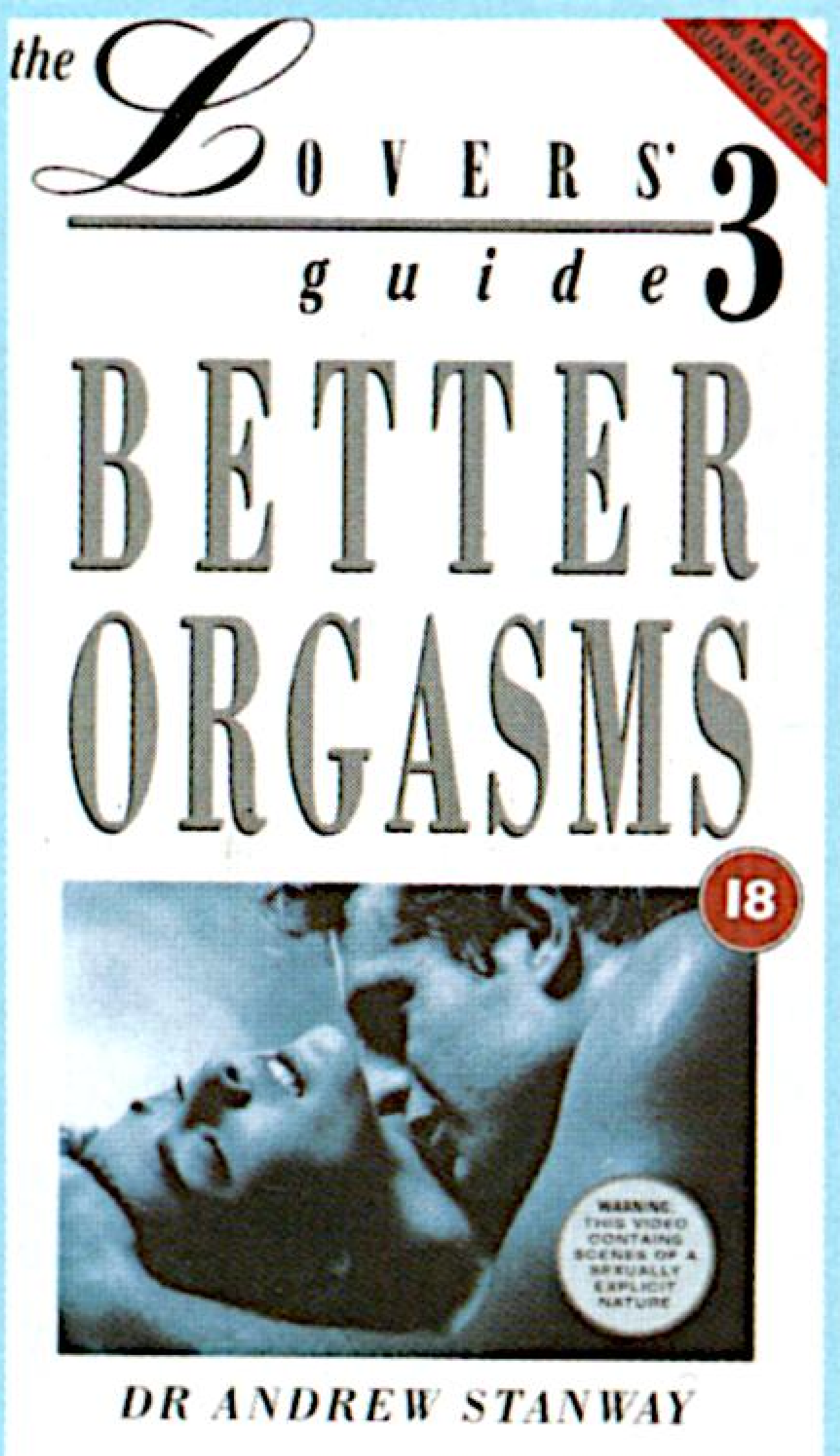
***Obviously a very emotive subject that we'll cover in greater depth in a forthcoming issue. Honest. Personally speaking, I'm a Ken Dodd impersonator and my girlfriend only comes when I tickle her fancy...* ♣**

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY...

If you still don't know which bits to twiddle, tweak and nibble, The **Lover's Guide 3 – Better Orgasms** may be just the thing to get your girl going 'Ooooh!' Not because it's likely to improve your performance any, but the shots of fellas playing with their dicks may at least reassure her that yours is bigger than the rather sad specimens on display here.

It's full of scenes of girls wanking, and worth the money just for the bit where one of them tries to fuck herself with a giant, mains-operated vibro that looks more like an industrial sanding machine. So if your willy is a foot wide, with a speed control and detachable heads, then this is the woman for you...

Well, we've naturally got ten copies to give away. We'd suggest you watch it with the sound turned down, enjoy the silly bits where oiled-up couples slide all over each other and nibble fromage frais off their naughty bits, and ignore the pseudo-scientific commentary which is likely to induce paranoia in any fella who can't make his woman scream the house down fifteen times a night.



To win a copy, just answer the following question: Which is horniest – reading Club or watching a sexy blonde peeling off her knickers? Send your answers to Club, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and mark them 'Club's the horniest thing in the world and besides, it has sexy blondes taking their knickers off in it all the time.' ♣

IN THE BAG

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dry," she groaned.

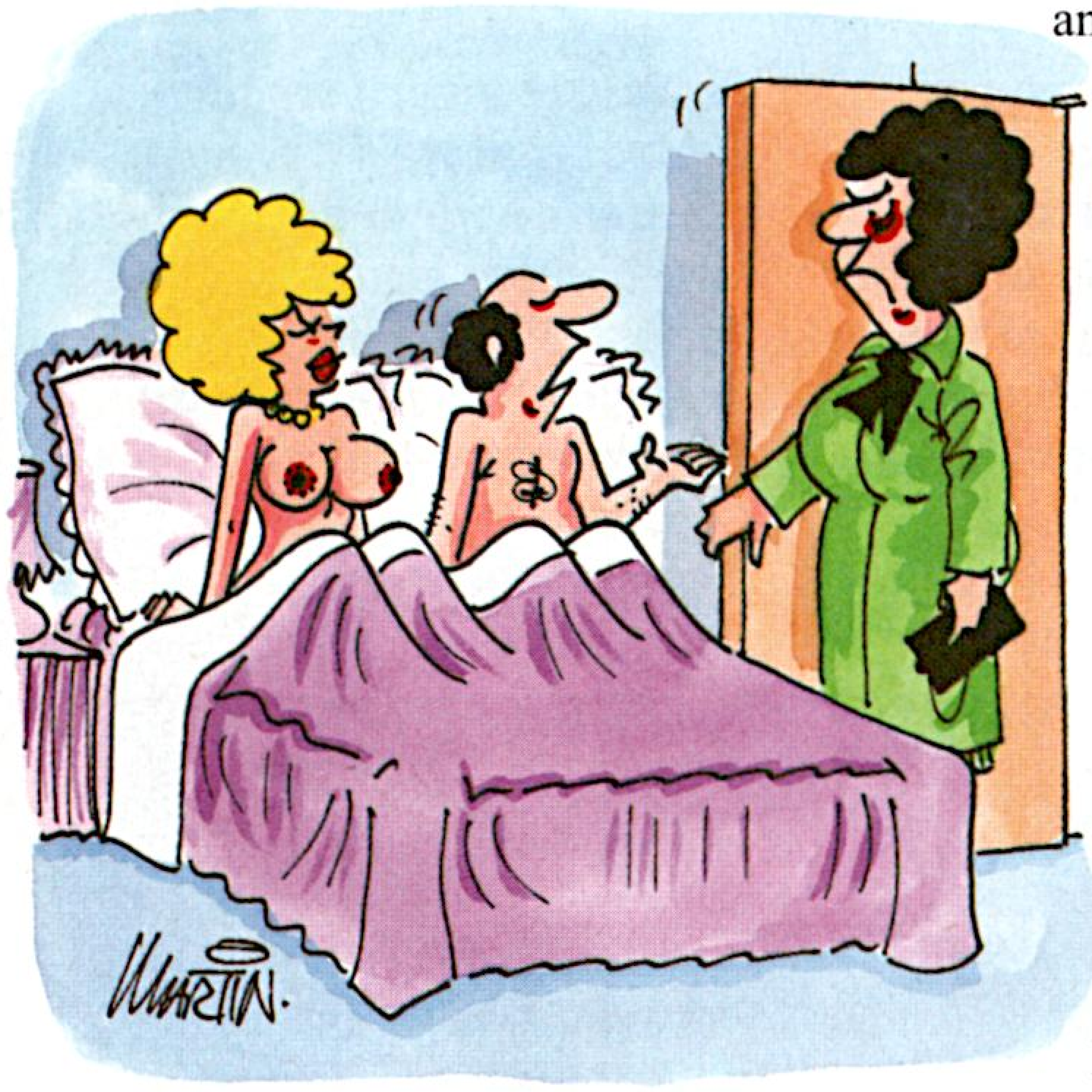
We both lay there for a few minutes getting our breath back, before we had to prise ourselves apart and I had to get back to work before I was missed.

Next time Carol asks me if I fancy a workout during lunchtime, I'll know she doesn't mean 45 minutes on the squash court! – *Brian, Dorset*

Hard At Work!

I've been reading about other people's sexy exploits in Club for three or four years now, so I thought that it's high time that you should hear about my exploits at a recent party at the insurance office where I work.

A colleague at work was being promoted, and after a good session at the pub we returned to the office to carry on with the fun. I had to stop off to get some cigarettes on the way, and by the time I got there, it seemed most of my workmates were already several drinks ahead of me.



"I can explain everything dear. Miss Lovitt is a gorgeous piece of stuff, and I love to bang the arse off her!"

I quickly sunk a couple of glasses of wine and scanned the room. There were several girls looking rather horny in their party dresses, and I decided to do a bit of mixing. As I walked around the room chatting to various people, I walked past the stationary room to see Pete, a close colleague of mine, walking out zipping up his fly with a large grin on his face. He gestured inside and I looked in to see Gill, our supervisor, bent forward over a shelf in the semi-darkened room.

Her dress was up around her waist and her knickers were down around her ankles. She had an incredibly bushy fanny and her big, wet pussy lips were swollen and looked very inviting.

Gill looked out and saw me standing there open mouthed. "Come and join the party, John," she purred. I walked in and shut the door behind me and Gill dropped to her knees. "Now let's see how you measure up to Pete, shall we?" she giggled, pulling down my flies.

I brushed the wisps of brown hair from her face as she sank her scarlet lips over my rigid tool, taking my length deep into her mouth. She gave an expert blow-job, running her hot tongue up and down my glistening shaft before getting down to some serious sucking. It wasn't long before I felt myself coming, and I speeded up the pace until I felt my balls tighten and I poured my hot load down her throat.

I bucked my hips furiously as Gill milked me of every drop, and as I stood there feeling completely drained and satisfied, I heard mumblings from the far corner of the room. It sounded as if there were actually other people in there with us!

"Hello, is someone there?" I asked, bemused. All I could hear was more moaning and as I walked nearer I could see two shapes in what looked like a 69 position. Then I recognised them... it was Martine and Caroline – two of the secretaries from the office! Caroline was lying

continued on page 98

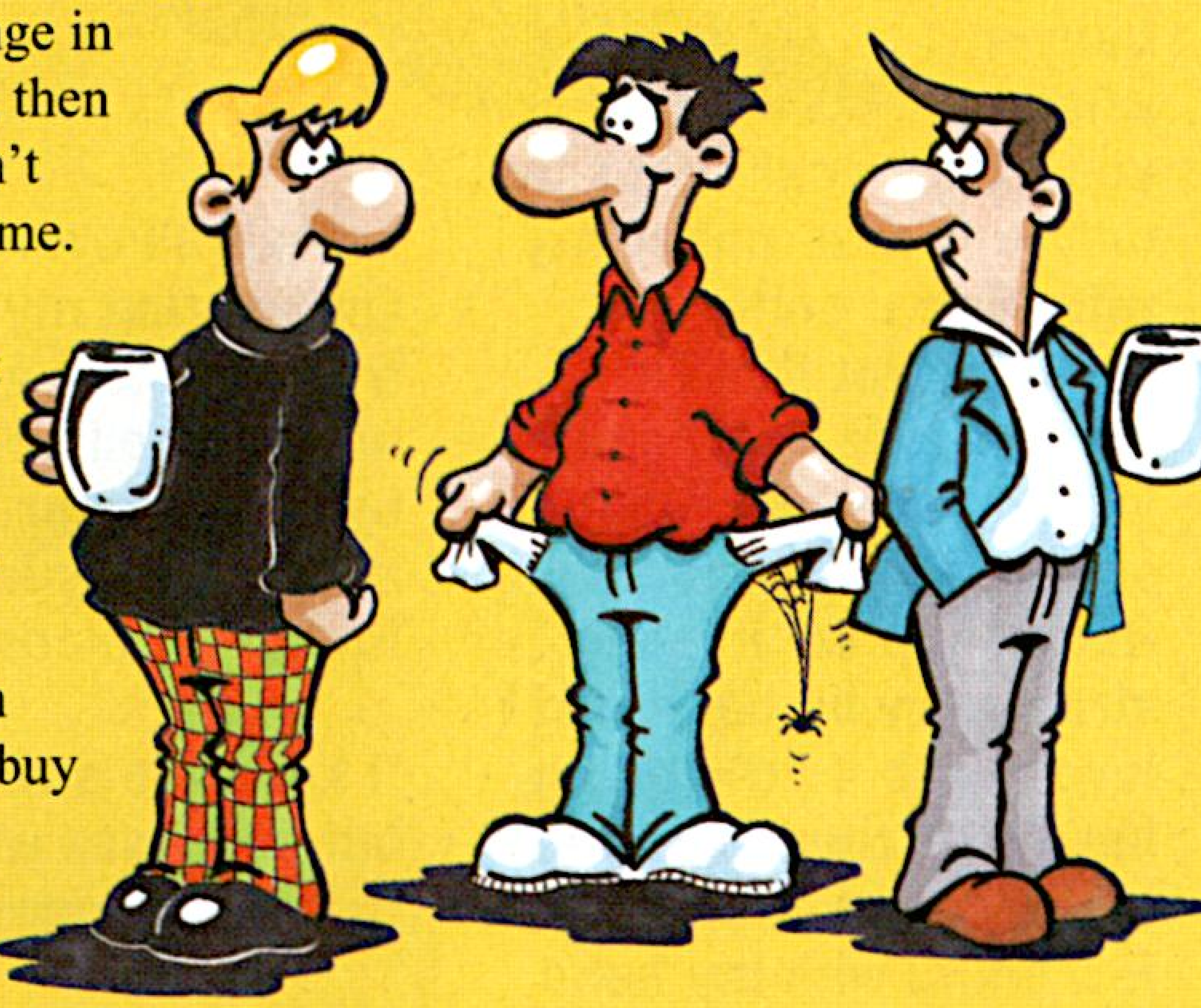
q u i z

ARE YOU TIGHT?

Find out if you're tighter than a duck's arse in winter with our financial expert, **Nat Schuff**...

1) You're enjoying a night out with the lads when the time comes for you to get the drinks in. What do you do?
a) Pull a wad out of your pocket and order another bottle of champagne for you and your poncy chums.
b) Put on a gold lame jacket, pull out three cards from your top pocket and then ask the barmaid three questions on either pop music, history or modern literature. "And I can only accept your first answer; all right, my love..."
c) Go through the charade of counting out the 30p you have in change in your pocket, then say you didn't realise the time.

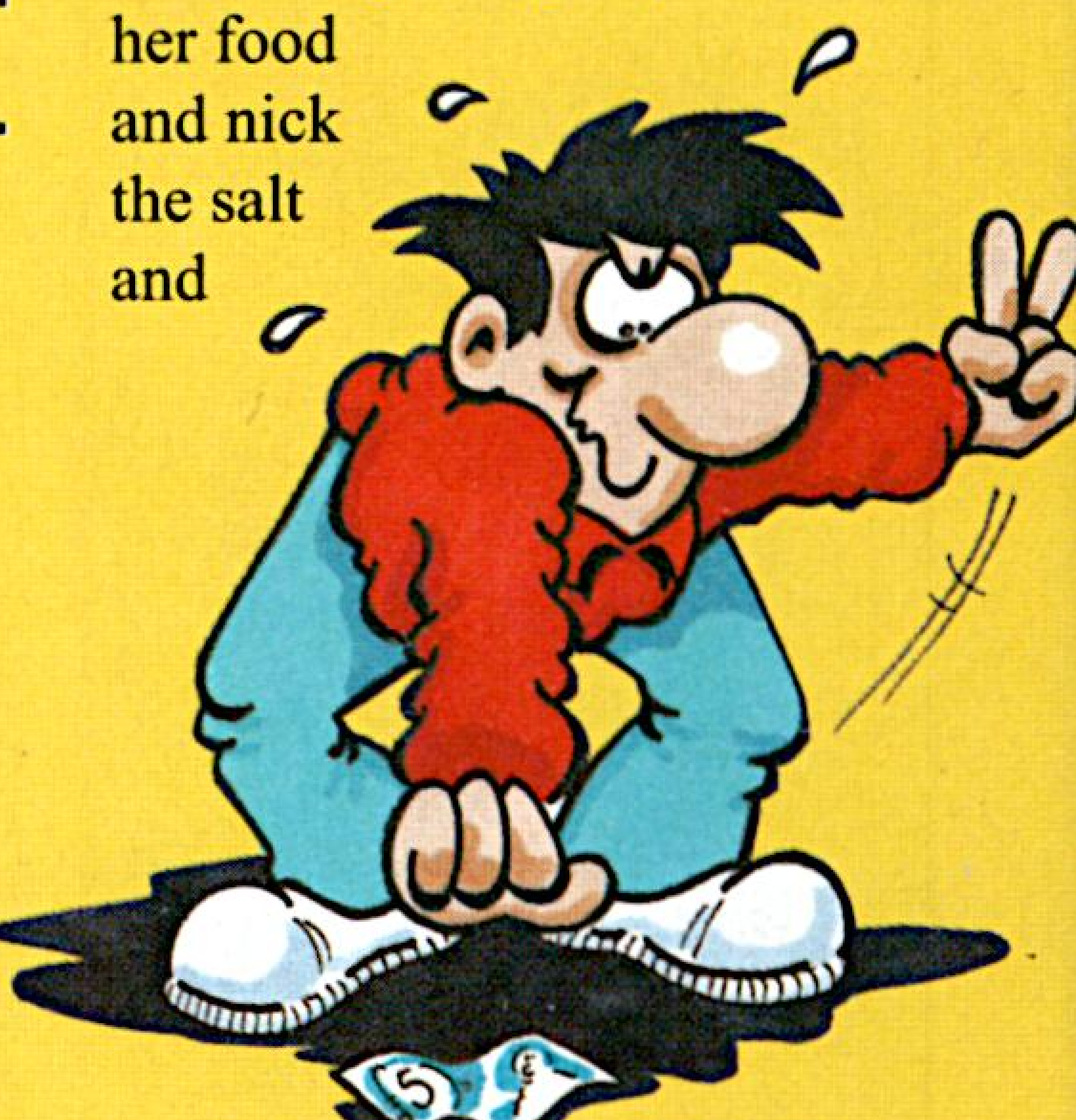
2) You meet an attractive girl in the pub, and the moment arrives when you have to buy her a drink. What next?
a) Pull a wad out of your top pocket and then loudly order another bottle of champagne for you both, despite her insistence that she only wants an orange juice.
b) Tell her that she can either take her empty glass home now, or gamble everything she's won so far on another gin and tonic; then turn to your friends and say, "C'mon audience – what do you think she should do?"
c) Pretend that you haven't noticed her empty glass and keep on drinking from the one you've managed to make last two hours.



3) She invites you back to her place and the taxi driver pulls up outside her gaff and says, "That'll be a tenner, guv". What do you do?
a) Pull a hefty wad out of your pocket and throw a couple of twenties at him, telling to keep the change.
b) Say, "Sorry, that's not the correct answer. It was, of course – 'That'll be ten pounds, *guvnor*' – but never mind, you get to keep your taxi. Didn't he do well?"
c) Ask her which house is hers, then leg it out of the taxi quickly and stand on the doorstep calling out for her to hurry up.

4) You stay the night, but decide it's best to leave before she wakes up 'cos you made such a twat of yourself the night before. What do you do before you leave?
a) Pick a rose from the garden and leave it with your American Express card on the bedside table.
b) Practise your warm-up routine on the cat for twenty minutes with a string of tired, hackneyed jokes before constantly bowing and yelling, "Thank you! Thank you! What a lot she's got!"
c) Put your hand down the sides of the sofa for loose change, nick some soap from the bathroom and stuff your face with as much food as you can from the fridge.

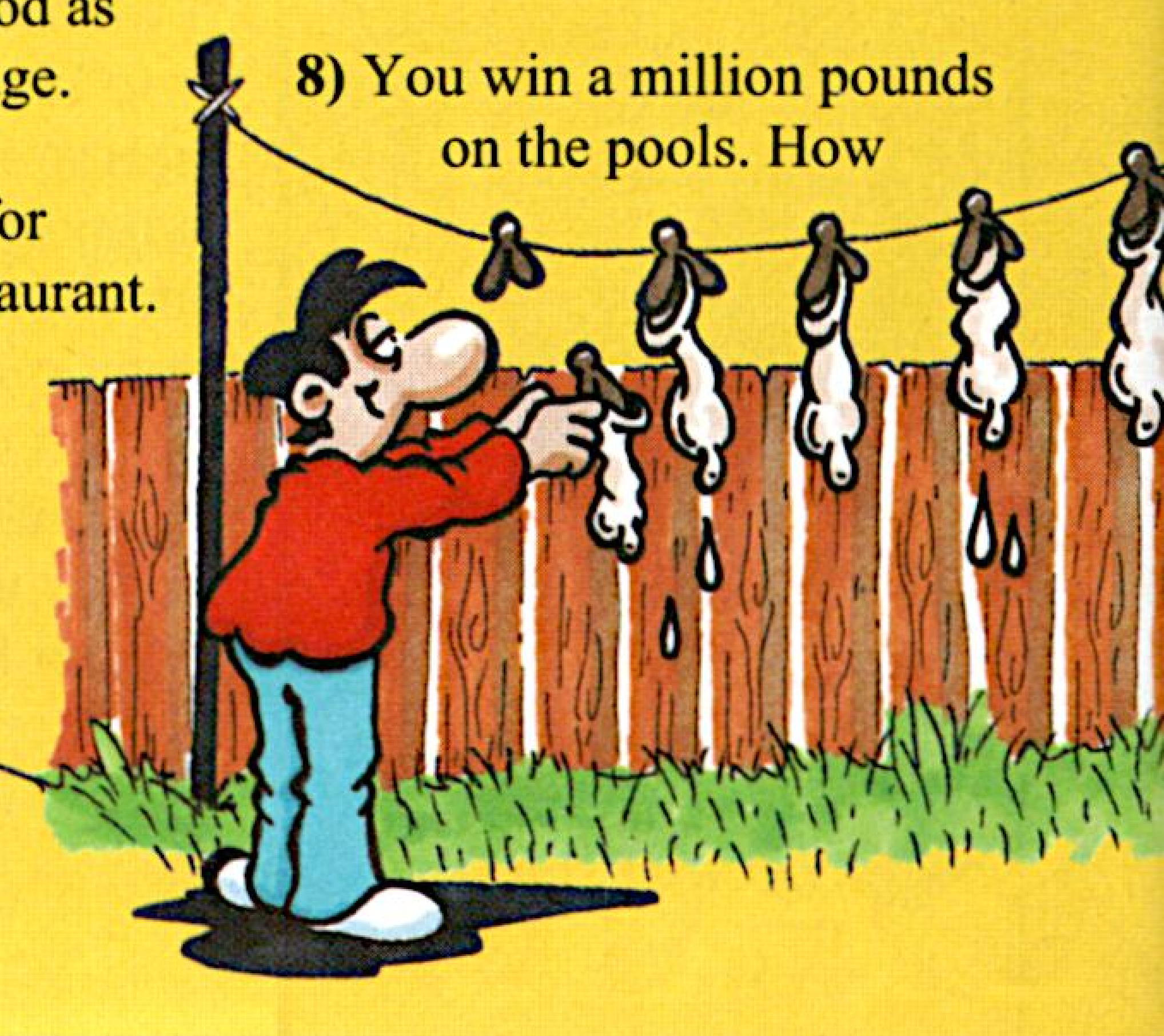
5) She asks you out for dinner at a fancy restaurant. What would you do when you're there?
a) Order the most expensive things on the menu in terrible French; and insist that there's no way you're going to let her pay for it.
b) Whisk the menu out of her hand and tell her that she has one minute to remember as many starters as she can, while telling other customers that they mustn't help her.
c) Tell her that you're really not hungry, then when she says it's her treat you order everything in sight, pick at her food and nick the salt and pepper shakers and those yellow disinfectant pineapple chunks from the men's toilet.



6) You see an old lady drop a fiver in the street. Would you run after her and give it back?
a) Yes, of course. Although you would ask her if she's ever considered putting her capital in off-shore investments: eg, your company...
b) Yes, of course. But only if she can name the number one selling single of 1967.
c) No. And you'd walk off convincing yourself that she was probably loaded anyway.

7) A long-lost Aunt snuffs it and leaves you with bugger all. Would you be upset?
a) Yes, because you were rather banking on her coughing up as you've spent fifty grand at the casino.
b) No, because it gives you a great idea for a new quiz show – *How Long Have You Got?* – where your celebrity panel has to judge how long terminally ill patients have got to go before they die.
c) Upset? *Upset?!!* That tight-arsed bitch dies and leaves me nothing! Not that I even met her, of course...

8) You win a million pounds on the pools. How



would it change your life?
a) You wouldn't go to debtor's prison for a start, as you can now afford to pay back Mumsy.
b) You'd spend the first month wanking yourself silly as you can now buy your own game show and play golf with Brucey and Tarby on your days off.
c) It wouldn't. You'd stay in counting your money and calculating how much interest you've gained in the last thirty seconds.

Well, there you have it. Has it revealed a side to your nature you never knew existed? I doubt it, too. Still, compare your answers to the ones below... it won't cost you anything, after all.

Mostly As: Not exactly mean, more stupid. Your family are wealthy and have supported you all through your life. You are inept, chinless and have floppy hair and a mobile phone. You drink in wine bars, date women who ride horses and you wear sports jackets too much. And yes I am jealous.

Mostly Bs: You're not tight either, just a game show host. Your aim in life is to be in *Hello!,* so that you and your 'close personal friend' can pose in v-necks together in your avocado bathroom suite. You've had your teeth capped and you wear a wig. You are a member of the local Round Table and you love panto, you smarmy git.

Mostly Cs: Bingo! Hello Tighty! You have more money in the bank that anyone else, but you still pretend to be skint. You'll walk miles in the rain just to avoid a 50p bus fare and you think jumble sales are overpriced. You never give money to charity because "it's the responsibility of the government, not the man on the street" although if taxes went up to pay for them you'd still complain. And you never get the beers in... ♣

dionne

Photographs by Jack Harrison

We reckon of all the double acts that we've ever featured in Club, Dionne's have to be the best. Such personality, such star quality, such... well, they are

bloody huge aren't they?

"Well, they do tend to get me noticed," blushes Dionne, stroking her soft, creamy cleavage absentmindedly. "When I was trying this outfit on in the shop a producer came up to me and asked me if I'd like to model it in a washing powder advert he was making!"

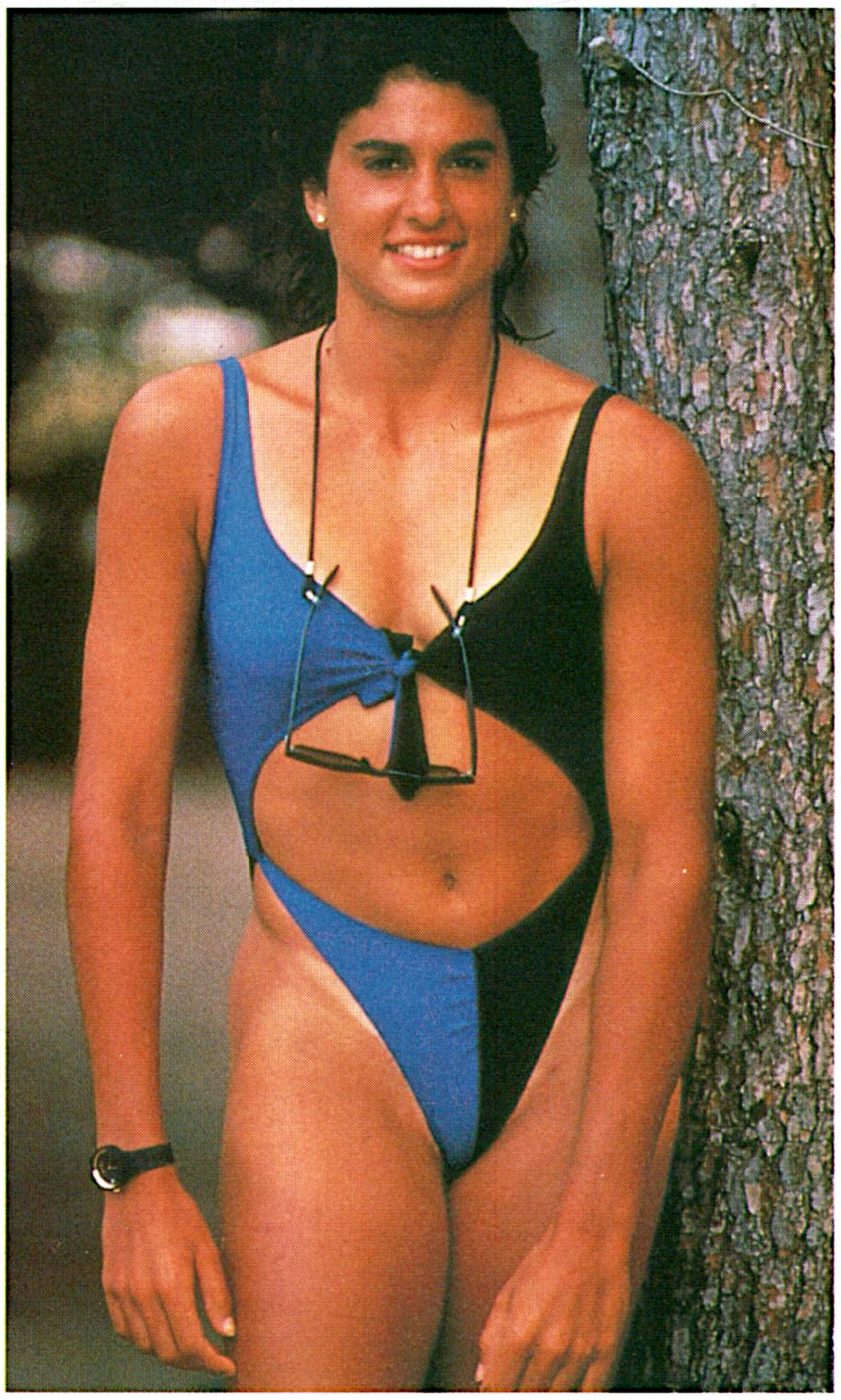
What a great idea! After all, who wouldn't swap their one for two of hers? ♣

NEW BALLS, PLEASE...

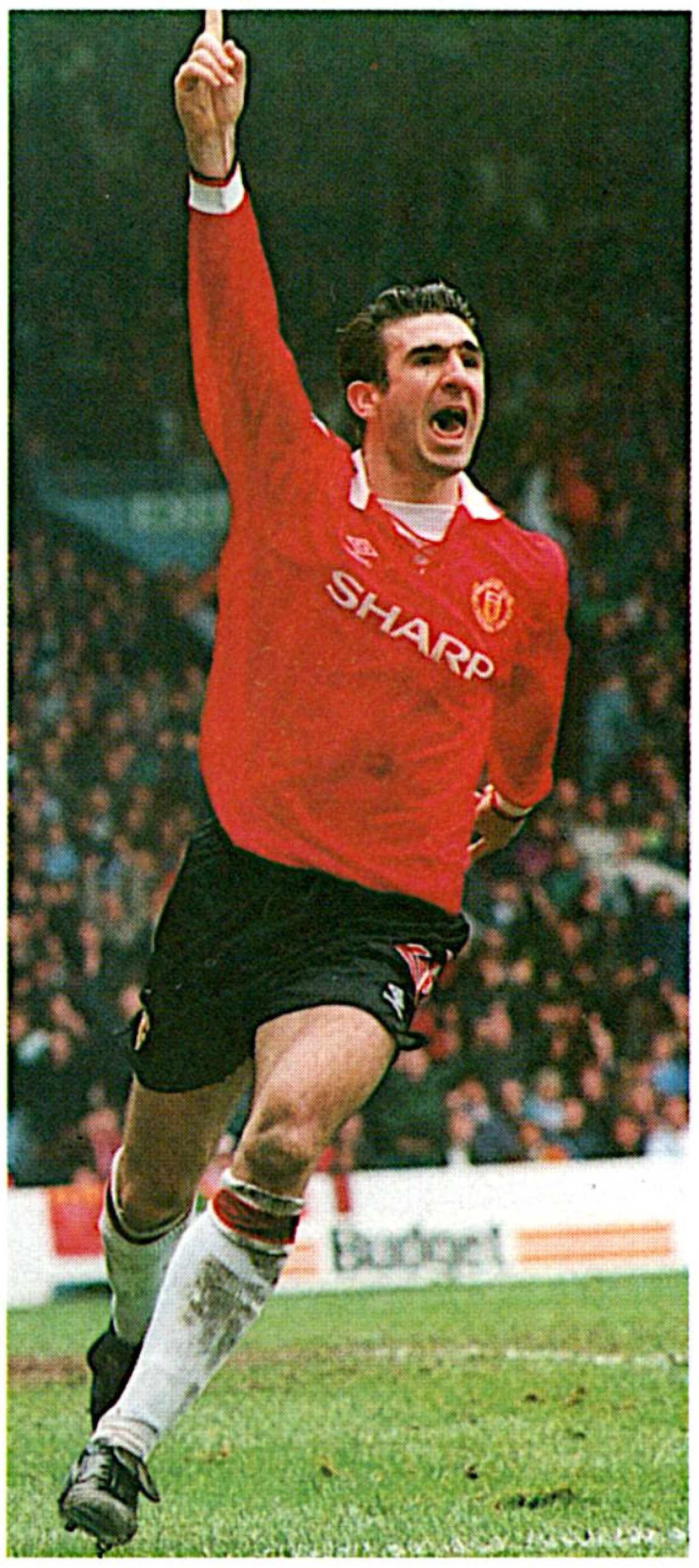
Discuss: Tennis? It just isn't cricket... and it's played by cissies in short trousers. **Maurice Short** investigates...

Not so long ago, retired colonels from the Home Counties used to entertain themselves by writing to *The Times* when they heard the first cuckoo of Spring. Nowadays they might also be moved to put pen to paper at the first 'Why doesn't Britain have any great male tennis players?' of Summer. With Wimbledon just about to thrust its bottom onto the nation's television screens, such comments are filling the air like a Seles' grunt – with feeble explanations galloping hard on their heels as thick and fast as an Irish wing-three-quarter.

Just what exactly is our problem? The most popular theory cites the lack of all-weather courts at affordable prices, thus putting the game out of reach of our poorer citizens – the kids who traditionally provide the backbone of our sports teams. Politically correct as this theory may be, it overlooks the fact that the vast majority of the world's top tennis players – Connors, McEnroe, Agassi, Edberg and Becker – come from affluent backgrounds in countries with high standards of living. No centre court superstars have emerged from the Rio shanty towns, and to my knowledge there's no top US players from the South Bronx. In America, as in Britain and elsewhere, tennis is the game of the suburban middle class. And it always has been.



*Top tennis star **John McEnroe** relaxes after another strenuous match. (Are you sure about this? – The Ed)*



*'Ooh Aah **Cantona**': Eric on the ball*

No, the problem tennis faces in this country is one of public perception. Quite simply, it's seen as a 'cissy's game'. Even the first ever winner of Wimbledon, Spencer Gore, was moved to comment after his victory: "Tennis is not to be compared to cricket or rackets and will probably never come to much". In the summer in Britain, gentleman and ruffians alike played (and still play) cricket – a game with a hard ball and a consequent risk that you might just get your brains bashed out. This danger makes cricket a suitable manly pursuit, like football, boxing or fighting the fuzzie-wuzzies. Tennis is – to the Englishmen's way of thinking – a girl's game. And if a lot of namby-pamby Kraut and Yank fellas want to play it, well, that's hardly surprising, is it?

The other thing to be said about cricket is that it does not involve the Briton having to expose his knees to public scrutiny. Doing so has always had a debilitating effect on our sportsmen – as is attested by the fact that the steady decline in our soccer fortunes has been mirrored by the rise in the hemline of football's nether garments.

The period that people often look back on as some sort of golden era for British tennis is the 1930s. However close inspection shows that apart from Fred Perry, no other British man has won the title since the First World War. Indeed our boys seemed to stop winning Wimbledon at just about the same time that foreigners started entering it. Still, I expect that's just a coincidence, eh?

So, if we are to seriously consider the decline of the men's game on these shores, we should look not to recent failures such as inadequate coaching or the lack of facilities; but to something more insidiously damaging. Personally I blame the introduction of shorts. Bring back the long trousers and I'm sure that our chaps would race back to the top in no time.

● And now for the trivia buffs amongst you, here are five scintillating facts about Wimbledon that you won't read anywhere else.

1) Lawn tennis was invented by Major Clopton Wingfield. Originally the court was hour-glass shaped and the net dipped in the middle. Major Wingfield preferred his game to be called 'Sphairistrike', but for some reason that name never caught on. Wonder why?

2) V. St Ledger Goold, the beaten Men's Finalist in 1879, was later convicted of murder in France and sent to Devil's Island.

3) Four times winner of the Ladies' Singles title, Lottie Dodd, once played in a cricket match on a frozen lake in Saint Moritz. She took five wickets for four runs, despite the handicap of playing in ice skates.

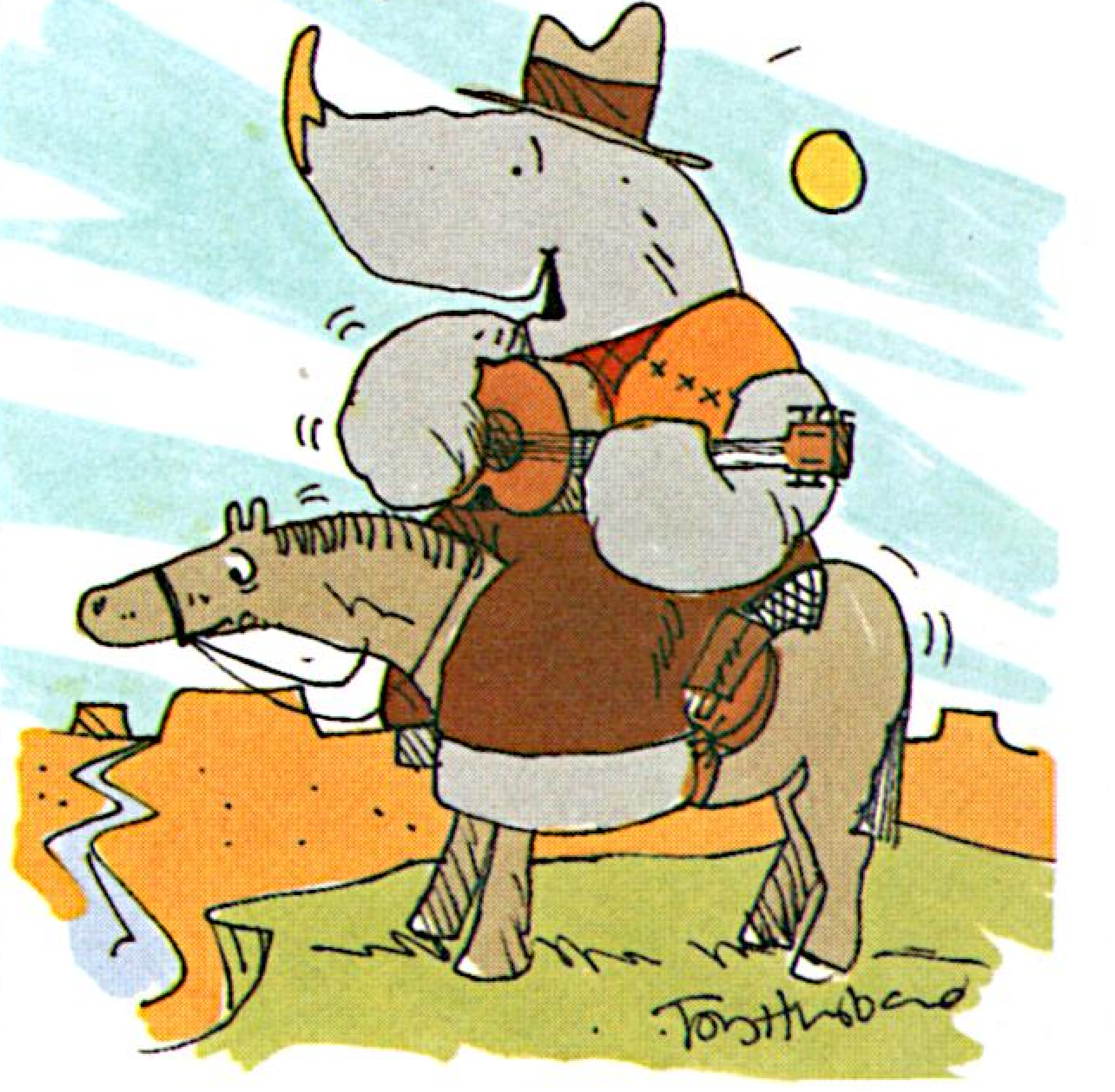
Born to lose: the Brits bring up th

4) Jean Borotra, Men's Singles Champion of the 1920s, was known as 'The Bounding Basque' and always played in a beret. His great friend and rival was Rene Lacoste, who later went on to design sports shirts.

5) Before he romped to victory at Wimbledon, Fred Perry had been World Table Tennis Champion.

● If England has about as much hope of winning the Wimbledon Men's Singles as Freddie Kreuger has of shagging Sharon Stone, then we have even less chance of leading home the field in that other great sporting event of July, the Tour De France. The world's most famous cycle race is perhaps the toughest sporting contest of all. Aside from the physical endurance needed to spend upwards of 115 hours in the saddle over a three week period, the ability to cycle around 160 kilometres a day and the capacity to recuperate overnight and then do it again the next day, and the next, and the next... the competitor also needs the raw courage to descend mountain slopes at speeds of up to 70mph,

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



"I'm the Rhinostone Cowboy..."

rear in another **Tour De France**

knowing all the while that the heat of the road combined with the vibrations is likely to buckle the aluminium frames of the wheels and catapult him over the handlebars.

Such a potent brew of athleticism and stamina should appeal to the British (how else can you explain the success of *The Lovers Guide* video series?), but for some reason we've never really produced anyone capable of challenging the dominance of the French, Belgians and the Spanish. However, if someone could invent ankle-length cycling shorts, I'm sure we'd be in with a shout.

● In last month's column I was strongly critical of ex-pro footballers who fill up the media with their carping about the game not being what it used to be. Of course, not all the old timers are like that. And here to prove it is a guest appearance from my old mate, Mel Menopause...

"Can Graham Taylor lead England to the next World Cup Finals? Of course he can! I have nothing but respect for the England boss. He is hard working, gutsy and honest to the core. Just the sort of man you'd want at your side in a mass brawl at a Shanghai brothel.

"And despite what the knockers may say, I believe there is a wealth of talent to be found in English football. Now is the time for Taylor to be bold and give the youngsters a chance. Everyone knows about Ryan Giggs and Peter Ndlovu. Their time will come. But there's another lad who caught my eye when he first appeared towards the end of last season. He may only have fifty or so matches behind him but he already looks like the finished article. So my message to Taylor is simple: *Get your finger out Turnip Top and give big Eric Cantona the chance he deserves!"* ♣

alex

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Some things just get better and better as time goes by, with the possible exception of Celebrity Squares*, but after achieving near pefection back in Vol20 N01, how could Alex here get any sexier?*

"Well, I work out a lot more now, as well as running my own special keep fit club at home," smiles the luscious 21-year-old.

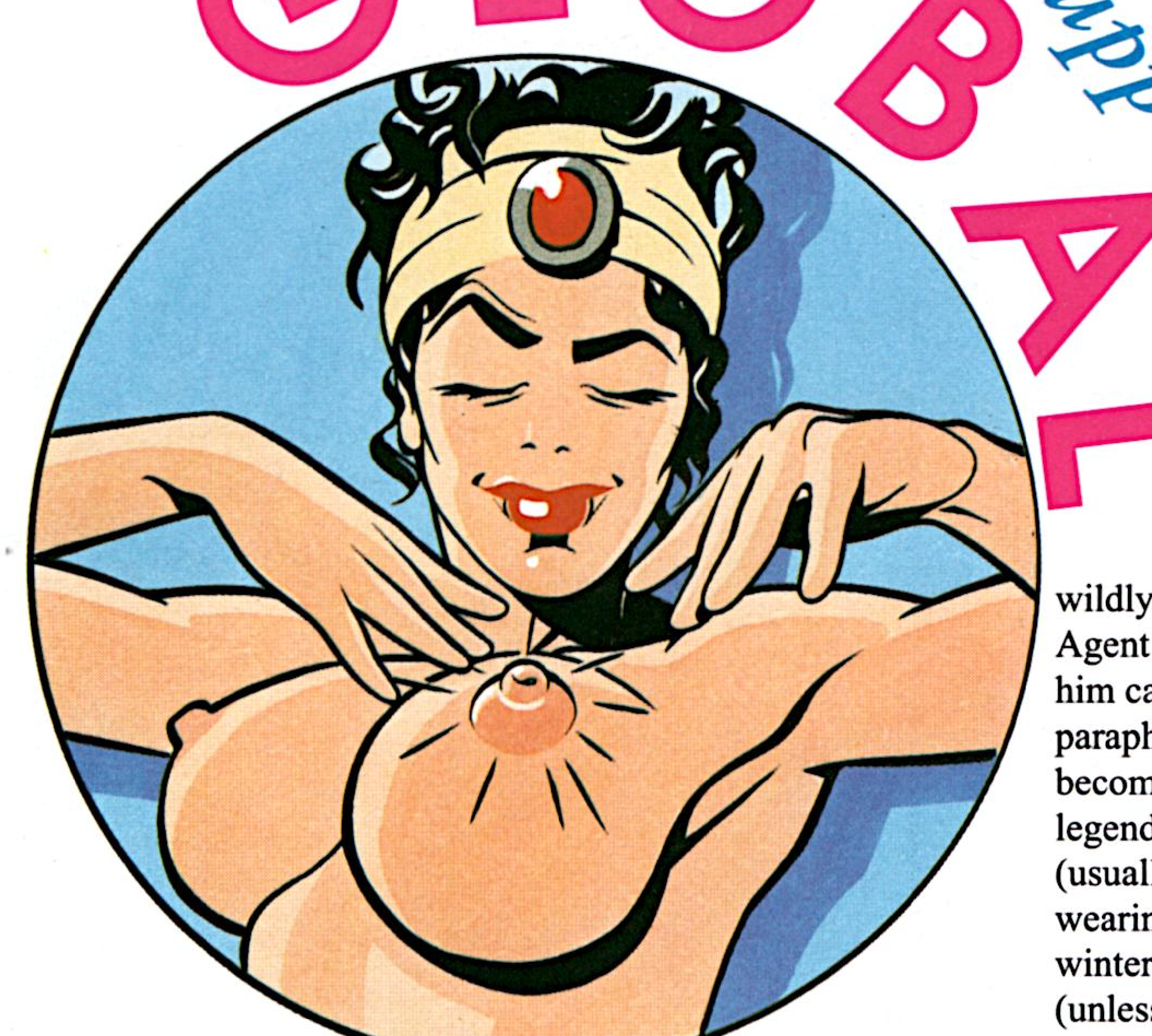
Oh really? And exactly what happens in that club then, Alex?

"Let's just say a couple of friends pop round twice a week for a good, hard session!"

Great... but can we join?♣

alex
club

Brenda D. Cupp's GLOBAL PHENOMENA



Vampires, wolves, zombies – dark, night prowlers from the files of **Brenda D Cupp** – scientist, author and inventor of the tum-o-vac navel fluff remover...

For some years now I've been keeping a file of cuttings on that pale, black-clad figure who stalks the dark recesses of our planet and never emerges into daylight. And when I've finished with my Jimmy White scrapbook, I usually take a look at what the vampires have been up to.

The legend of the vampire began many centuries ago in Wallachia. The trouble started when the Wallachians appointed a new ruler – Vlad the Impaler. Originally they'd wanted his brother, Vlad the Impala; but he was a little deer. Vlad the Impaler was a devil-may-care chap who galloped about Eastern Europe giving dietary advice to its citizens. "You look like you could do with a steak inside you," he'd tell hungry-looking Hungarians, before turning them into shish kebabs. Soon his war cry, "The post's in the Czech" was feared throughout the Balkans. Eventually he was arrested and put on trial for spearing a Pole with a gate-post. He pleaded guilty and asked for several other fences to be taken into consideration.

Vlad the Impaler was probably the only man in history who, when given a blood donor card, asked "Where's my PIN number?"; and he spent weeks outside the blood bank trying to find the automatic dispenser so he could make a withdrawal. Vlad was a man so thirsty for gore he used leeches as tea bags. In court he also revealed his surname, a name that was to send a shiver down the spines of men whenever it was uttered – Manilow!

Vlad Manilow was sentenced to thirty years. While in jail he became a reformed figure, even writing a hit song with the famous chorus: 'Mandy, you came in a grave with a stake in...'

Vlad was succeeded by his cousin. It was at this point that rumours of unnatural behaviour began to circulate wildly. Yes, Vlad the Estate-Agent had arrived; and with him came much of the paraphernalia that was to become part of the vampire legend. The fear of sunlight (usually counteracted by wearing sunglasses – even in winter), the hatred of water (unless it came in a bottle from France) and, of course, blood sucking. Vlad the Estate-Agent even lived in a coffin – though he usually referred to it as a 'Studio, pied-a-terre. Very quiet. Would suit bed-ridden person, or bachelor who lies down a lot. No chain (or lavatory to go with it either). Slightly damp, hence low price.' The citizens of Vlad's home province put up with this vile behaviour for some while, but when he started to sell timeshares in a tomb in the Algarve, they rose up against him and beat him to death with his own portable Vlad-o-phone.

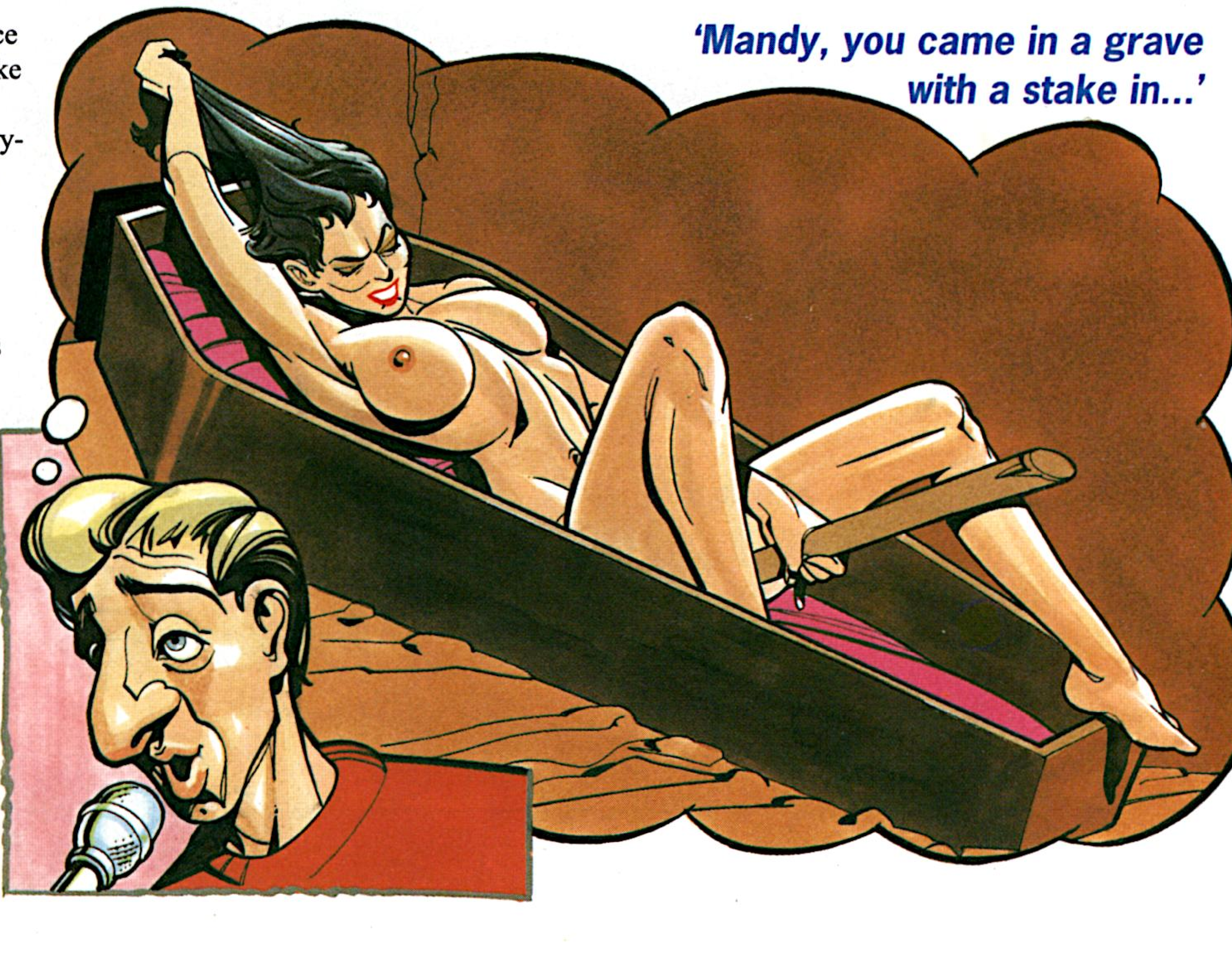
Coffin Fit

Despite Vlad's death the vampire legend continued to spread quicker than a nurse's knees after a bottle of Malibu. Soon it was raging across Eastern Europe like a dose of thrush in a Club 18-30 holiday camp. Anti-vampire hysteria gripped the Balkans and squeezed them so tight they were talking in a high-pitched voice for years afterwards. In Bulgaria anyone with a pasty face, protruding teeth and weird eyes was immediately burnt alive – it was lucky for David Bowie that he wasn't around at the time. In Poland street performers were rounded up and locked in a high-security prison for their own protection following a misunderstanding over the phrase 'Vampires always go for the jugular'. Whilst in Slovakia Crown Prince Bazouka-Bollox bravely volunteered to shag every virgin in the country in order to starve the vampires out. Despite the fact that this took him over three years, at the end of it Crown Prince Bazouka-Bollox went back and did it all over again "...just to be on the safe side". Little wonder that his subjects worshipped the very condoms he walked on.

Meanwhile, in Scotland, the Falkirk goalkeeper was arrested when it was spotted that he was terrified of crosses.

While this was going on, Western Europe still remained ignorant of the horrors that haunted their less-developed neighbours. Naturally travellers to the region had sometimes returned with strange tales, but as long as they didn't wag them in mixed company no one minded too much. It was not until Bran Stoker – the Victorian novelist with the irrational fear of constipation – wrote his classic 'Dracula' in the 1850s that the vampire legend became common currency in the West. Dracula, the nasty old Count who appeared in the bedrooms of many young women and emptied their bodies of blood, spawned many literary imitators. There was Dragula, a caped fiend who entered ladies' boudoirs and emptied their wardrobes of frilly underwear and evening gowns; Drunkula, a bat-like villain who snuck into houses and emptied the drinks cabinet and Dykeula, a beautiful, fanged female who flew into women's bed chambers and erected large earth barriers to prevent flooding (Surely you mean 'Engaged in steamy lesbian love frolics with them?' – The Ed).

Stoker's masterpiece established many of the vampire myths: the fact they hated garlic, that you can't see them in the mirror (though they occasionally turn up in *The Sunday Sport*) and that they are terrified of sunlight – despite its zesty lemon fragrance



'Mandy, you came in a grave with a stake in...'

Illustrations by Adam Willis

Prince Bazouka-Bollox bravely volunteered to shag every virgin

and the fact that it can shift greasy spots other liquids leave behind.

Stoker's novel was a huge hit with Victorian lady readers who apparently found the thought of being attacked in their sleep by a giant, thousand-year-old bat highly exciting and erotic. This is a sad comment on the sexual technique of Victorian men.

When film was invented the vampire story was given a new lease of life. Who could forget the efforts of the Hammer House of Horror, or those arch rivals the Spanner Semi-Detached of Shock? In these masterpieces of cinema, Christopher Lee usually took the part of Dracula – and the Count spent the rest of the movie trying to get it back again. Peter Cushing (whose recent engagement to Whoopi Goldberg was broken off when she said she wouldn't take his surname after marriage) was invariably cast as the Danish vampire expert, Van Helsing. Whilst various big-breasted bimbos played the innocent young virgins – which, for most of them, required considerable feats of memory.

Over the years these actors appeared in hundreds of vampire films: *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave*, *Dracula Has Risen From His Grave II*, *Dracula Has Risen From His Grave Again* and *Dracula Has Risen From His Grave For The Fourth Time (It's Probably Prostate Problems. You Know How Men Get At His Age).*

Loonie Tombs

Vampires then, the legend has swollen larger than a coconut with mumps, but is there any truth at its kernel? To get some answers I paid a call on the man who claims to be the spokesman for Britain's largest vampire association, Horace Plasma, at his two-up two-down mausoleum in Penge. Horace was recently involved in a drink-drive case. In court he protested that he'd "Only had a couple of pints". This was true. Unfortunately they came out of Ollie Reed. He was banned for ten years.

Cupp: How old are you?

Plasma: Older than the rivers and the trees, older than the oceans and the land, older than time itself...

Cupp: You're a contemporary of Cliff Richard, then?

Plasma: Yeah, pretty much.

Cupp: You must have seen a lot of changes in your time...

Plasma: Sure. Inflation for a start. When I was a kid you could go up the West End, take in a show, have a meal, get a cab home and still have change out of a guinea pig.

Cupp: You bartered?

Plasma: Not me. It was probably the dog.

Cupp: No, I mean you used a system of barter.

Plasma: Oh, right, yeah, we did. And I tell you what, people were a lot poorer then. There were hardly any blokes who had enough in their pockets to split a hamster. But we were happy!

Cupp: I'm sure you were. Now tell me, how did you get into vampiring?

Plasma: I trained. Did a proper apprenticeship. I'm no cowboy. I went to medical school.

Cupp: You studied medicine, then?

Plasma: No, I just hung around the morgue. That was where I met my first wife. What a night of romance that was! A boy, a girl, a fridge full of haemoglobin... Anyway, as a result of my studying I got my City and Guilds Bloodsucking Fiendistry Parts I & II. And then I was off into the jobs market. Got a plum position with Knight, Offa, Living Dead Associates, in the City.

Cupp: They were a firm of succubus?

Plasma: No, solicitors.

Cupp: So what did you do?

Plasma: Conveyancing, of course. Meanwhile though I was working at my other job in the evening.

Cupp: Oh, you were moonlighting?

Plasma: Yeah, I was a bit of a fly-by-night. Ha-ha-ha-ha! Sorry, popular old vampire gag there. When you're in the sinister-sons-and-daughters-of-darkness game you have to have a sense of humour. As my old Dad always used to say: "You don't have to be bats to work here, but it certainly helps!"

Cupp: But presumably life isn't all fun and games for you these days. There must be problems.

Plasma: Yeah, sure. Hunger is the biggest one of course. Promiscuity, sexual liberation, it'll be the death of us. Try finding a virgin in London nowadays – it's like looking for a needle in haystack. At one time a student hostel was like a four-course buffet, now it's more akin to a bag of pork scratchings. I tell you, if Madonna hadn't come over last year I'd have starved.

Cupp: Wow! Madonna's a ...

Plasma: Shhh! She doesn't want everyone knowing. Must say it came as something of a revelation to me too. I only flew into her window by mistake. I was looking for Joan Collins. Anyway apart from the hunger there's the youth unemployment. It just saddens me to see these young vampire kids on street corners just hanging around. And not even upside down, most of them. I was talking to one of them the other day and he said to me, "Horace, here I am, just 375 years old, and I'm already staring into a bleak future totally without meaning". Amazing how they always manage to look on the bright side, isn't it?

Cupp: Couldn't they go on a YTS course?

Plasma: No way! We may be outcast members of the living dead, but we do draw the line at some things.

Cupp: You paint a pretty gloomy picture...

Plasma: Thanks.

Cupp: Do you have trouble with vampire hunters?

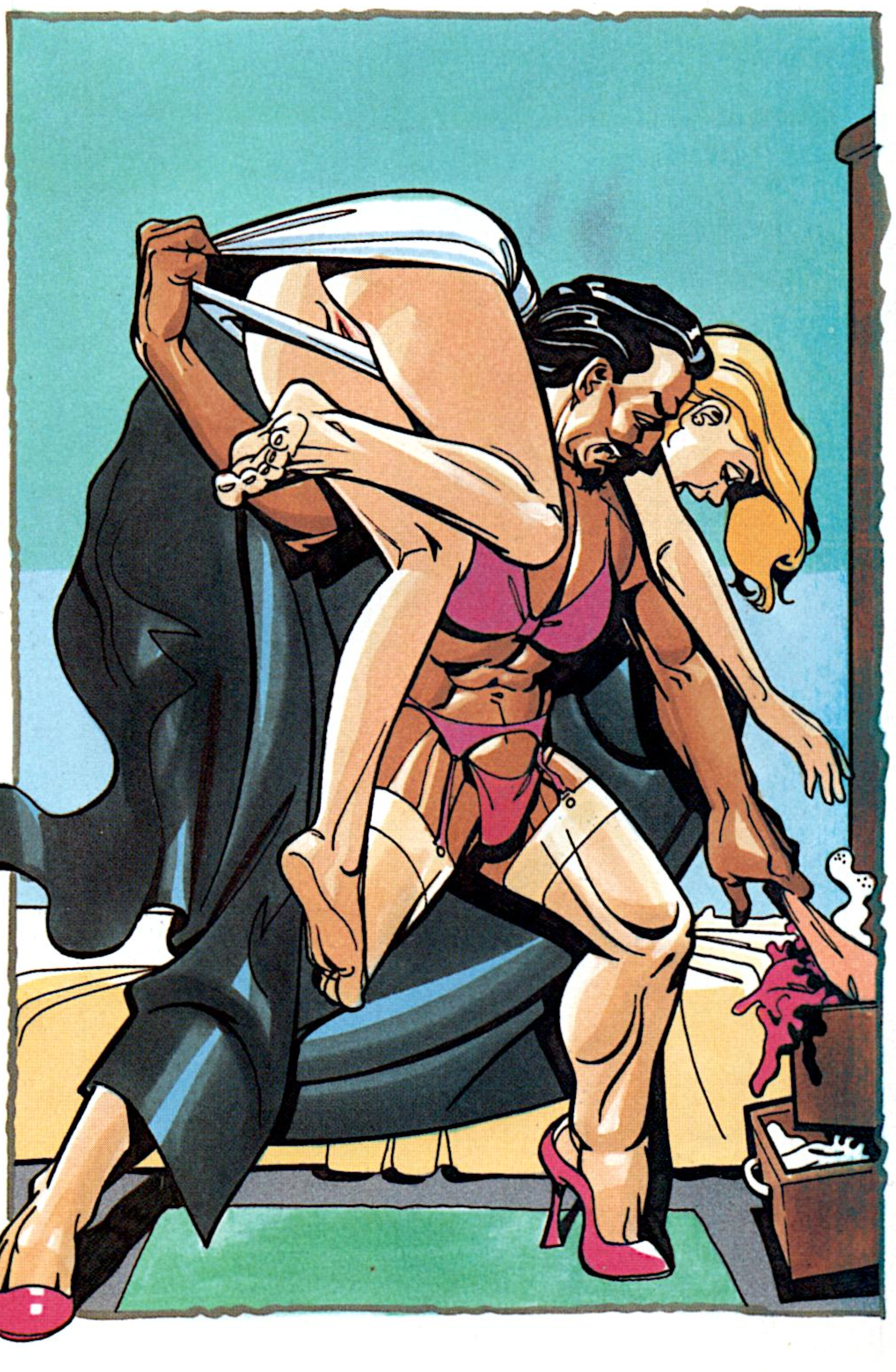
Plasma: Not half! That Van Helsing's daughter's the worst. I call her Transit Van Helsing, on account of she's always getting filled up by builders. She's been chasing me for years. Totally obsessed. It's unnatural. I don't know why she doesn't get a normal hobby like stump collecting – my mate Frankenstein does that. People say I'm a pain in the neck, but at least I don't jump on people when they're having a nap and try to ram a stake through their heart.

Cupp: I've always wondered about that. Just why is it that stakes kill you?

Plasma: High cholesterol.

Conclusion

So do vampires really exist? The answer is almost certainly no. They're simply figments of the imaginations of our sexually repressed ancestors. So please sleep easy in your beds tonight. Anyway, must fly. Horace Plasma has promised to take me out for a quick bite tonight. ♣



Dragula, a caped fiend who entered ladies' boudoirs and emptied their wardrobes of frilly underwear

ellen

Photograhs by
Michael Moore

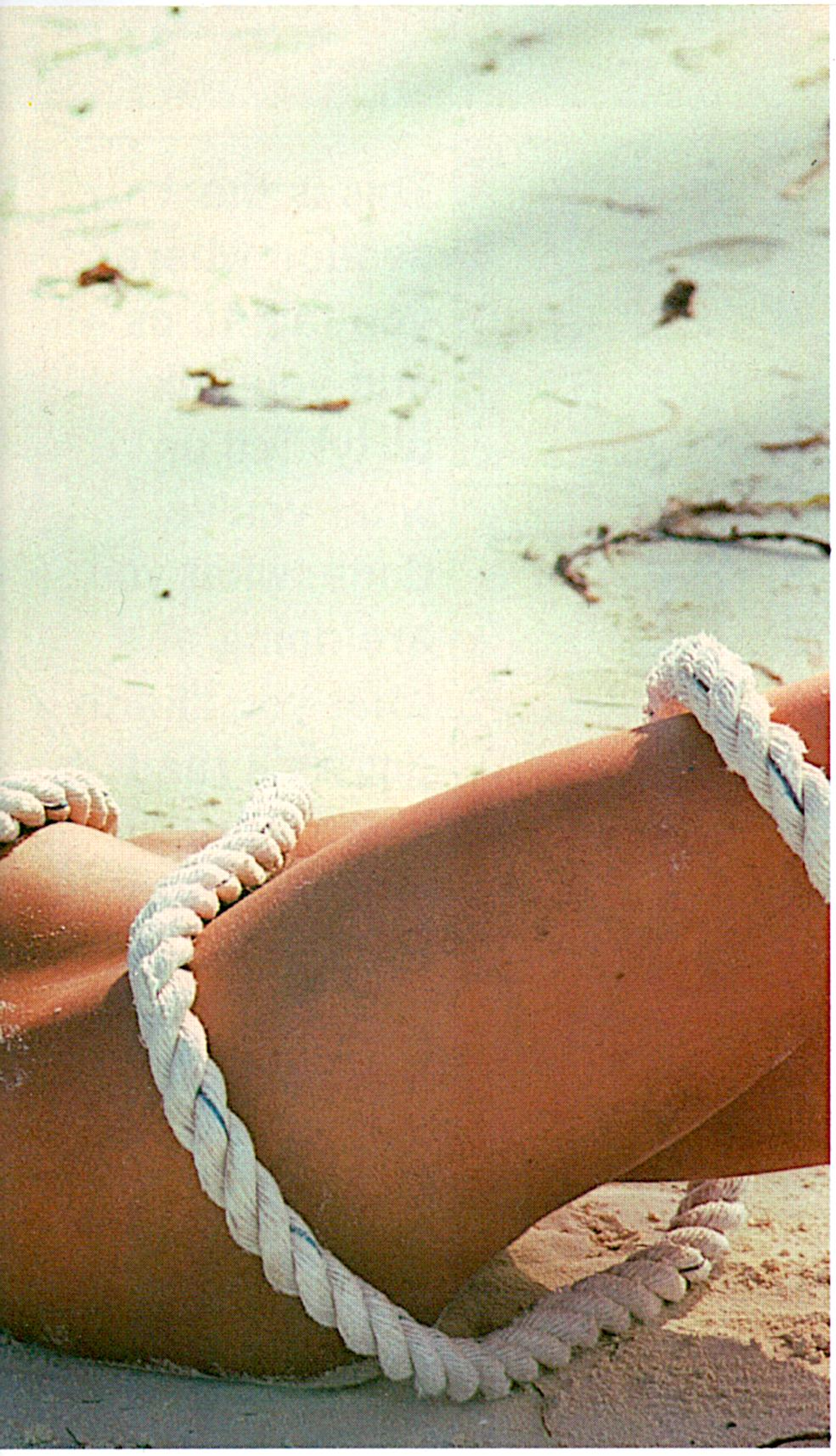
If only all our holiday photos looked like this! When lovely Ellen strolled into the Club offices and casually mentioned she had a few pictures of herself naked and covered in sand and would anyone like to see them, we dived on them like a load of old women at a half-price jumble sale!

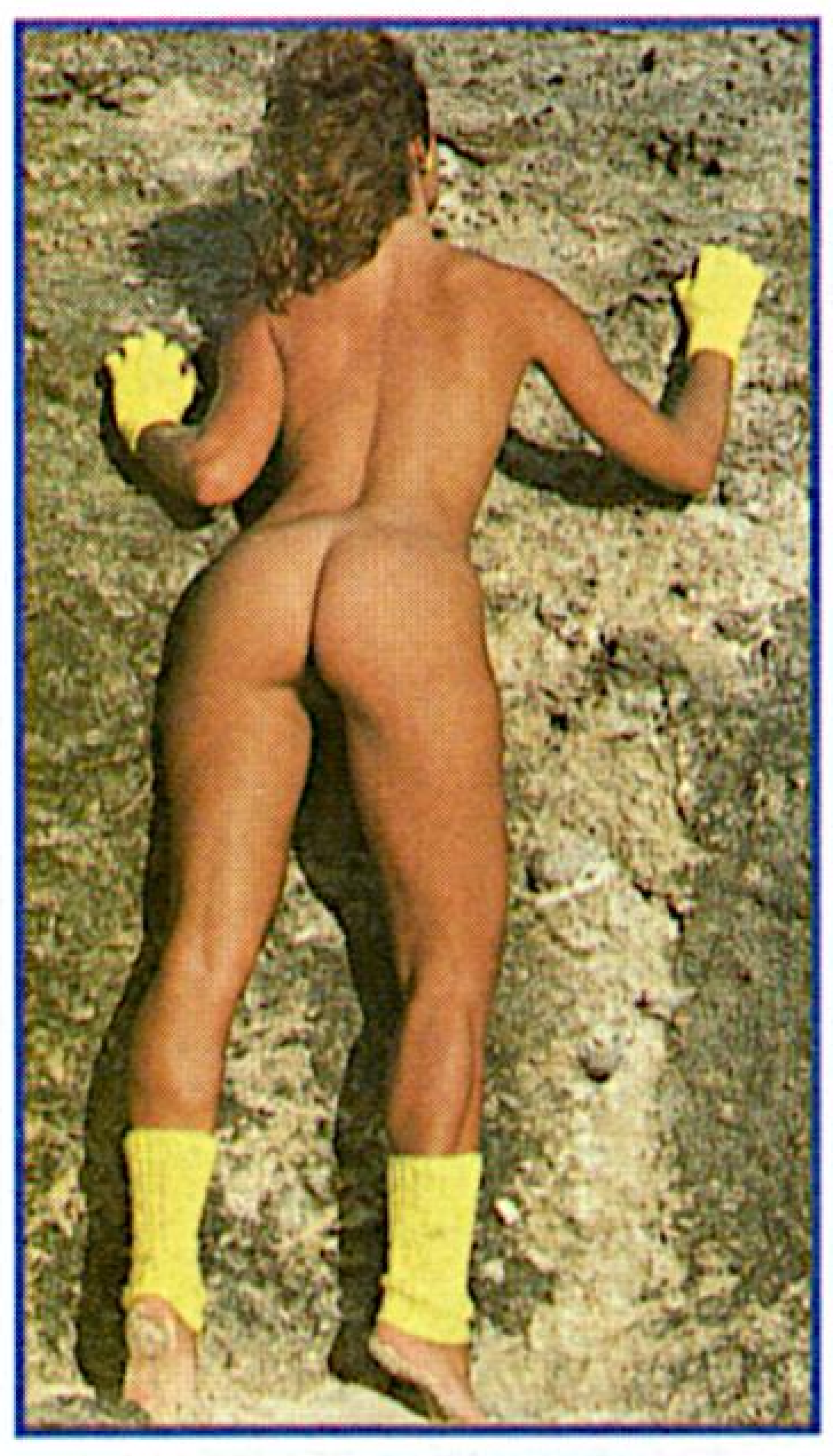
"I went to Thailand for a few weeks and got my girl friend to take some snaps of me on the beach," smiled the beautiful 19-year-old.

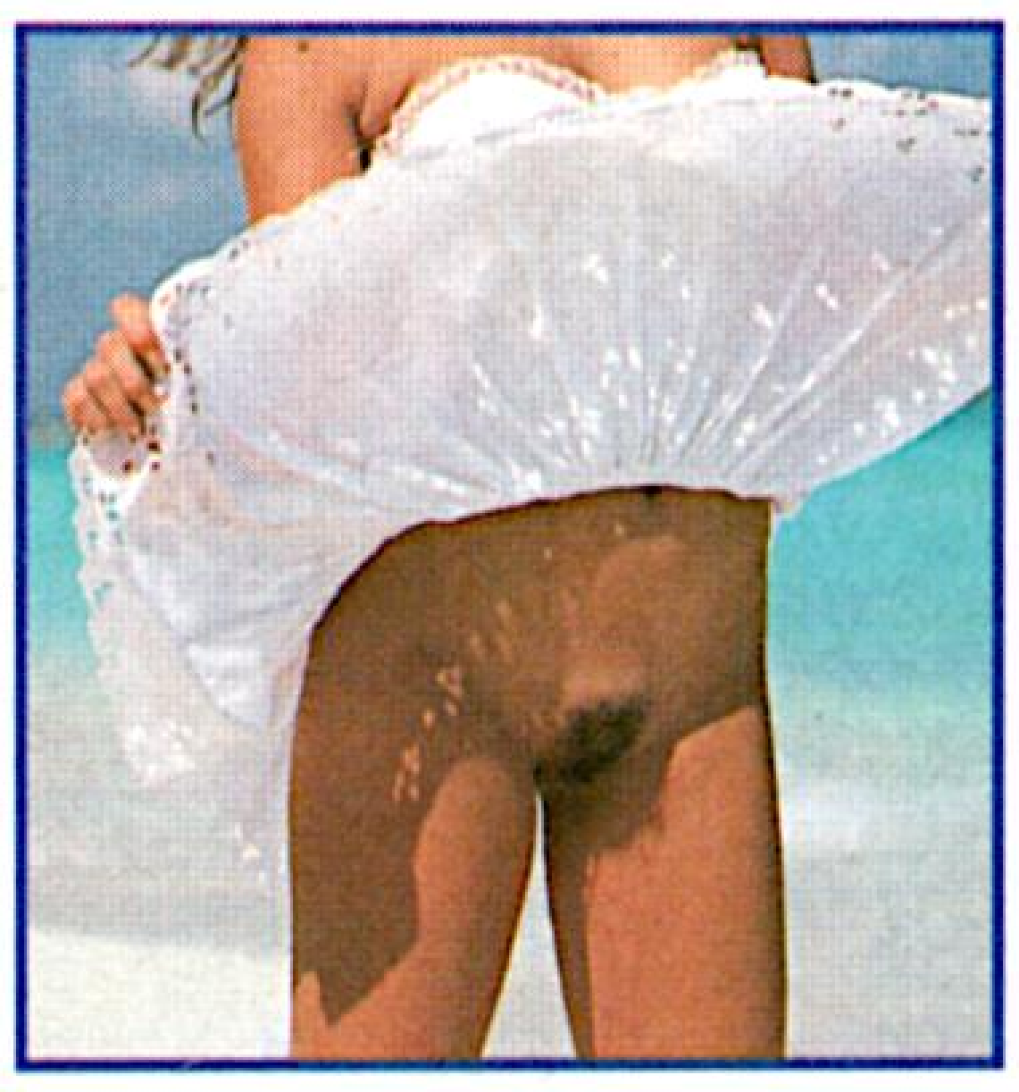
Fair enough, but what's all this with the rope?

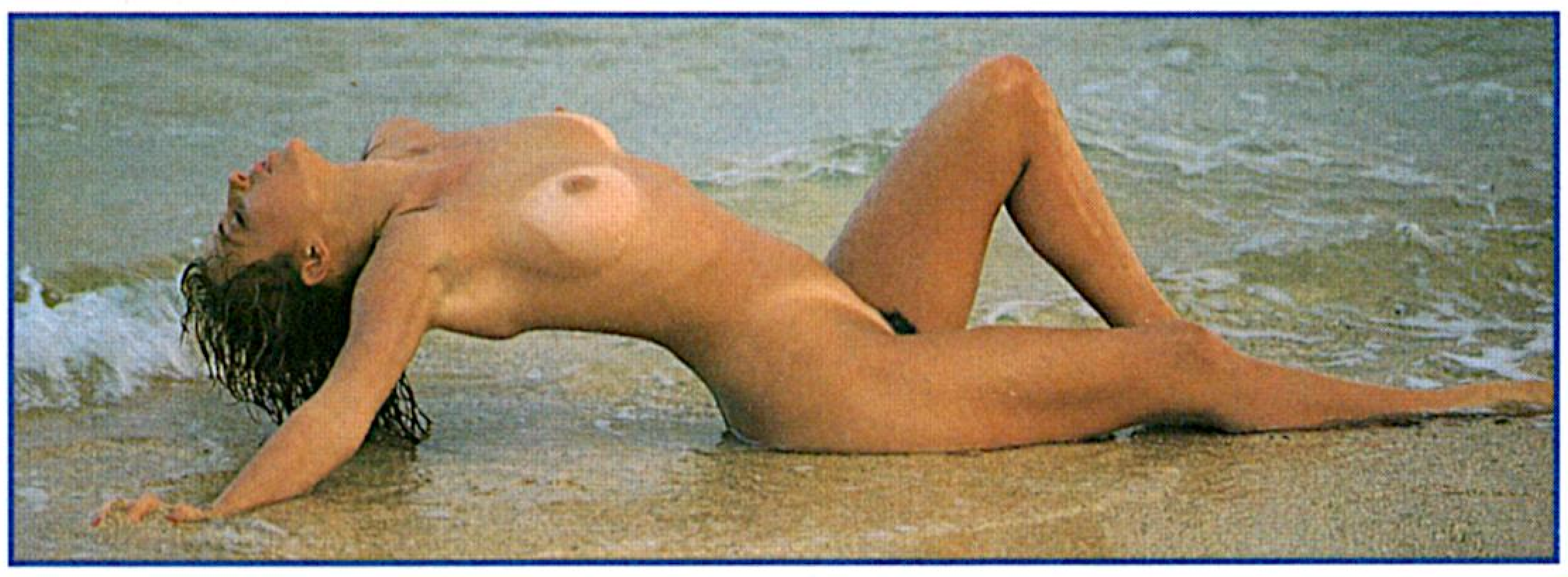
"Well, this rather dishy young fisherman came up to me, draped it round me, and then said according to local custom I was all his for the night. Well, he was so sweet I thought it would be rude to refuse..."

Oh, and don't tell us. You were all Thaid up for the evening... ♣









TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Fine By Me!

I expect that most of you think that a librarian's life doesn't consist of anything more exciting than sending out fines for overdue books, and until recently I would've agreed with you, but last month something exciting happened that actually made me look forward to going to work!

I had been working at a fairly small branch for about four years, and I must admit that the atmosphere of books and hushed whispers was beginning to take its toll on me; I never went out, never bought sexy clothes, and was starting to think that I'd never enjoy an active sex life. It's not that I'd never been chatted up, but I was too used to hiding my 38-26-34 figure in dowdy clothes to ever change – or so I thought!

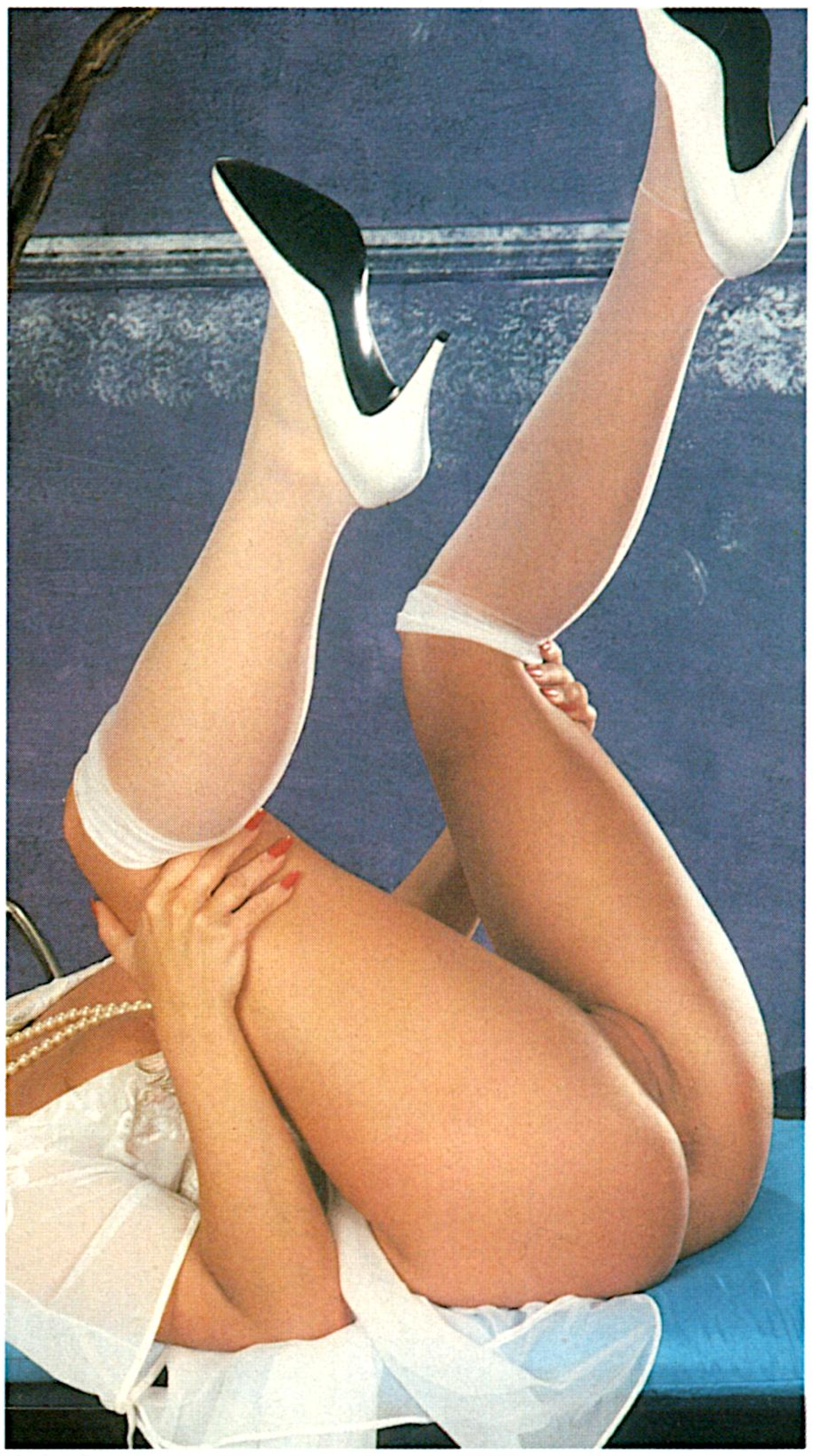
One evening I was just about to close up when a rather attractive young couple came into the library, giggling. They were obviously at that stage of being in love where everything is really special and intimate, and I felt both a twinge of envy and a twinge between my legs as I saw her grab his bum and give it a good squeeze.

I sighed and put such thoughts out of my head, and busied myself with the ritual of shutting drawers and switching off lights.

"Excuse me, but we're closing," I called out, but there was no reply. I called out again, but still nothing. I was getting angry now; the last thing I needed at the end of a long day was a pair of jokers. So putting down my bag I stormed into the library.

Swinging round the first aisle, I froze in my stride. There was the man, leaning back against the shelves, trousers round his ankles as his girlfriend knelt at his feet. She was sucking his cock!

I stood there, speechless, as her lips worked their way up and down his cock. I could feel my pussy start to heat up and my panties dampen as I stared at his bulging helmet pushing her cheeks out, as



she grabbed hold of his hips for support, and he grabbed onto her blonde hair as he fucked her mouth. He was in heaven, eyes shut and moaning for her to suck him harder. She responded by moaning in delight, obviously turned on by his request, and started moving even faster.

I had never seen a couple do anything like this before, and I was getting too turned on. A trembling, mini-orgasm rippled through me and I cried out, grabbing hold of a shelf for support.

The girl pulled her mouth off his cock and turned to me, smiling. "Hey, don't just stand there! Come and have some yourself!" she said, beckoning me over. I was too turned on to help myself, and slowly walked up to the guy, my eyes glued to his shaft.

Gulping, I sank to my knees so his cock was waving right in front of my face. I lifted my head and pursed my mouth till just the tip of his cock was touching my lips, then opening my mouth as wide as I could I took the whole thing down my throat.

"My God, Chris! She's taken the lot!" cried the girl, as his eyes opened nearly as wide as mine. It had been ages since I'd tasted the warm hardness of a man, and as if to remind me of the fact my pussy trembled and I felt my love juice trickle out over the crotch of my panties.

I paused for a moment as I savoured the hot flush that was rippling through my whole body, before pumping my head on his tool again.

The girl was now doing what I'd wanted to do earlier, and had ripped off her skirt and knickers and was rubbing her clit furiously with one hand as she slipped two fingers up into her cunt. I could see her blonde hairs glistening with juice in the half-light; her swollen, juicy lips protruding either side of her knuckles as she stared at the sexy sight in front of her.

I heard her cry out that she was coming, but was really too busy sucking out this guy's come. I was going crazy trying to make him spunk into my mouth, I wanted to taste it so badly. I gripped the base of his shaft with one hand as I cupped his tight, hairy balls in the other.

But just as I felt the stirrings of another orgasm welling up inside me, the girl did something I hadn't even dreamed of. Lying on her back, she wriggled underneath me till I could feel her hot breath panting on my dripping pussy.

I undid my skirt and flung it aside, and pulling the cock out of my mouth, looked down to see her beautiful face smile up at me as she pulled my knickers aside and poked her tongue up my cunt.

This was too much! Eight inches of bulging cock down my throat and a pair of lips and hands stroking my pussy lips as her tongue lapped up my juices. She was wanking herself off again and sucking me with the same rhythm I was using on the guy's cock.

He looked down and obviously couldn't believe the sight either, as with a grunt and a hard push of his hips I felt his balls quiver and the first spray of spunk shoot over my tongue and down my throat. I let out a muffled cry of pleasure as the jets became faster and thicker. I rolled the salty spunk around my mouth as I gulped down every drop.

Then I felt the girl pull my cunt lips apart harder to get every drop of my cream onto her face. The guy was still pumping into me as I shuddered violently and came even more powerfully than before on the girl's tongue.

That sent her over the edge too, and for ten seconds the three of us climaxed together, groaning out loud.

When I'd sucked the guy dry and the last dribble of cream had been licked from between my legs, the couple finally admitted to me that they'd set the whole thing up. The guy had told his girlfriend he thought I was the horniest thing he'd seen for ages and had wanted to show her to me.

Well, their little plan had worked, and after that evening I had so much more confidence I went out and bought myself a wardrobe full of the sexiest gear imaginable. And it must've worked, too, because we've never had so many people joining the library! – *Rachel, East Anglia*

Two Into One

My name is Rusty and I'm 23 years old. I'm tall, with dark red hair and a good pair of 38 inch tits. And, for as long as I can remember, my slender, shapely legs have always turned heads.

I work in a commercial art studio and recently discovered a copy of *Club* buried underneath a pile on one of the guys' desks one night when I was working late.

I must admit, I got really turned on by the sexy pictures and the *Talkin' Blue* section, and ended up playing with myself there and then. Well, it was late and everyone had gone home, so I felt perfectly safe sitting on my desk with my thighs spread wide and two fingers up my pussy. I came in floods.

Anyway, back to my legs. I can honestly say that they are my most striking feature. Fellas are always coming up to me in the street or wherever and saying the nicest things about my legs. But there was one time that took me totally by surprise, which is what prompted me to write to you with my own confession.

You see, I got into the habit of hunting down copies of *Club* in and around the studio. There's always one to be found somewhere, usually in the same pile of mags kept for reference by the commercial artists.

One night after everyone had gone home, I found a copy and took off all my clothes. It was quite a thrill being naked in my place of work, frigging myself off over the horny letters and pictures.

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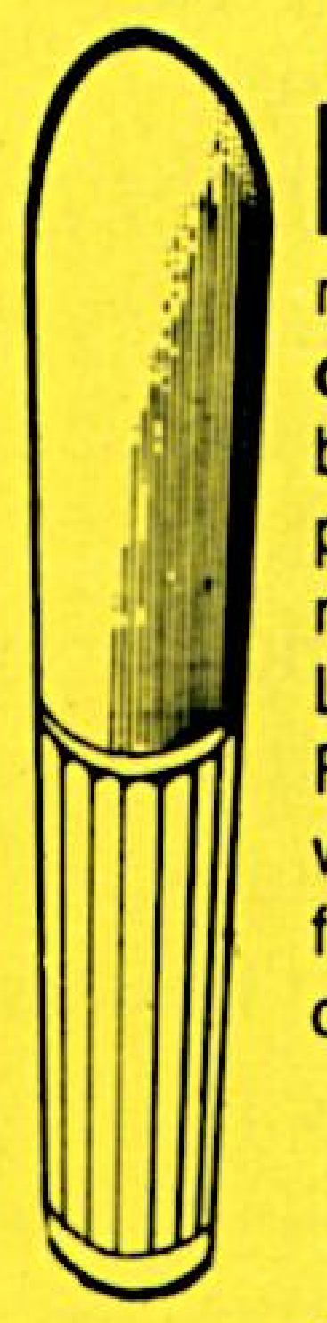

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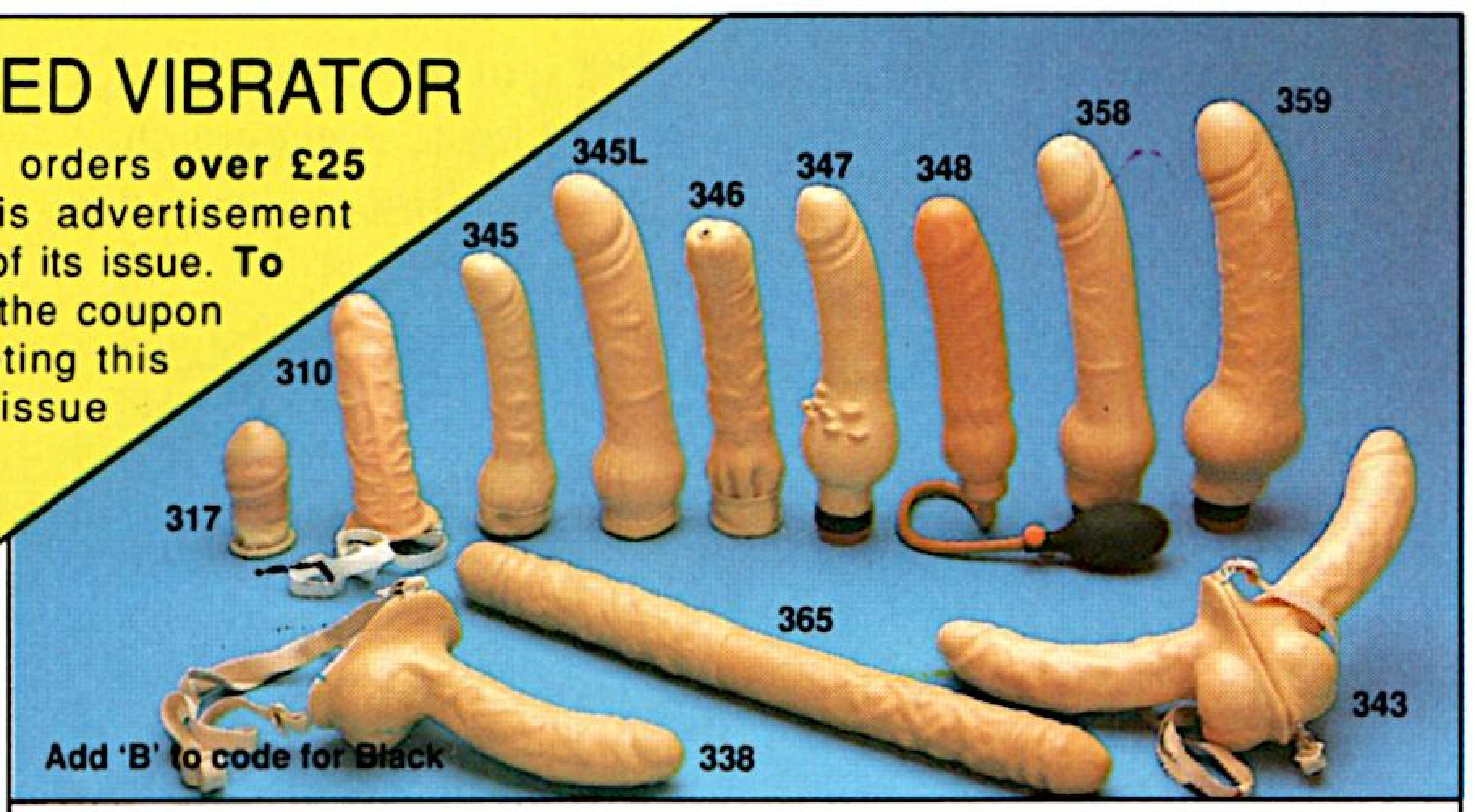

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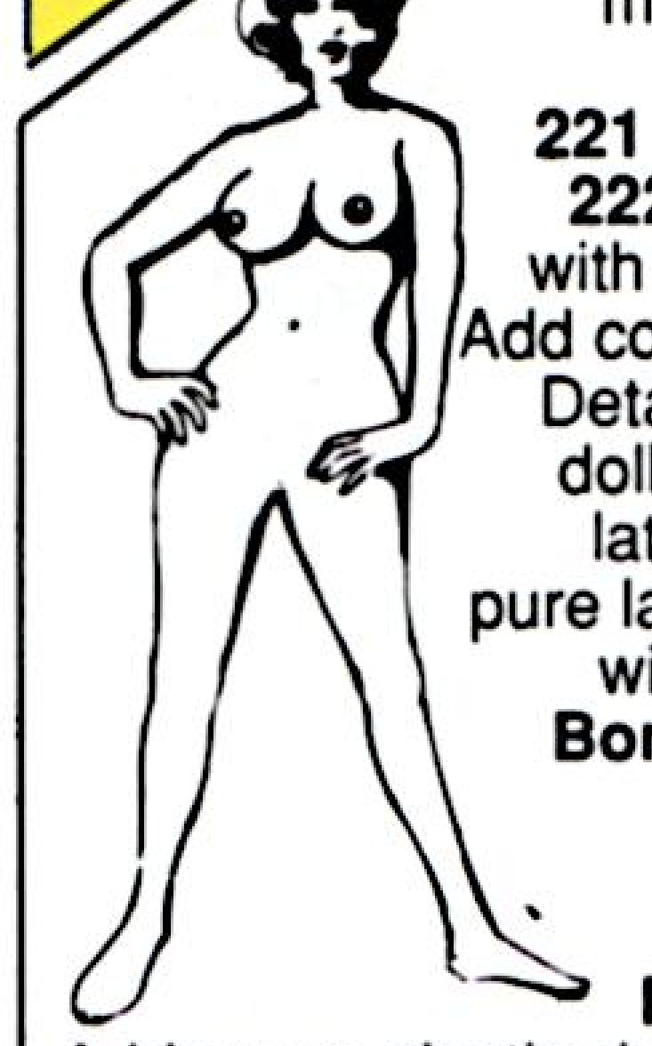

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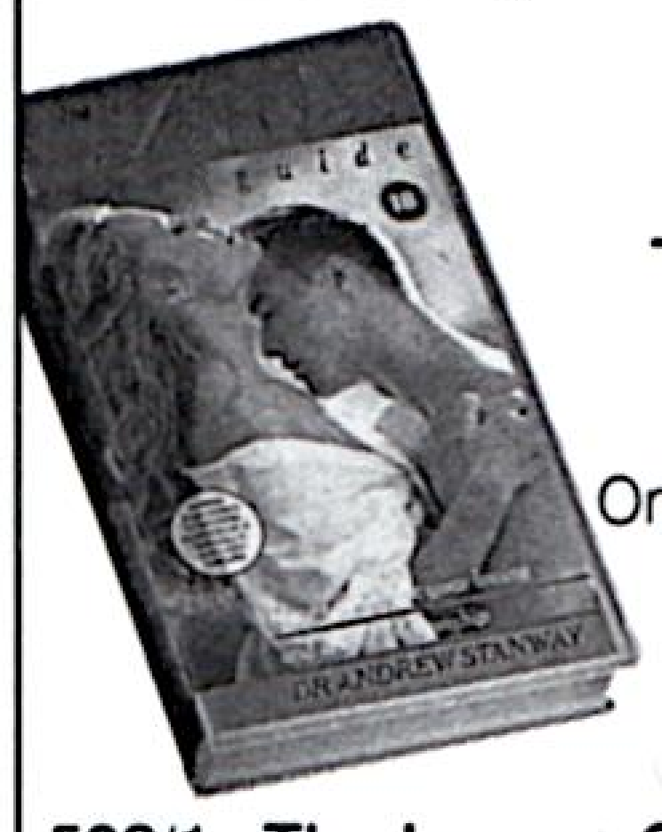

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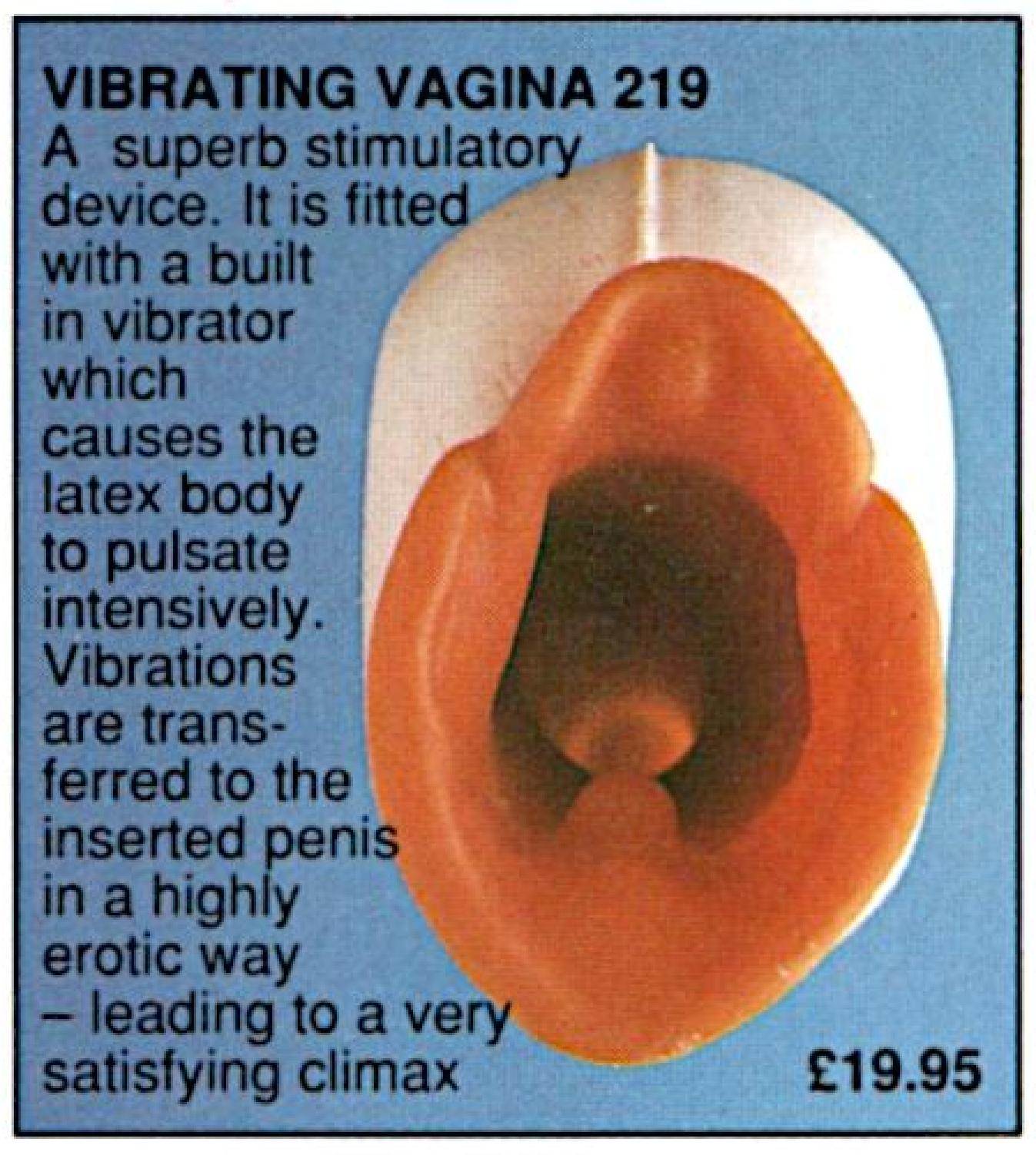

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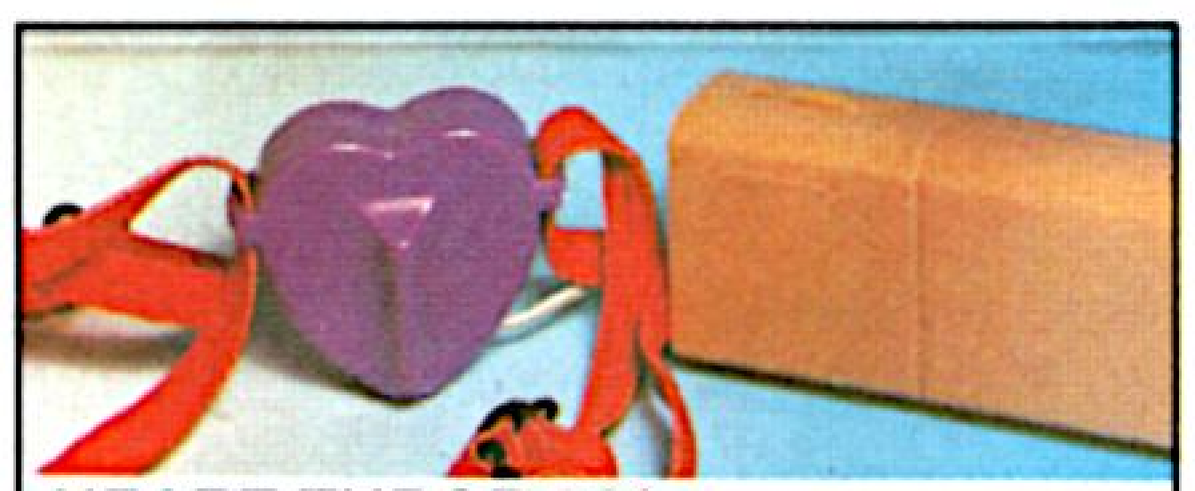

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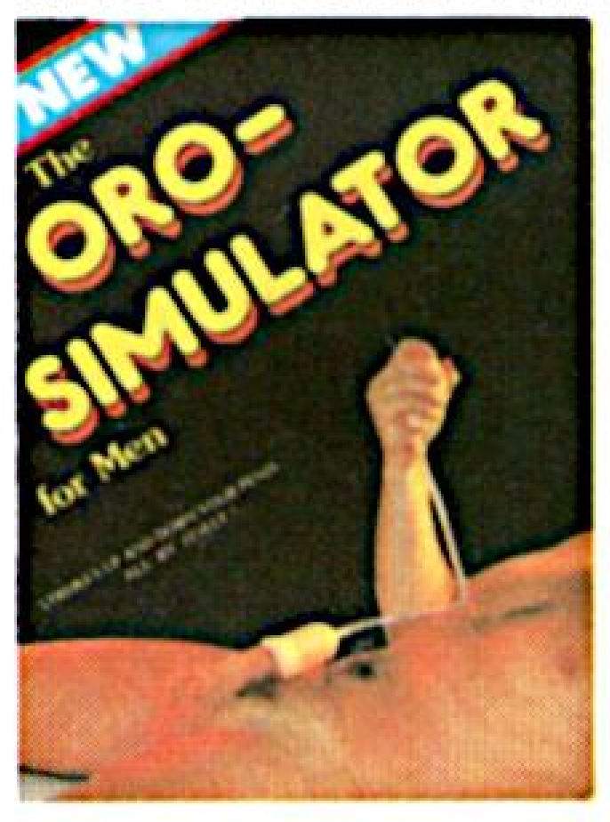

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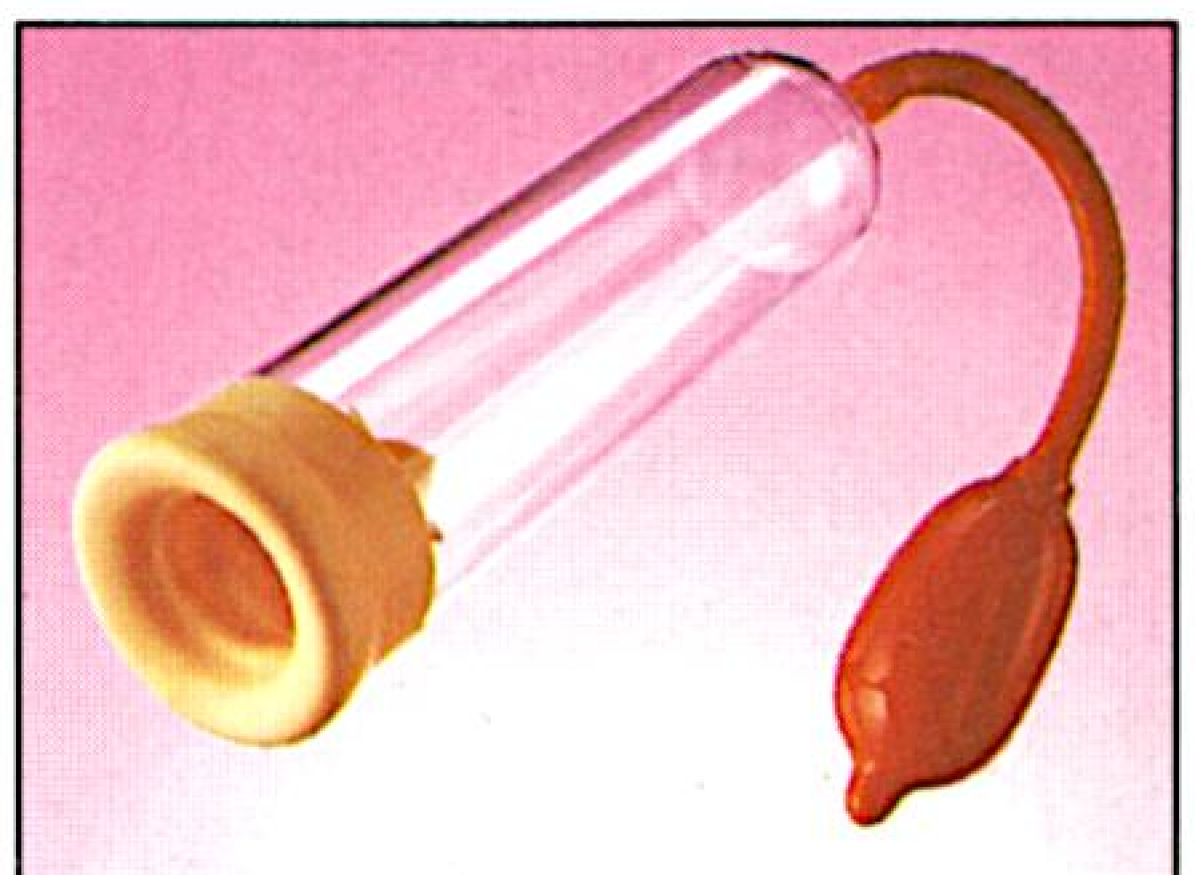

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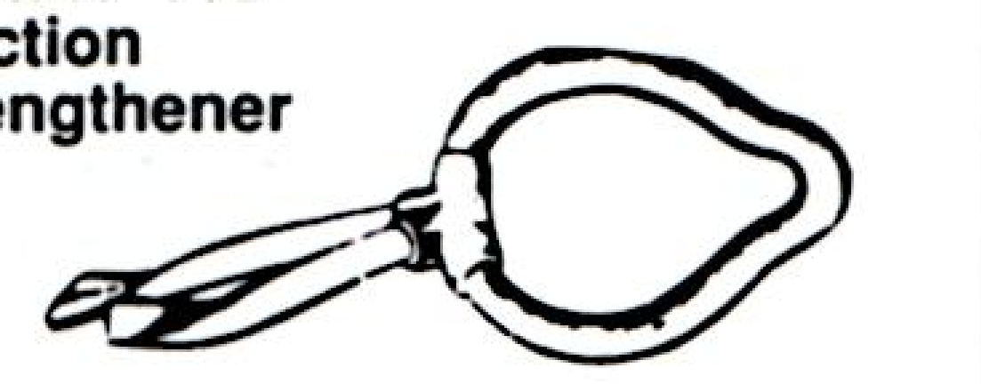

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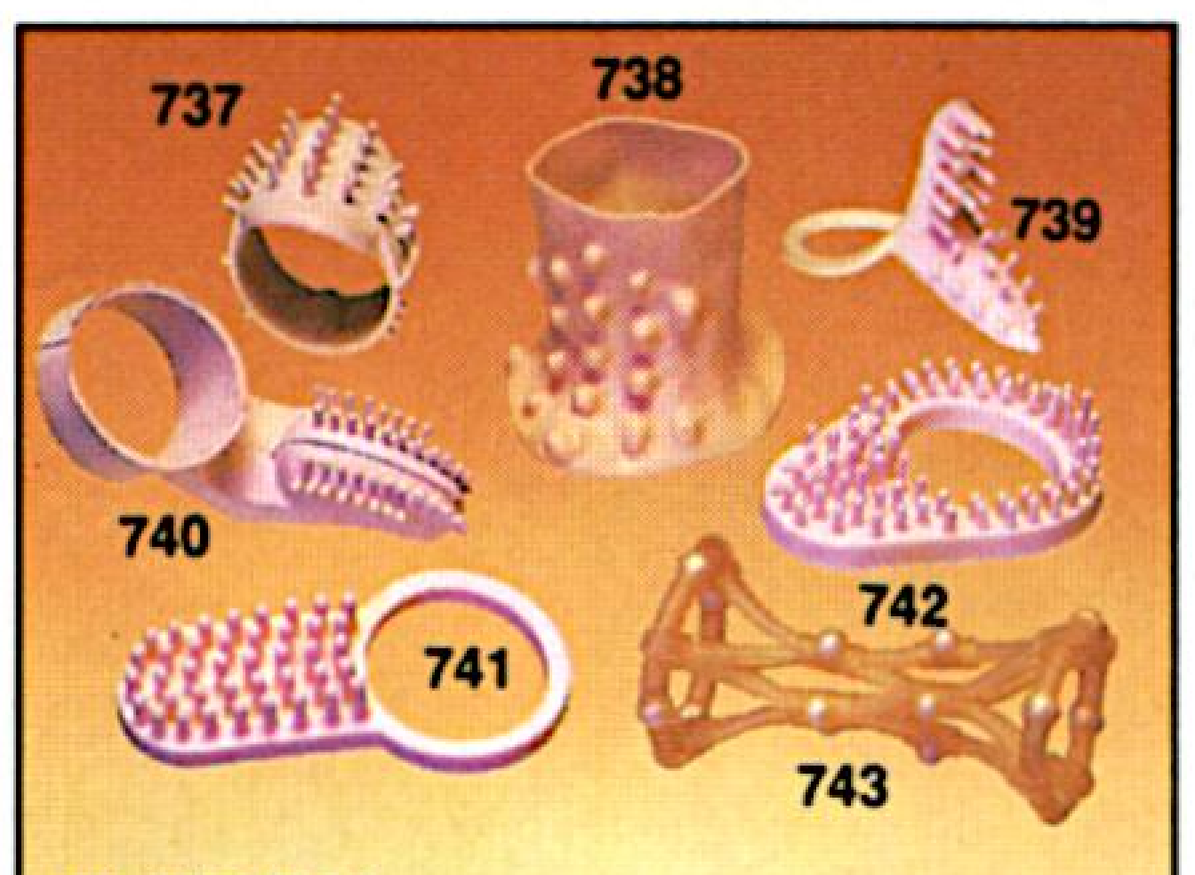

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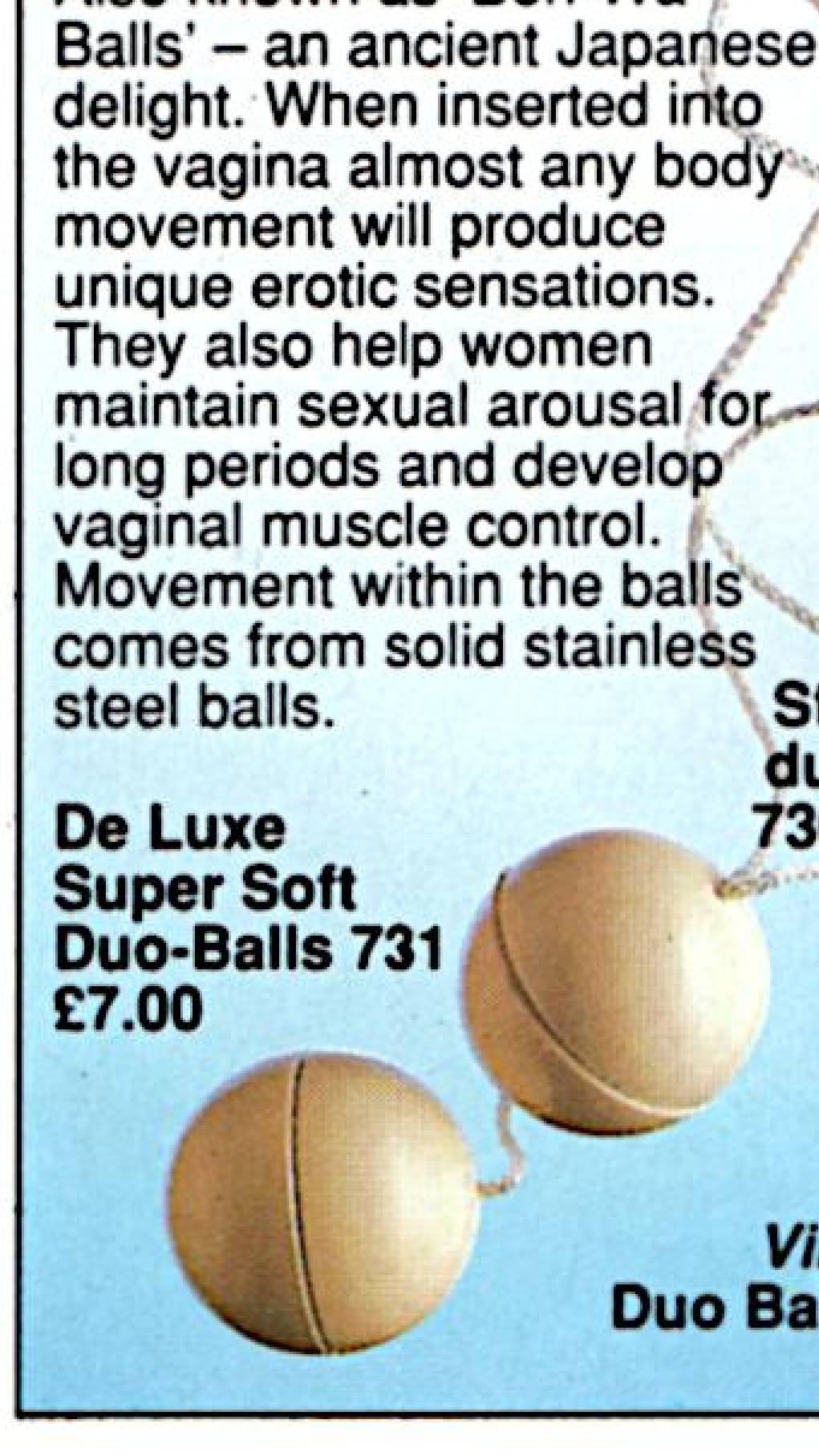

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I was in a standing position, with my long legs apart, two fingers buried up inside me, while flicking through the mag on a desktop, when I suddenly became aware of another presence. I spun around and saw two hunky guys standing in the doorway, watching me. I wanted the earth to open and swallow me up.

"Terrific legs," one of them said, grinning.

I stood up to my full height, turned and stared at them. Who were these guys? What were they doing in the studio after hours? And why had I left the bloody door unlocked?

"What do you want?" I asked, trying to brazen it out.

"We're delivering the new photocopier," the other one explained.

Oh shit! I said to myself. I had forgotten all about the delivery. "Oh, well, you'd better bring it in then," I told them.

"No hurry," the first one said. "Is there anything else we can do for you first?"

That was when my sense of recklessness got the better of me – I knew I looked irresistible standing there naked before these two strangers. I glanced down at their crotches and could clearly see the big bulges of their pricks.

"For a start, you can lock the door behind you," I said coolly. "Then you can both get undressed."

In a flash, they both got out of their clothes and I was left looking at two gorgeous hunks, each with a strong, muscled body and a big, throbbing prick waving in my direction.

"Step right this way, gentlemen," I said, smiling sexily.

They both came towards me and started to kiss me and play with my tits, bum and pussy. I just closed my eyes and let them feel me wherever they wanted. I wrapped a hand around both big pricks and got a real thrill at the touch. They felt really hard and hot.

"I'm Doug and that's Don," the first one said, by way of introduction.

"I'm Rusty," I said, almost too far gone to speak.

Doug turned me around and bent me over while Don sat on the desk. I lowered my mouth onto Don's big, fat prick while Doug pushed his rigid cock up my pussy from the rear. And there I was, with one big dick up my pussy and another nudging the back of my throat.

Always a girl to take advantage of a situation, I started to give Don the blowjob of his life. I began by licking it slowly and then taking it all down. And as Doug's prick plunged in and out of my pussy, I raised and lowered my head on Don's prick, wanking him off with my mouth.

Doug really got into it by holding my bum cheeks apart and grinding himself into me as far as he could. He was a couple of inches shorter than me so he had to stand on tiptoe to get a good fucking angle, but he managed okay.

With Don's cock in my mouth, I could soon feel that he was going to come, but I hadn't finished with him just yet. I wanted his cock inside my pussy before he came.

I cupped Don's tight balls in one hand while circling and massaging the base of his shaft with the other. Just as I felt he was about to come, I pulled my mouth and hands away from his cock and stood upright. Doug tried his best to keep his hard prick up between my legs but once I stood up, he had to withdraw. They both looked really disappointed.

"Okay, you fuckers," I said. "Let's try it another way now." With that, I swept away a load of stuff – including Don – off the desk onto the floor and then lay on it with my legs wide open, giving them both a view of my pink, glistening pussy.

"Right," I demanded, "I want one prick in my mouth and the other up my pussy. Now!" The funny thing was that I'd always considered myself to be a passive lover. But, presented with two delicious cocks, I had suddenly become a dominatrix!

Don knelt between my splayed thighs, grabbed his cock and pushed it up inside my hot, wet pussy while Doug stood by the side of the desk with his sticky cock ready to be sucked. I turned my face to him, opened my mouth and took as much in as I could. It felt just as long and hard in my mouth as it had up my pussy.

Then they both started to fuck me. Don began hammering away at my pussy while Doug did the same to my mouth. It was my first time with two dicks and I can recommend it to any girl who really wants an extra-special fucking.

I started to play with my tits, massaging them in a circular motion and rubbing my nipples between my fingers. I had never felt so many pleasurable sensations at once. All I could feel was two pricks fucking me senseless and hands everywhere.

"Okay," I mumbled, my mouth full. "All change!" I rolled onto all fours and Don got off the desk and stood in front of me, his throbbing cock covered in my creamy love juices. I wrapped my mouth around his cock and was amazed at how hot it was. I put it all down to the friction up my pussy.

Doug, meanwhile, took up position behind me, kneeling on the desktop, and started to fuck my pussy from behind. They soon got into an even fucking rhythm and I found myself being pleasantly rocked back and forth with a prick in my mouth and another up my fanny. I was in heaven!

We all came together and I must say that my knees were weak with excitement for two days afterwards! – *Lorraine, Birmingham*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

All Abroad!

To some of you, the idea of a holiday alone in Tunisia probably sounds perfect: lots of sun, deserted sandy beaches and wild night-life. But I was dreading it. My best friend and would-be travelling companion had let me down at the last minute, and I had to resign myself to a lonely couple of weeks propping up the hotel bar and wandering around ancient ruins all on my own.

And what if I didn't find a man? Two whole weeks without a good, hard screw? Fourteen nights without my pussy being satisfied, not to mention missing out on all those lovely, long cocks just waiting to be sucked dry? Well, just as I started feeling thoroughly sorry for myself, something happened that quickly put such lonely thoughts out of my mind.

I had just unpacked in my hotel room and was about to take a shower when there was a knock at the door. Clutching a towel to my naked body, I opened the door.

“Hello, I'm Cara,” smiled the blonde manageress. I had noticed her when I'd checked in, especially the way she ran her eyes over my ample boobs and bottom as I wiggled my way up the stairs in my tight mini-dress. And now here she was at my door.

“Hello,” I grinned back, blushing. “Is there anything wrong?”

“Oh no! It's just that I looked in the register and noticed you were here alone, and I wondered if there was anything I could do to help you settle in...” She flashed that sexy smile at me again and I immediately knew what she meant. I could feel my pussy heating up as I stared at her red lips and wondered what they could do to a girl like me.

“Well, come in,” I said, silently locking the door behind her. “Why don't we go out onto the balcony? You can show me the best places to visit in town from there.”

I didn't even bother to get dressed! I had only ever been with a woman once before and had vowed to try it again, and now it looked like I was going to get the chance!

“Well, there are some lovely sights here, Cathy, but you'd have to go a long way to beat this...” she said, unbuttoning her smart navy blue suit and letting it fall to the floor.

I was speechless. Her full, tanned boobs stood out proud above her slim stomach and dark brown bush, already glistening with her love juices. I ran my eyes down her long legs to her black high heels and gulped.

“Well, do you want me, Cathy?” By way of an answer I took one step forward and kissed her full on the lips, my heart beating like crazy as I felt her smooth, firm tits press against mine. I let the towel slip to the floor.

Without another word Cara pushed me against the wall and fell to her knees, spreading my legs apart. She kissed every inch of my legs before her tongue found my slit, and gently easing my pink, swollen pussy lips open, she buried her whole face in me.

It was like an electric shock surging through me as I felt the first trembles of a climax; and as Cara slurped away, running her tongue right up the entire length of my juicy cunt before poking it in and out quicker than any cock, I cried out I was coming.

“Oh, yes! Yes! Suck me you bitch!” I cried, pulling her head further into me and exploding my juice onto her greedy tongue, my legs nearly buckling under me.

“More, darling, give me more!” she murmured, grabbing my bum to pull me further on to her tongue. I opened my pussy lips for her to push her face into me, but I must have been shouting louder than I thought, as no sooner had the last tremors of my orgasm subsided when I heard a voice calling from the balcony next door.

“Hey! Is everything all right? I heard some...” When my next door neighbour saw these two naked girls in front of him, one on her knees and the other sweating with the power of her orgasm, he froze. Cara followed my gaze, her face shiny with my juice.

“Everything's fine, thanks. Would you like to come and check for yourself?” she suggested cheekily. With a grin, the guy jumped over the railings and ripped off his shirt and shorts.

“What's your name?” Cara asked. He told her it was Leo. “Right, Leo, do you mind if my friend here gets some of that cock down her? I think she needs it more than me!” Leo's thick shaft instantly sprang to attention. I had never seen a cock that big before and wondered for a moment if my soaking fanny could take it all in. But then I had an idea.

“Lie down, big boy, you're going to get two of us at once!” I laughed. He did as I asked, and as I knelt down between his legs, Cara crouched over his head, facing me, her swollen pussy lips inches from his open mouth.

She smiled at me, then closed her eyes as she sank onto him, wriggling as his tongue set to work. Meanwhile, I lowered my mouth onto his cock. I might not have been able to take it all in my pussy, but I knew I could take it right down my throat. I swallowed the whole delicious thing till my nose nestled in the tight curls of his pubes and my chin touched his balls. And then I really began pumping.

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and lifted my head until just the first few inches were in my mouth, then slid him in and out, gradually getting faster and faster. My tongue was working itself up into a frenzy, swirling around his wet helmet as Carla's groans got louder.

She was bucking around on Leo's face as his tongue was snaking its way right up her cunt. Now, much as I love giving head like this, he was turning me on so much I knew I had to get a proper fucking soon. So lifting my mouth off his shiny, hard tool, I straddled his body and guided his cock right up into my juicy snatch.

He filled me all right, stretching my cunt to its limit

as I eased myself off again till just the tip of his helmet was touching my pussy lips, then slid back down on him again. I smiled happily at Cara, whose tanned body was glistening with sweat.

We started to touch each other, kissing mouths and shoulders and tits as we both rode on our stud. Our hands were everywhere, turning each other on even more as our mutual orgasms spiralled nearer. Suddenly, I felt Leo's body tense as his cock squirted its first jet of spunk up into me. I could feel his powerful spurts batter the insides of my pussy as he lifted his bum off the floor to shoot his load.

That sent me and Cara over the edge, and both of us cried out as we came on the hunk beneath us; my cunt oozing its love cream all over Leo's still-pumping cock while she soaked his tongue. The three of us squeezed every part of each other dry till, exhausted, we tumbled off onto the floor and lay gasping on the cool balcony tiles.

I think Leo must have been more bashful than we first thought, because he suddenly pulled on his shorts, mumbled his excuses and jumped back over the balcony to his room. Cara and I looked at his disappearing shape, then burst out laughing that such a well-built stud could be so modest!

"That was wonderful, Cathy, but I really think you should see some more of our country," Cara grinned.

"Okay," I said. "But let me just have a shower first." So as I wandered into the bathroom, I left Cara to ring down to reception, telling them she'd be taking the afternoon off.

But no sooner had I stood under the powerful hot jets when I felt a bar of soap gently being rubbed over my tits. I swung round to see the smiling face of Cara, soaking wet, with beads of water running down every curve of her beautiful brown body.

"Room service?" she giggled, and covered my entire body with lather as we spent a wonderful half hour soaping each other's tits and legs and bottom and pussy. Even though I'd already come twice, just the sight of this tanned beauty set my fanny tingling again, and as we rinsed off we fell into a locked embrace.

"Your turn to lick me," she whispered, raising her arms above her head to push her boobs out even more. Kissing my way down her body, I knelt at her bush and nuzzled my nose up against her clit. I stroked my hands up the inside of her thighs and round to her bum, massaging it as my tongue tasted her trembling cunt for the first time.

She was already juicy and I lapped up every drop. I could hear her moaning softly, and looking up for a moment I could see her head thrown back against the wall of the shower, smiling in delight. I was determined to give her the best licking out she'd ever had and shot my tongue in and out of her to really get her going.

Carla was panting now, her tits heaving up and down as her whole body pushed itself down onto my face. She tasted good, but I wanted more, and licking up the

entire length of her swollen, wet pussy I begged her to open her legs further.

"Let me drink your juice, Carla," I whispered. "I want you to come on my tongue."

Talking dirty like that always turns me on and I hoped it would do the same for her, and judging by the way she screamed out loud and oozed her cream onto my tongue it seemed that it did. I swallowed down her tangy juices, sucking every bit of her throbbing cunt till she had no more left to give!

We dried ourselves off, got dressed and wandered down onto the beach arm-in-arm. But we hadn't got far when we decided we could really do with cooling off, and throwing our towels in a heap on the hot white sand we ran into the sea.

We were splashing each other, jumping around in the waves as our skimpy outfits became soaking and showed off the outline of our bodies even more clearly. We weren't the only ones to notice it either as we saw two hunks waving to us from the shore.

"Come on in!" cried Carla, winking at me. I think the guys got the joke too as they quickly looked at each other and sploshed their way over to us. We were playing around for ages, diving under each other's legs, ducking each other, and generally being silly when I thought I'd really get the party going.

Taking a deep breath, I went under and grabbed the shorts of one of the boys, who was called Paolo, and pulled them clean off. When I came back up he chased me through the waves.

"How would you like it if someone did that to you?" he laughed when he eventually caught me.

"What? You mean like this?" I asked innocently, holding up the bottom half of my bikini. "I thought I'd save you the job," I giggled, before kissing him on the lips. He held me tight in his arms as I lifted my legs up and wrapped them around his waist, already feeling my pussy tingling again! The sea was still about waist height as I felt his cock nudging my pussy. He pulled away from my mouth for a moment and grinned a grin that said it all.

Holding my bum he pulled me nearer till his whole helmet was in me, then with a buck of his hips slid his thick cock into me. I locked my

slim fingers around his neck and leant back so my hair went into the water. I was grinding my groin onto his tool as he started pumping away like crazy, sending rhythmical shock waves shooting through me.

He was obviously in need of a good screw as much as I was, and as the waves crashed over us I raised my legs even higher and squirmed even more on his cock, my pussy clamping down around his shaft like a mouth.

My tits were wobbling all over the place as Paolo grunted he was coming. This was just what I wanted to hear and as I felt his whole tanned, muscular body tense up I let myself come too. We just stood, waist-high in the warm water as we both pumped our come over each other.

Over his shoulder I could see Carla was up to much the same thing with her fella, and when we eventually said goodbye to our new found friends we agreed to meet there every day for a bit more of the same.

Needless to say the whole holiday was the best of my life, and I nearly felt like another one to get over it – only by the end of those two weeks I don't think I could have got over another bloody thing! – *Cathy, Liverpool*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

One For All!

You know what it's like when you get a whole gaggle of girls working closely together in one office: the talk turns randy, and you get to swapping stories about your sex lives. Sometimes, too, you can get involved with each other's partners – I've observed this a few times since I've been working in the advertising department of a local newspaper in London. I've even taken part in bedroom games with a married couple myself – and the best thing is telling the girls at the office about it afterwards!

We're quite a team too: I'm the archetypal busty blonde, with long legs that I love to show off in short skirts and high heels; Donna is blonde too, but more petite, with tiny little firm boobs that she loves to cover with tight bodysuits and catsuits; Teresa is a brunette with a curvy figure; and Sallie has ginger hair and a minge to match, which seems to fascinate every man she gets between the sheets. We're all pretty forward too, which has led to some very interesting office parties! So when a young male trainee was seconded to our department, I knew that it was going to spell trouble – for him and us!

Jason had just moved to London from the wilds of Suffolk, and this was only his second job. He was obviously overawed when he met us, and we were totally bowled over by his look of wide-eyed innocence – what a turn-on! We spent hours in the women's cloakroom discussing the probable size of his cock, or how tight and cute his little arse was in the black jeans he always wore for work.

"I'd love to feel that stubble on his chin rubbing away between my thighs as he licked my cunt," I breathed as Teresa and Donna egged me on. "Just imagine if one of us got him into bed! I wonder if he's still a virgin?"

"What would happen if we all decided to find that out at once?" Donna suggested – and that was when the idea took root. We were going to seduce Jason, and give him a night he'd never forget!

It was very easy to persuade him that he should come out with us for a night on the town. "Be the token male on a girls' night out," as Sallie put it. He just grinned and nodded – after all, what guy in his right mind would turn down the chance of being seen out with us, especially when there was the chance that he might get a bloody good rogering at the end of the night too?

We all ended up going back to Donna's flat as it was the closest. Jason was well away by this time, coming right out with all his secret sexual desires and fantasies. He confessed that he loved the idea of a woman taking the lead in bed, though he refused to confirm or deny that he was a virgin!

"What about having a group sex session?" Sallie suggested. "Do you ever wank off thinking about what it would be like to have four women all queuing up to have you, one after the other?"

Jason visibly blushed, and I knew he must have pulled his pud loads of times, dreaming of three or four pairs of boobs draping themselves over his body, and four pairs of lips and four tongues licking and sucking all over his body. I closed my eyes momentarily and imagined his fresh young cock between his fingers, the foreskin working up and down his shaft in his hand as he increased the speed and shot his load of hot, white spunk. My cunt was tingling as the picture was so vivid in my head, and it was all I could do not to touch my hard, throbbing clit through my skirt as we walked into Donna's lounge.

I could tell that all the others were in a similar state to me, practically salivating at the thought of Jason's cock inching its way up their greedy fannies and then pumping them full of hot love cream. Presumably that was the idea, since Donna was plying everyone with drink and Jason was responding even better than we could have hoped. He was making suggestions that were getting more and more saucy by the minute – and we were all loving it!

"Come on, Jason, we can't let you be all talk and no action," Teresa grinned. "Let's see what you're really made of!"

Jason needed no second bidding. He stood in front of us and started to strip his clothes off slowly and sexily; anyone would have thought he was a real pro! He had a fair amount of dark hair on his chest, which I couldn't resist giving a quick stroke as he got down to his briefs. He gave us a real performance, prancing around and getting right in front of our faces, pushing and thrusting his groin. When he thrust it in front of my face and started

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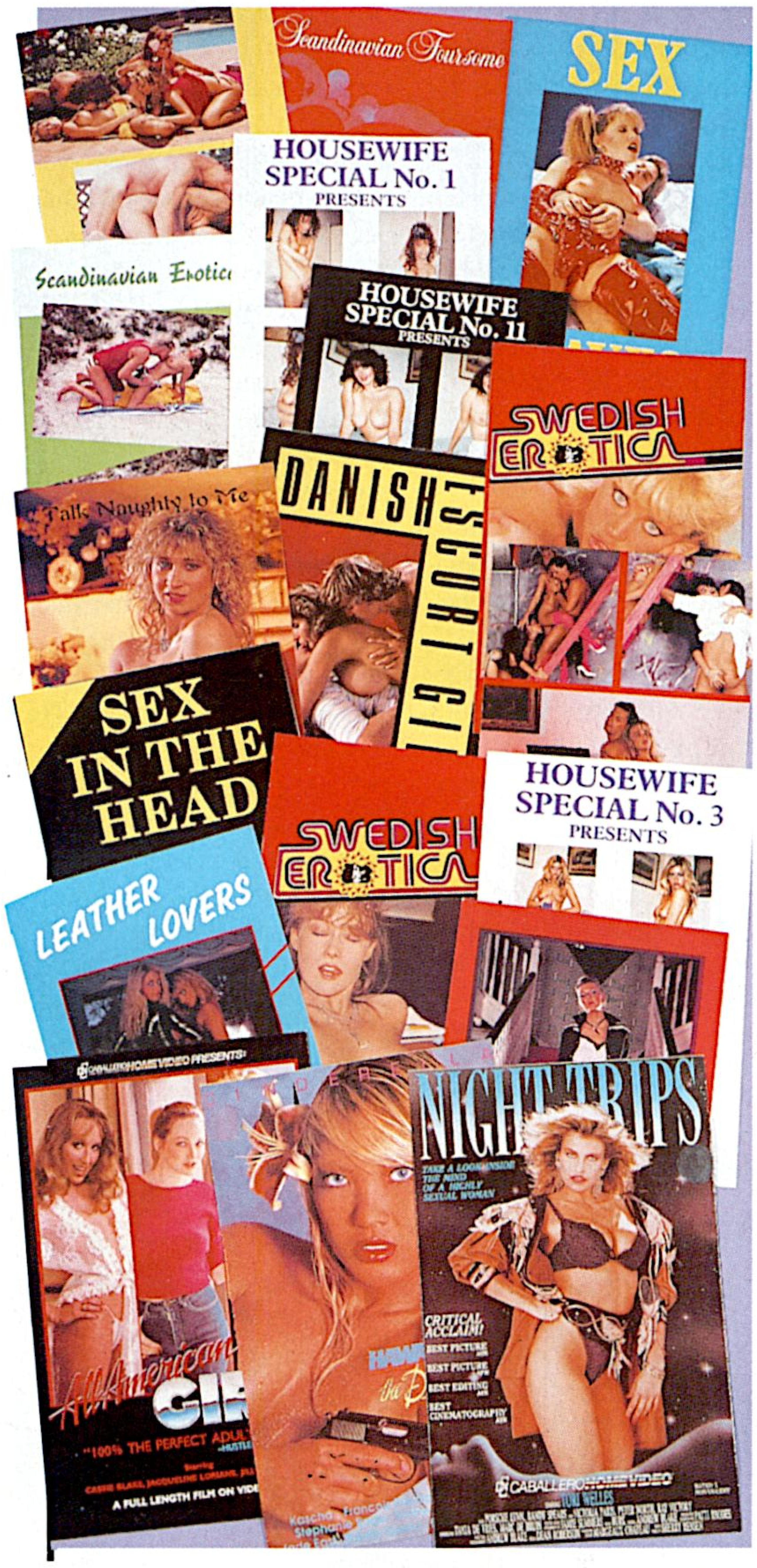

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To make it even easier for you, I've split the films by topics, so just fill in the coupon, save a fortune and have the horniest time of your life!

FIONA has really gone a bit OTT this time. To save from being banned from the news-stands we have had to censor a lot of her copy.

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1682

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to gyrate his hips and tickle my chin with his hairy thighs, I couldn't take any more.

"You're just asking for a bloody good rogering, young man," I said, standing up and shrugging off my clothes, my panties landing in a sodden heap on top. "And I'm going to give it to you!"

I pushed him down onto the carpet on his back and had his briefs off in a trice. His balls lay full and heavy against his thighs, and his cock was already erect and ready for action. I was determined that it was going straight into my cunt.

"Help me, girls," I instructed as I spread my legs above Jason and gave him a good view of my pussy. "I'm going to show him what a real woman can do for him!"

The others were cheering and stripping at the same time as I reached down between my thighs and parted my cunt lips, dangling them over Jason's face for a few tantalising seconds before sinking down deliciously slowly onto his thick shaft.

He let out a loud groan as my cunt muscles clamped around his cock and I started to ride him, slowly so that he could feel my cunt muscles squeezing hard around him, me dictating the pace so that all he could do was lie back and enjoy the experience.

"Looks like he could do with something to fill his mouth with," I panted as I fondled and kneaded my perky boobs. "Get your pussy on there, Sallie."

Sallie didn't need any more encouragement, and next minute she delighted Jason by plonking her dripping fanny right over his mouth and telling him to lick it. I watched as his tongue worked furiously on her clit, and Sallie's head fell back. He certainly seemed to know what he was doing.

"Is this the first time you've eaten pussy, Jason?" Teresa asked, stroking his hairy chest with her long fingernails and playing with his nipples. I could see that his breathing was almost out of control by this time, his chest heaving up and down, beads of sweat appearing on it. But Donna, the hostess, was obviously feeling a little left out, because her hands suddenly appeared over my own from behind, and she started kissing my neck as she took over fondling my boobs and playing with my nipples. I soon had her sucking them too, and I knew that with the combination of that and my humping of Jason's cock, I'd soon be coming.

My cunt was at fever pitch as I felt the first spirals of orgasm building up inside my pussy, and I really rogered Jason hard, grinding our pubes together so that the friction hastened my orgasm. And when I came, didn't everyone know it! I almost screamed the place down as the love juices leaked out from between my cunt lips

and coated Jason's balls.

"He must be almost ready to shoot his load," I panted to Sallie, who was still riding his mouth and fingering her clit at the same time.

"Give your cream to Tracey, Jason," Sallie urged as his tongue brought her to yet another climax and she swapped places with Teresa so that someone else could enjoy the long upward sweeps of his tongue. Teresa has a really tight pussy, so Jason must have relished rolling his tongue and burying it inside her, feeling her pussy walls clamping around it. Teresa sat on his face hard too, so that her whole cunt was covering his mouth and nose.

It was a huge turn-on listening to the sound of his tongue lapping at her cunt, and I could tell that Teresa was really turned on seeing me getting a good stuffing too. When Jason finally spurted his come up into me, I reared up and rode it to the full, the steaming globs shooting into my fanny so far that I almost thought they'd come out of my mouth.

Jason was still shooting as I eased myself off and made way for Donna to take my place, and I was amazed that his cock was still hard as Donna guided it inside her.

Now it was my turn to have a good gawp as my friend got a thorough shafting, this time with Jason being a bit more dominant and arching up his pelvis so that his cock was driving into her with long, hard thrusts. She was making a meal of it, turning around to grab me and make me give her a big, wet tongue-kiss as Jason humped her harder.

At the other end of the scale, Teresa was orgasming now. She hadn't had sex for ages, so she was loving every minute of the climax that his tongue was giving her. She raised her hips slightly so that she was crouched above him and we could all get a great view of his pointed tongue snaking up her cunt. He was gobbling down her juices like beer, too, the randy sod.

Once she and Donna had both been satisfied, we kneeled in a circle around Jason, determined to make his final climax the best of all. Donna had made sure that he held himself back from coming inside her, so his cock was full almost to bursting point of another load of come. Then we all set about licking every inch of his bare skin, our tongues working over his chest, legs, feet, face, and his sticky cock and balls.

"There's going to be a real eruption in a minute," I gasped, and none of us could contain our excitement as the white streams shot out from the eye of his cock and splattered all over our boobs. We all had a great time massaging it into each other's skin, feeling the cream coating us. Jason even had enough energy to join in, stroking our boobs and pussies in turn as we offered them to him.

For a young bloke, he was certainly more experienced than I'd expected – either that, or he was a very quick learner! Now, he's getting the best of everything from all of us; we have set days for having sex with him and everyone's happy. On Thursday nights, I give him the full benefit of my 24 years, and he takes care of the others on different nights. It's great fun comparing notes in the office afterwards, too, and although we haven't repeated our group sex experience yet, I'm pretty sure that we'll be doing it again soon! – *Tracey, London* ♣

Gina

Photographs by Harry Linden

What's black and white and full of interesting facts and figures? No, not The Times, but Gina's dress. Mind you, both require very careful, in-depth study.

"But at least I'm easy on the eye!" laughs the beautiful 20-year-old brunette from London. Well, whether you're easy

or not isn't really for us to say...

"Oooh, cheeky! I never said that! I'll have you know I'm very particular about my men. I don't just go off with anyone."

So what type of fella do you like? Intelligent? Witty? Butch?

"Er, no, just the stinkingly rich well-built handsome fit ones with a great future, that's all."

Well, that's us out then. ♣

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SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(North West)** 659 Nth Circular Rd, Brent NW2 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13, 1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **CROYDON** 109a Church St. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HARROGATE** 19 Westmorland St. *(Off East Parade)* **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP22

Tobyward Ltd., Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg. 1634311

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34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN.

Please rush me the items listed below:

Description	Price	Post & Packing	Total
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
		£1.05	
Total Amount Due			

I enclose payment for £ ______

Please make cheques/postal orders payable to M.O. DIVISION.

Name ______

Address ______

______

Postcode ______

I am aware of the nature of these products and undertake not to show them to minors.

1720

______ Signed

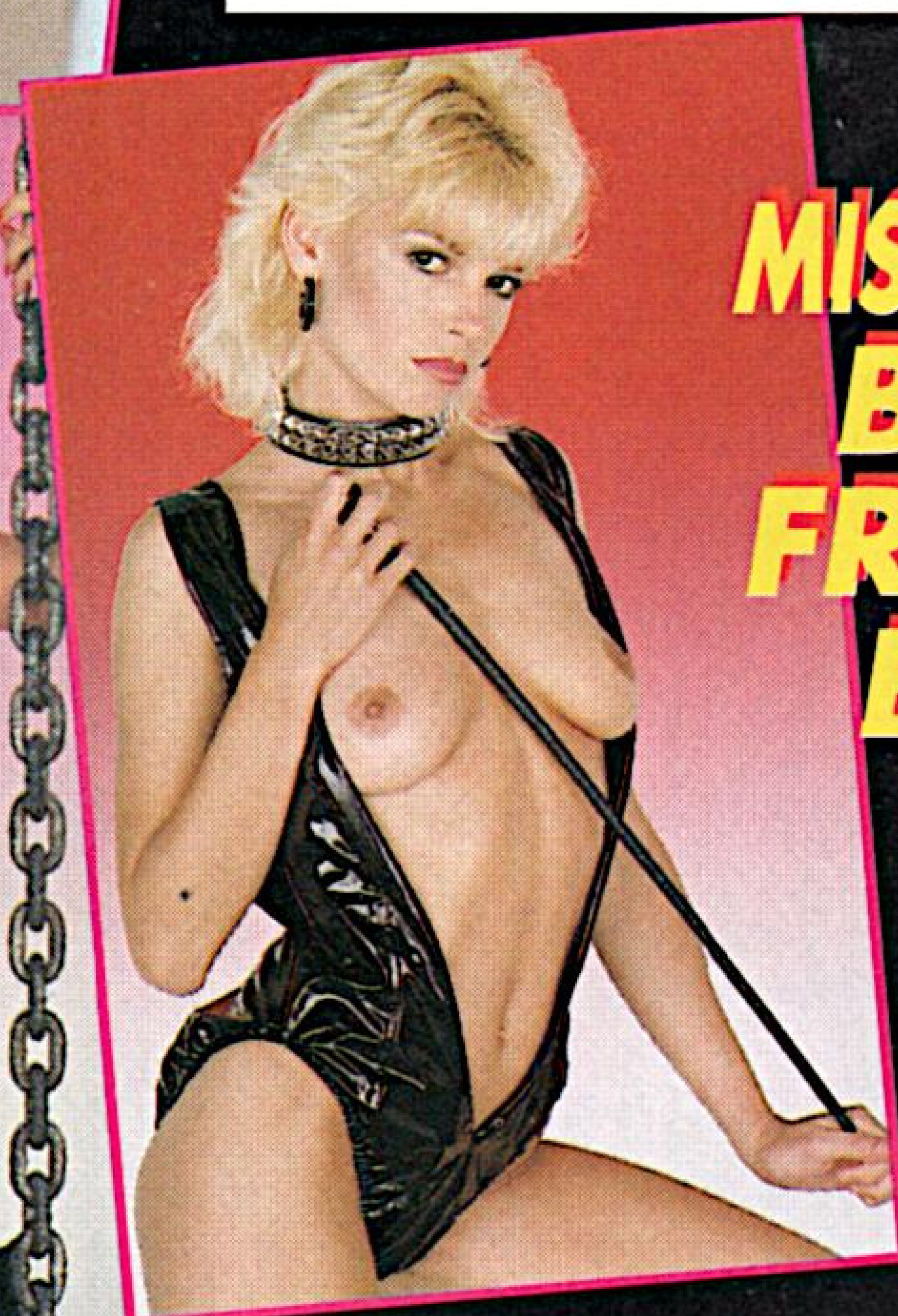
I LOVE IT UP L' ARRIS
0898 884 600

THRASHED IN THE STORE CUPBOARD 0898 884 601
MY GUSHING GASH 0898 884 603
CUM OVER MY CREAMY CHEEKS 0898 884 605
I'LL TONGUE AROUND YOUR SEX SACKS 0898 884 607
SHOOT YOUR CREAMY LOT OVER MY TITS 0898 884 610
I'LL FRIG AS I TALK 0898 884 612
DIRTY TV TART WILL DO ANYTHING 0898 884 614
SLIT WIDE OPEN FOR YOU!! 0898 884 616
OH MASTER, MAKE ME ACHE FOR YOUR CUM 0898 884 618
I'M HOT, THROBBING AND ALL ALONE 0898 884 620
FORCE ME TO SUCK IT 0898 884 622
RUBBER ME UP THE WRONG WAY 0898 884 624
OILED TITS, RUB IT IN FOR ME 0898 884 626
MOIST AND PULSATING 0898 886 433
CUM OVER MY BEAVER 0898 886 435

KNEEL FOR YOUR DOMINANT DELIGHT 0898 886 454
ONLY REAL WANKERS CAN CALL 0898 777 878
PLAYING WITH MY WET FLUFFY BITS 0898 777 880
OUCH, YOUR CHOKING ME 0898 777 882
FU*K LINE SPECIAL 0898 777 884
GET OFF OVER MY BIG ONES 0898 777 886
MY STICKY PANTIES IN YOUR HAND 0898 777 888
LESBIAN BITCHES LAP UP CUM 0898 884 602
GUSHING IN MY KNICKERS 0898 884 604
I'LL WANK YOU DRY 0898 884 606
I LOVE HOT SPUNK 0898 884 608
LETS F*CK ALL DAY!! 0898 884 611
MY FLAPS GO OVER MY GUSSETT 0898 884 609
HOLD MY HIPS AND LETS DO IT HARD 0898 884 613
LETS SHAVE EACH OTHER BALD 0898 884 615
WANKING WIFE CUMS LODES 0898 884 617
ANYWAY ENTRY - YOU CAN DO IT!! 0898 884 619
GIRLS WHO EAT PUSSY 0898 884 620
I LOVE IT FROM BEHIND 0898 884 623
LICK MY DIRTY SNATCH CLEAN 0898 884 625

YOUR CHOICE OF DIRTY LESBIANS 0898 886 432
SHOOT OVER MY LEATHER CLAD THIGHS 0898 886 434
HOLDING MY FLAPS SO YOU CAN SEE 0898 886 438
UNLOAD MY LOVE LUMPS 0898 886 440
HORNY YOUNG COLLEGE GIRLS 0898 886 443
I'LL WATCH YOU CUM INSIDE MY WIFE 0898 886 453

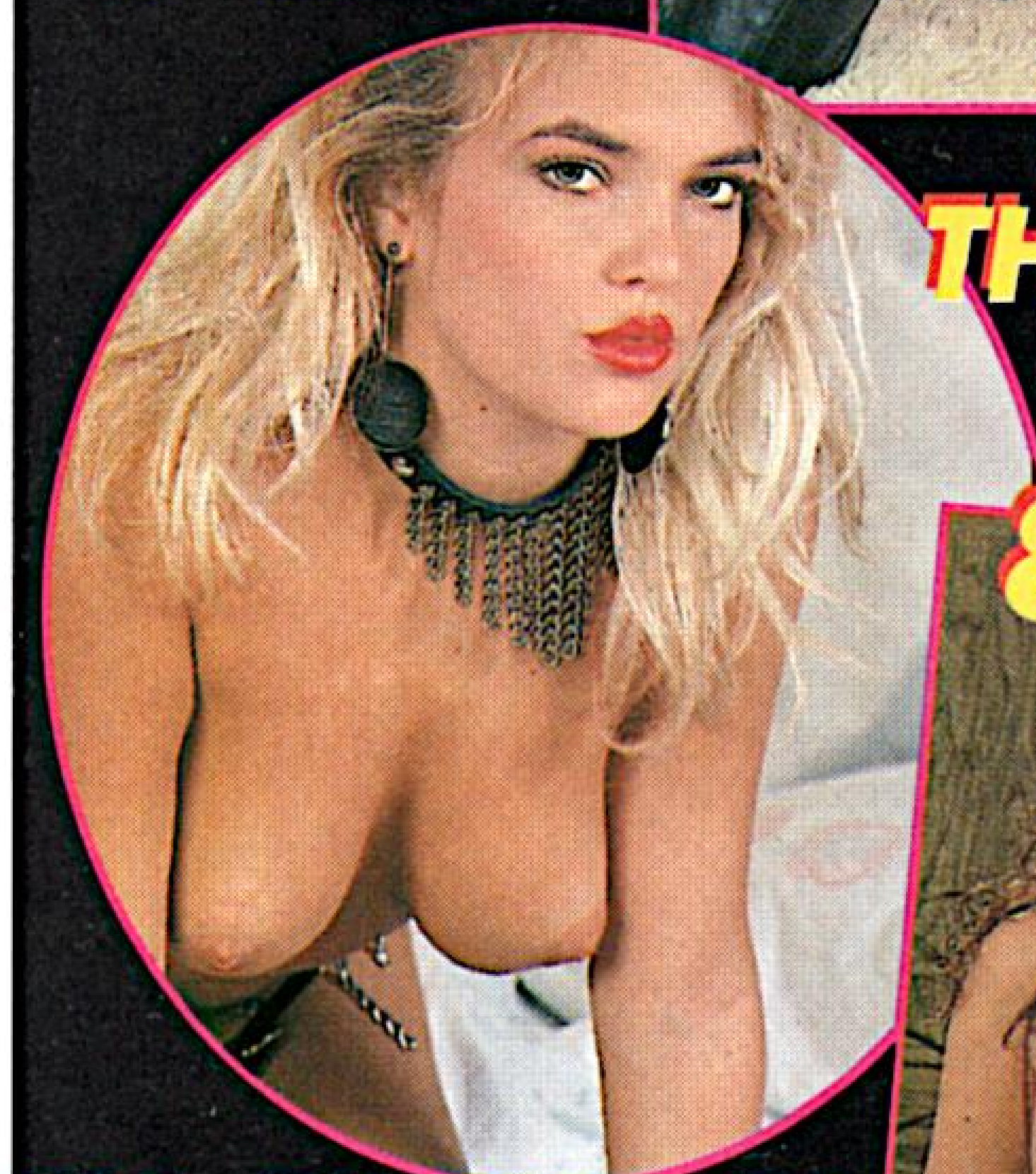
FRIG MY JACK & DANNY OFF!!!
0898 886 442



MISS WHIPLASH BULGING FROM HER BASQUE!
0898 884 628

RAM IT IN FROM BEHIND 0898 886 431
ROGER ME!!! 0898 886 439
TV'S VIBRATOR FUN FOR BUZZING PLEASURE 0898 886 444
BACK PASSAGE BONK 0898 886 446
I NEED A LARGE THROBBING COCK UP 0898 886 448
FINGERING DEEP INSIDE ME 0898 886 450
URHH! ALL OVER MY FACE 0898 886 452
DRIPPING DOWN MY CHIN 0898 886 455
HAIRLESS, WET & READY 0898 777 875
THE WIFE TAKES IT FROM BEHIND 0898 777 877
THE FISHY SMELLING DYKE PARTY 0898 886 451
THE SCREAMS OF HARD SEX 0898 777 876

SPUNK BETWEEN THESE ORBS!!
0898 884 629



I'LL SUCK ON YOUR BALL BAGS
0898 886 437

I'LL GOBBLE YOU OFF GOOD 0898 884 627
UNDER THE DESK FOR FORE FINGER SEX 0898 777 879
HER HAND FONDLING DOWN MY PANTIES 0898 777 881
BORED WIVES CUM WITH TOYS 0898 777 883
I'LL SUCK ON YOUR TRUNCHEON 0898 777 885
ON MY KNEES FOR YOUR SHAFT 0898 777 887
TWIDDLE MY NIPPLES 0898 777 889
I'LL WANK YOU 'TIL YOU SPURT 0898 886 436
FILL ME UP OVER THE FILING CABINET 0898 886 449
I CAN HANDLE A DOZEN COCKS A DAY 0898 886 441
BALD SLIT, WIDE OPEN FOR YOU 0898 886 445
FORCED TO FU*K 0898 886 447

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU. CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG/22/A.

Hardcore Porn

RAM IT DEEP IN MY THROAT
0898 224 201

Lick me out!
0898 224 209

Spurt in my face
0898 224 207

Clit tease alone
0898 224 234

Tug on my tits
0898 224 243

THE SOAP SLIPPED UP!
0898 224 230

SLURPY, SALTY ORAL SEX
0898 224 206

BELINDA WANKS STACEY
0898 224 222

SPRAY MY BOOTS YELLOW
0898 224 242

CREAM OVER MY TITS
0898 224 240

SECRETLY RECORDED SEX ACTION LISTEN IN NOW!

PULL THEM TO ONE SIDE, SLIP INTO ME
0898 224 211

CENTREFOLD MODEL

Mini skirt, no knickers
0898 224 210

Suck clean my lacy panties
0898 224 213

Stockings, straps & a juicy crack!
0898 224 217

Get your hand in my gussett!
0898 224 219

She's feeling my hairy vage
0898 224 226

I'll lick my sticky fingers
0898 224 231

I fondle inside each hole!!!
0898 224 237

Contortionist licks herself out
0898 224 239

Candy's creamy fingers
0898 224 232

WARNING
ALL THESE LINES ARE SEXUALLY EXPLICIT. DIAL THEM AT YOUR OWN RISK.

HOLD

MY JUGS AND DO ME FROM BEHIND!!!
0898 224 244

PURE SEX

ORAL

Make me swallow it all
0898 224 200

Let it throb in my gob!!
0898 224 204

I'll tongue your purple head
0898 224 202

UNDERWEAR

Cum over my knickers
0898 224 215

Cream over my silky stockings
0898 224 216

Juiced up in my panties
0898 224 212

LESBIAN

Dykes lap each other up
0898 224 224

Girls orgasmic lesbian session
0898 224 228

Randy lesbians in rubber!
0898 224 225

LESBIAN

Pauline squirms over Judy
0898 224 223

Dykes and their dildo's
0898 224 227

Lesbians taste each others juices
0898 224 221

Dykes 10 inch dildo abuse
0898 224 229

2 lesbians - 10 sticky fingers
0898 224 220

ORAL

Shoot your lot in my mouth
0898 224 208

My soft lips on your hard veins
0898 224 205

MASTURBATION

I masturbate in the mirror
0898 224 233

I scream with each stroke
0898 224 235

Squirming on my fingers
0898 224 236

Blue & Erotic

HORN BUSTER

Call these hot horny girls!

Gushing Gertie fondles over the phone
0898 224 238

Bury your head in mammaries
0898 224 248

I'll lick it till you milk in my mouth
0898 224 203

Pull my panties on your face
0898 224 218

TIT WANK!!!

0898 224 241

FONDLE MY ROCK HARD NIPPLES!!!
0898 224 246

PUT IT BETWEEN MY THUMPS AND RUB!
0898 224 245

PEARL NECKLACE OVER MY NECK
0898 224 249

G-STRING STUCK UP MY ARSE!!!
0898 224 214

BEAT MY BIG BAPS!!!
0898 224 247

Denmark Dial, P.O. Box 649, London EC1V 9UU. Calls cost 36p/min. cheap rate, 48p/min. all other times. PRG/26/A.

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SPANK MY PERT ARSE 0338 412 417

HEAR ME MASTURBATE 0338 412 401

I'LL TOSS YOU OFF 0338 412 503

I'll talk dirty while you W**k 0338 412 507

AUNTIE needs shafting! 0338 412 509

Shaved Pussy Held Lips 0338 412 409

2 Girls in Ripped Knickers 0338 412 501

UNZIP AND GET IT OUT 0338 412 403

ORAL SEX - SPURT OVER ME 0338 412 415
HEAR JULIE MASTURBATE JANE 0338 412 411
After 12 Explicit Dildo Action 0338 412 560
Call Charged at 36p Per Min Cheap Rate 48p all Other Times Denmark Dial P.O Box 272 London SW11

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Do you find it hard to last four weeks between each passion-packed issue of Club International? If so, why not keep your suffering to a minimum and place your subscription today: that way, at least you'll ensure you don't miss your favourite magazine when it finally comes out. And remember, every hot-off-the-press copy that drops on your mat will carry an exclusive fantasy photoset with our new regular girl Lucy! Fill in the form below to make sure you don't miss a single strides-strangling photoset!♣

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F*CK ME ANYWHERE! 0898 900 511

I'LL SUCK, YOU MOAN 0898 884 227

I'M ON ALL FOURS FOR THE BOSS
0898 900 501
HOT & THROBBING IN MY PANTIES
0898 900 504
COTTON PANTIES, BROWN BUM CHEEKS
0898 900 509
SPANK ME TO CLIMAX IN THE OFFICE
0898 884 201
KNOB ME THOUGH MY KNICKERS
0898 884 209
WE'LL ALL SUCK YOUR COCK
0898 884 207
I NEED A GOOD BONKING
0898 884 211

MASTURBATE WITH ME 0898 900 512

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE WILL CANE YOUR HIDE
0898 900 517
2 WIVES PLAYING WITH SEX TOYS
0898 900 523
OLDER LADY IN A GIRDLE, UNTIE HER
0898 900 500
KINKY SUCKING LESBIAN DUO
0898 900 502
BEND OVER WHIMP, I'M BOSS NOW
0898 900 519
SPANK ME OVER MY KNICKERS
0898 884 200
TIGGLE MY LITTLE MAN IN A BOAT
0898 884 206
BUSTY BLONDE BIMBO, TAKES IT HARD!
0898 884 210
WHAT I CAN DO WITH A STRING OF PEARLS
0898 884 212
I'LL DRESS YOU UP LIKE A WHORE
0898 884 214
WIFE WANTS EVERY INCH OF YOUR WILLY
0898 884 217
YOUNG OFFICE JUNIOR GETS RAW SEX
0898 884 219
EAVESDROP IN ON THE DIRTIEST DYKES
0898 884 221
MY SOFT BOTTOM NEEDS SPANKING
0898 884 228
BRIDGETTES BARE ARSE NEEDS IT!
0898 900 516
SEE IT DRIBBLE FROM MY MOUTH
0898 900 522
RAZOR FROLICS, MY BUSH IS OFF!
0898 900 515
TAKE A HARD TONGUE LASHING
0898 900 525
POSH TART TALKS BLUE FOR YOU
0898 884 208
I WANT YOU TO FILL ME UP
0898 900 520
WEAR MY DIRTY UNDIES
0898 900 514

LET IT FLOW OVER MY LIPS 0898 900 507

SMELL MY SWEET FISHY CRUTCH 0898 900 503

I'LL TAKE IT IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 225

LICK MY LEATHER BOOTS 0898 900 524

FOAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 222

GET A GLIMPSE OF MY MINKY!! 0898 900 508

LICK ME FROM THE REAR 0898 884 224

TAKE ME FROM BEHIND 0898 900 518

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE I FRIG MYSELF 0898 884 203

SPUNKY WIFE 0898 884 223

PERFECT PUSSIES FOR YOUR LICKING 0898 900 527

SPREAD MY LEGS & RAM IT UP 0898 900 505

F*CKING BIG TITS 0898 884 229

UNZIP & TOSS OVER ME 0898 884 205

JEANETTE & KELLY SHAVE EACH OTHER OFF
0898 884 215
WET KNICKERS, SUCK THEM DRY
0898 900 528
MILK MY ENORMOUS JUGS
0898 884 226
4 GIRLS DO IT TO ONE GUY
0898 884 213
I WANT YOU IN FROM BEHIND
0898 884 218
BIG BOOBS, FAT ARSE
0898 900 510

BREASTY DUMPLINGS TO NIBBLE ON
0898 900 526
FONDLE MY SAGGY SEX SACKS
0898 900 529
SHE LOVES ME STROKING HER PUSSY
0898 900 521
RIP 'EM OFF & RAM IT UP!!
0898 884 204
VIRGIN LESBIANS 1ST TIME
0898 884 202
CUM AROUND THE BACK WAY
0898 884 216
DOING IT WITH MY 9 INCH VIBRATOR
0898 884 220
2 SISTERS NEED PUMPING
0898 900 513

GET IN MY FORBIDDEN HOLE!!! 0898 900 506

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU. CALLS 36p/MIN., CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG/24/A.

NEW EXPLICIT

FINGER MY SEX BUTTONS
0898 77 11 06

ORAL SEX- SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0898 316 054

GENUINE CALLERS - DIRTY SEX SECRETS
0898 771 105

RUDE LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION
0898 771 113

LETS WANK TOGETHER
0898 771 115

HOUSEWIFE SUCKS W/E 18yr OLD
0898 771 139

SPURT BETWEEN MY BIG TITS
0898 771 147

FINGER ME - I'LL TALK DIRTY
0898 771 151

3 TIGHT LESBIANS - LIVE ACTION
0898 771 157

MY SHAVEN PUSSY IS OPEN
0898 771 170

DOGGY STYLE - PUMP ME PLEASE
0898 771 182

TWO NURSES SPREAD FOR SPUNKY SEX
0898 316 053

Late Night Sex
after 11.00pm - RUDE PHONE SEX
0898 77 11 18
after 12.00pm - EXPLICIT IMPORTS
0898 77 11 58
after 2.00pm - CONFESSIONS
0898 77 11 83

MOIST PUSSY CLUB
0898 316 056

WIFE TAKES 2 THICK C*CKS
0898 316 064

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB.
Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate, 48p per minute all other times.

RUDE-HORNY-EXPLICIT PHONE SEX FOR YOU

I want your thick meat - Call me 0898 77 11 07

I'LL SWALLOW YOUR CUM 0898 204 206

TONGUE MY WET PUSSY 0898 204 208

USE MY BLACK BOOK FOR THE RUDEST PHONE SEX

SHAVEN LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION 0898 204 209
WIFE PLAYS WITH 2 STIFF COCKS 0898 77 11 08
LIFT MY SKIRT & INSERT 0898 77 11 11
PLEASE CUM ON MY BIG TITS 0898 77 11 16
18yr OLD VIRGIN GETS SHAFTED 0898 77 11 45
SPREAD MY CHEEKS & PUMP ME 0898 77 11 48
RUDE NURSE SPREADS FOR W/E DOCTOR 0898 77 11 17
BIG TOOL IN GIRLS PANTIES-GAY 0898 77 11 46
HARDCORE AFTER 12.00 SHOW 0898 316 019

LIVE PORNO CONFESSIONS 0898 77 11 54
HOUSEWIFE SUCKS YOUNG COCK 0898 77 11 56
AUNTIE TAKES 10" 0898 77 11 59
I'LL MASTURBATE YOUR TOOL 0898 456 647
UP ME FROM BEHIND 0898 456 600
FIONA FINGERS FANNY 0898 316 016
PLUG MY WET PUSSY 0898 316 017
MY VELVET LIPS ON YOUR HELMET 0898 316 020
FILTHY AFTER 9.00 SHOW 0898 316 018

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times.

WENDY 0898 77 11 97

British
RUDEST PHONELINE TOP 10
READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0898 204 215

EXPLICIT ORAL SEX I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 456 646
HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY TWO MEN
0898 77 11 41
SUE SPREADS
0898 204 217

LUCY 0898 77 11 36

SINDY 0898 77 11 38

NANCY 0898 77 11 84

PUMP MY SISTER- I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0898 77 11 44
OLDER WOMEN (BIG TITS) LOVES YOUNG COCK
0898 77 11 43
SHAG ME FROM BEHIND
0898 77 11 02

EX - NURSE I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT
0898 77 11 24
LESBIAN OPEN LEG SEX ACTION
0898 77 11 52
PLEASE FINGER MY WET SHAVEN FANNY
0898 77 11 37

MANDY 0898 77 11 40

FANNY 0898 77 11 29

Late Nite Hardcore Sex Clubs
AFTER 9.00 - ORAL & ENTRY
0898 204 218
AFTER 12.00 - EXPLICIT SPURT ACTION
0898 204 219
AFTER 2.00 - TIGHT, SHAVEN PUSSY CLUB
0898 204 220

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times.

HEAR ME W**K
0338 402 992

F****D FROM BEHIND 0338 40 30 96
2 GUYS BONK 1 GIRL 0338 402 995
MY VIBRATORS UP ME 0338 404 792

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

ORAL SEX - COME IN MY MOUTH
0338 40 30 91
DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE
0338 40 30 95
FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0338 40 30 97
SECRETARY WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 404 794
LESBIAN NURSES DILDO ORGY
0338 404 790
W**K TO ORGASMIC SEX TALK
0338 40 30 84

NEW

NEW

NEW

PART MY LIPS & INSERT
0338 40 30 93
SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0338 40 30 99
SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
0338 40 30 92

LET'S W**K
TOGETHER
0338 402 993

0338 402 994

JANE & MARIE'S DILDO ORGY 0338 404 787

After 9pm Ball Hardening Special 0338 404 797
After 12pm Lesbian Dildo Pump Action 0338 40 30 83

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

I LOVE IT
DOGGYSTYLE
0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS
RUTH'S (21) PUSSY
0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate
0338 405 565

ORGASM
WITH ME
0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky
Orgasmic Sex Confessions
0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD
TALKS FILTHY
0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU
TO CLIMAX
0338 405 524

I'll use my
dildo you w**k
0338 405 582

ORAL SEX-
SPUNK IN MY MOUTH
0338 405 501

I'LL STRIP YOU
MASTURBATE
0338 405 579

SPUNKY SEX
WITH MY SISTER
0338 405 509

TEEN
LESBIAN SEX
0338 405 563

Secretary wants to spank your wife
0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE
HANDJOB
0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL
SPURT CLUB
0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN
NURSES ORGY
0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS
SPANKING
0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER
MY FACE
0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me
0338 405 506

wants SEX 0338 405 508

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Hi I'm Vida Garman

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JUST RING THE NUMBERS I HAVE TORN OUT, ON THE RIGHT FOR **INSTANT RELIEF FOR YOUR HARD ON !!**

SUSAN - The slut who loves cocks. 0898 442 356

DEBBIE - Licks your balls while giving handjob. 0898 442 348

LIZ - Will sit on your cock. 0898 442 487

RACHEL - I'll finger f**k myself, and gobble your organ. 0898 442 649

LOUISE - Wants cock in her mouth and fanny. 0898 442 480

TRACY - I'll

I'll finger my clit till I cum.
0898 442 346

Oral sex, spurt in my mouth.
0898 442 350

Bent over, biting the pillow
0898 442 484

Lick my shaved pink slit.
0898 442 488

3 guys 1 horny bitch, listen to her take it everyway.
0898 442 644

I love to suck and swallow 0898 442 646

69 special lick chicks. 0898 442 481

Hot juicy cum action. 0898 442 489

I'm bent over fill me up. 0898 442 643

Housewives in strap-on orgy. 0898 442 354

Stockings but no panties.

LATE NIGHT

Cum over my face and tits while I f**k my dildo. Phone 0898 442 352

Two girls, one licks balls one gives head. 0898 442 347

I'm on my hands and knees with my bum in the air. 0898 442 351

Wanted two guys with hot spunk to unload all over me. 0898 442 482

High heels and stockings follow me f**k me. Phone: 0898 442 485

Bent over waiting to be shagged......0898 442 486

Finger me now, please. 0898 442 645

Wet, juicy, shaven pussy. 0898 442 355

I'll suck your thick cock. 0898 442 349

2 women, 1 cock double blow job relief. 0898 442 483

VIDA'S PERSONAL SEX LINE

I'LL GIVE IT, WHILE YOU WANK, YOUR CHANCE TO DO IT WITH ME PERSONALLY!

DIAL 0898 442 609

SEND FOR MY LATEST HORNY SEX VIDEO

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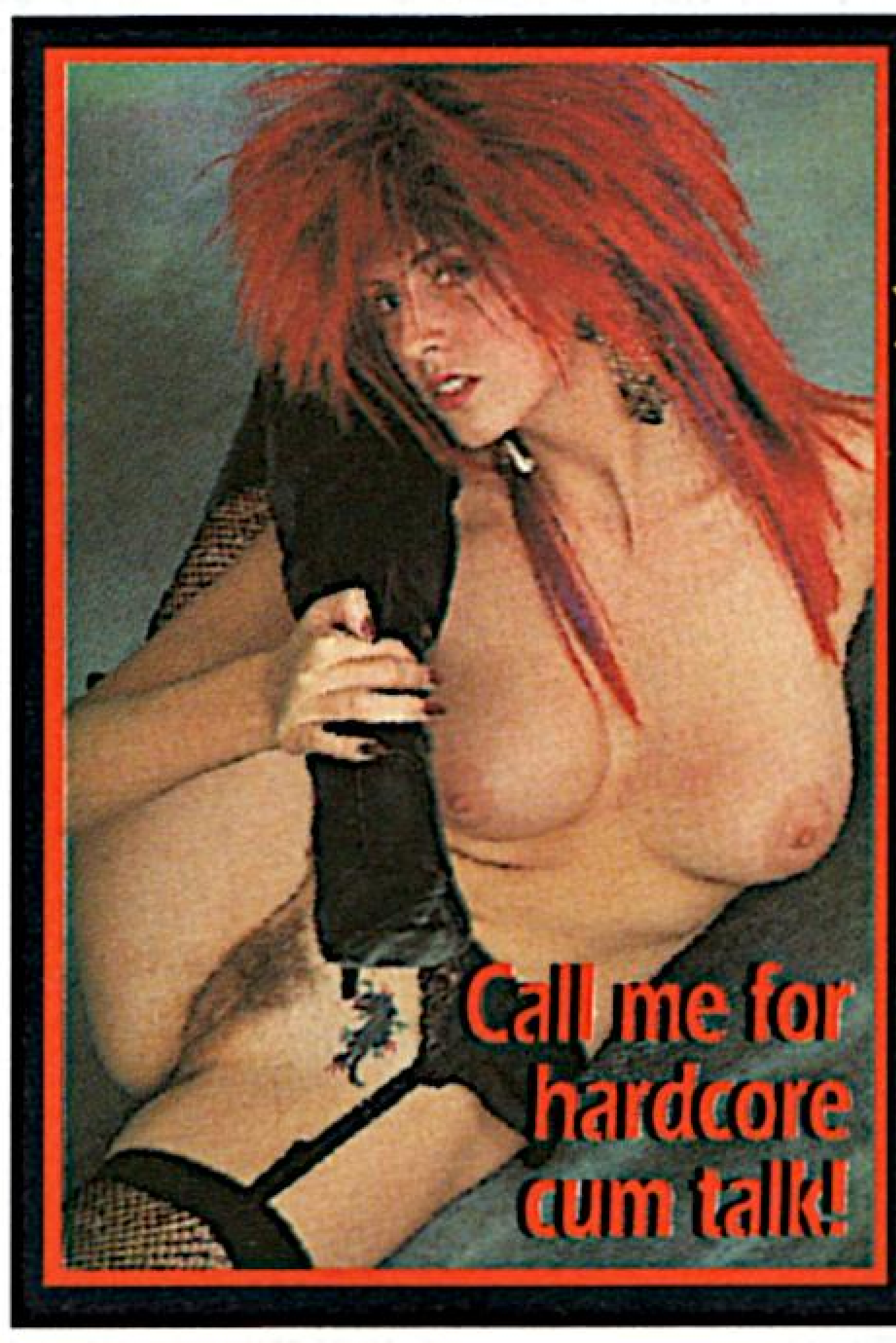
CALLS COST 36p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MIN. AT ALL OTHER TIMES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HARDCORE

HARD CORE

XXXXXX
F**KING
ACTION

0898
224 286

The U.K.'s Nº1
Private Phone
Sex Service

Horny girls go all the way...
Join them while they do it!

SEX STARVED LESBIANS
GO DOWN
0898
224 280

NYMPHO SPANK LINE
0898 224 285

HARDCORE
STRICTLY OVER 21's ONLY

Swedish dykes in sex action
0898 224 289

Push your c**k deep inside me
0898 224 292

Wife loves it on all fours
0898 224 251

Your fist, my wife!!
0898 224 255

Riding crop & saddle, let me tack you up!!
0898 224 261

Hubby away - shag me hard!
0898 224 252

Do me in my apron over the bed
0898 224 256

Spanking shoe shame
0898 224 262

Wife gives sex extras, bad boys only
0898 224 259

Call whiplash Wendy - she'll spank & cane
0898 224 265

White panties, tight cheeks
0898 224 267

T.V. fully shaved in stockings
0898 224 270

Hairy legs, sheer stockings
0898 224 273

T.V. dresses up in tarty gear call...
0898 224 276

Corr!!! Gloria's got a willy **0898 224 274**

Wear my leather basque
0898 224 277

I'll dress you like a call girl **0898 224 278**

D.D., PO BOX 649,
LONDON, EC1V 9UU.
CALLS 36P/MIN. CHEAP,
48P/MIN. OTHER TIMES.
PRG/27/A.

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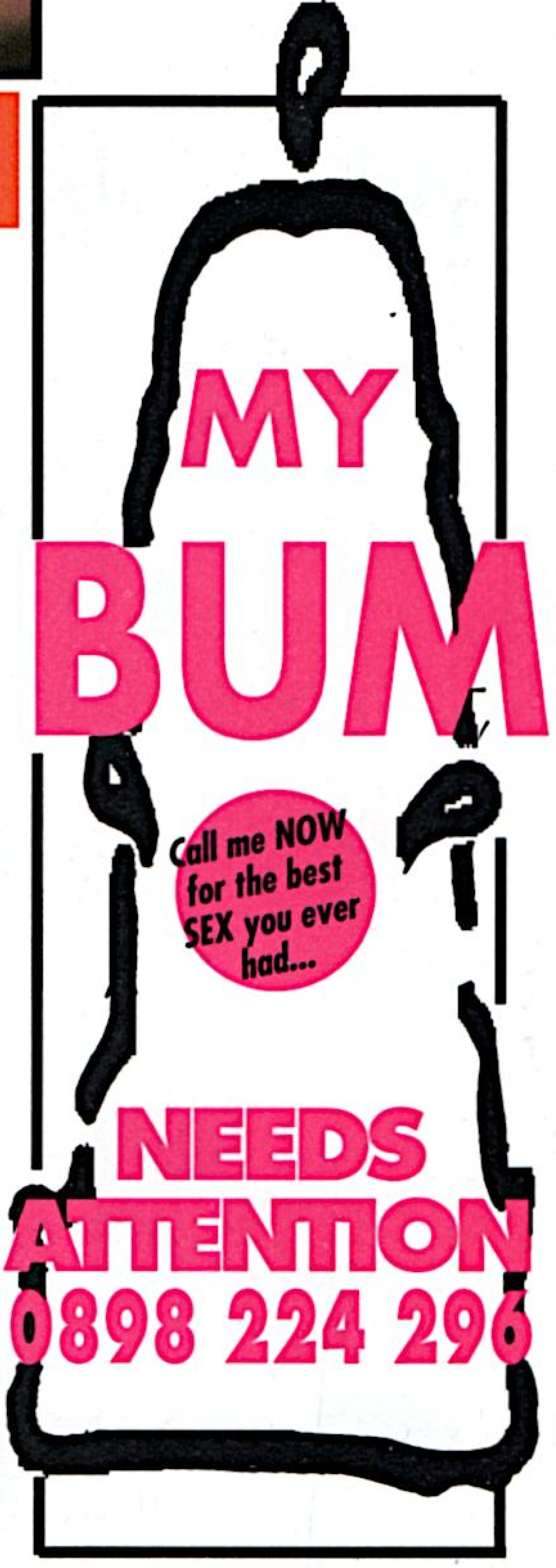
Specially selected phone sex lines brought to you by horny porn glamour models turned on and ready to do it for you - join in or just listen!

Do me in chains	0898 224 269
Spanked to orgasm	0898 224 260
Make my bottom red, spank me	0898 224 263
Domination in P.V.C.	0898 224 264
Camilla's hot cane	0898 224 268
My wife sucks hard	0898 224 254
Screw me hard	0898 224 298
Group sex orgy	0898 224 288

WARNING:
XXX RATED
SELECTED
HARD SEX
LINES


MY
BUM

Call me NOW for the best SEX you ever had...

NEEDS ATTENTION
0898 224 296

Hardcore Phone

I'LL MAKE IT GROW
0898
224 281

WHIPPED INTO A FRENZIE
0898
224 294

2 BLACK MAMA'S FOR YOUR PLEASURE
0898
224 287

ON MY KNEES WAITING FOR YOUR ROD!!
0898
224 293

RELEASE MY LIQUID GOLD

0898
224
295

SCREW MY HORNY WIFE
0898 224 250
SAMANTHA'S HAIRY BALLS
0898 224 275
MY WIFE, THE NEIGHBOUR & THEIR SEX TOYS
0898 224 257
WEAR MY LACY WEDDING DRESS
0898 224 272
EAVESDROP IN ON NEWLY - WED SEX!!
0898 224 253
WIFE WANTS PENIS PLEASURE
0898 224 258
JERK OFF BEFORE YOUR MISTRESS
0898 224 266
SHAVE YOUR PUBES & WEAR MY PANTIES
0898 224 279
CUM IN MY SILK PANTIES
0898 224 271
DANISH DOLL WILL MAKE YOU SHOOT
0898 224 282
XXX UNCENSORED RECORDING
0898 224 284
I'LL TALK YOU OFF ALL THE WAY
0898 224 290
SENSATION IN THE FLESH
0898 224 297
I CAN TAKE THREE FINGERS!!!
0898 224 299

BONK ME FROM BEHIND

CALL
0898 224 291

LIVE GROUP GANG BANG
0898 224 283

LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0338 400 762

CALLERS EXPLICIT CONFESSIONS 0338 400 851

WILL W**K YOU 0338 400 807

SPANK MY BARE ARSE
0338 400 730

COME OVER MY TITS
0338 400 797

ORAL SEX
SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0338 400 999

DEBEE ASHBY
GIVES HANDJOB
0338 400 932

HEAR ME
MASTURBATE MYSELF
0338 400 690

PART MY
& INSERT
0338 400 676

MY WIFE (25) TONGUED
0338 400 870

Warning HIGHLY EXPLICIT NATURE

LESBIANS
HOUSEWIFE'S PVC ORGY
0338 400 811

DO IT TO ME
DOGGYSTYLE
0338 400 768

LICK MY CL*T-
MAKE ME COME
0338 400 892

OLD WANTS
DIRTY OLD MAN TO W**K
0338 400 783

VIRGIN'S FANNY
NEEDS A STIFFY
0338 400 773

Bonk my
wife-sore
0338 400 761

IN MY MOUTH
& UP MY CRACK
0338 400 794

AFTER 12PM STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0338 400 826
AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

OLDER WOMAN
WANTS HER
TITS SUCKED
0338 402 439

Come
Over my Tits
0338 402 761

Lesbian Nurses Orgy
0338 402 694

I'll Toss You Off!
0338 402 596

Spurt in my Face-Big Boy
0338 402 456

Secretary Needs Spanking
0338 402 450

I'll Talk Filthy-you W**k
0338 402 451

My Bum is Sore
0338 402 598

My wife (25) tongued my cousin (21)
0338 402 594

I'll Suck you to Climax
0338 402 779

Masturbate
With Me
0338 402 794

XXX Certificate

Filthy Dirty Spunky Listeners Letters
0338 402 686

FILTHY SEX LINES

2 Guys 1 Girl = Porno Action	0338 402 791
Auntie Wants Dirty Sex	0338 402 697
Sister Will Suck You Off	0338 402 452
Jill & Kate - Dirty Shaven Lesbians	0338 402 699
Wear My Panties and W**k	0338 402 695
19yr Old Wants 40yr Old Man	0338 402 431
Lick My Bum - Finger My Fanny	0338 402 792
After 12 Spunky Porno Bonk Action	0338 402 769

Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times Northglow Ltd PO Box 16 RG11 7DZ

elaine

Photographs by Jack Harrison

If only we all had a girl like Elaine here warming our seats up first thing in the morning!

"I just enjoy making love somewhere a bit different, that's all," sighs the beautiful 20-year-old from Coventry. "And I can just imagine swinging around in this chair when my boss storms into the office and has it out with me there and then.

"We'd be rolling around on his desk, on the boardroom table, the drinks

cabinet, the lot. And when his secretary comes in to see what's going on she'll probably join in as well..."

Phew! What an imagination! With a girl like that in every office we'd soon have this country back on its feet – or flat on its back! ♣

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0898 442 076

I'M 18 & NEED A GOOD SHAFTING
0898 700 307

LETS MASTURBATE TOGETHER
0898 700 308

SPURT IT ALL IN MY MOUTH
0898 700 336

GET YOUR FACE DOWN TO MY WET PANTIES & SUCK !!
0898 700 338

LET ME SHAVE THEN YOU CAN FXXX ME!
0898 700 345

MOUTHING SPECIALS

I'M A GIRL WHO SUCKS ! (ORAL)
0898 700 370

LICK MY TITS & BITE THE TIPS
0898 700 371

LET ME MILK YOU DRY BABY
0898 700 372

TONGUE JOB
0898
442
719

STRAIGHT IN THE MOUTH
0898
362
683

WENDY
I'll Tongue your tip and drive you wild, so ring.....0898 362 641

LISA
I just love it Doggy Style give me a ring and do it to me, I scream for you.....0898 100 481

CANDIS
Let me lick your Balls baby, I'll make you shoot !...0898 100 453

TRISH
Go on feel my fanny while I talk Dirty to you.............0898 700 391

SARAH
Listen to me with my Cucumber see if I can take it all up me. ring me on..............0898 700 377

KATE Fill me up lover boy..... 0898 700 376

MY WET FANNY
0898
700
374

FINGER ME TILL I COME !
0898 442 720

SQUEEZE MY TITS HARD !!
0898 442 721

DIRTY & HORNY GIRLS TO GIVE QUICK ORGASMS
0898 442 722

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RELIEF LINE

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I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!

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LIVE DIAL Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours

WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755

LIVE 0272 227721

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0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT 0898 362 575

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY

442 186

LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN

442 746

BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP

442 759

GENERAL SEX LINE

442 741

NO nonsense NO run around

Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure

0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!

0898 362 556

If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours

SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

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5 — DATING SERVICES

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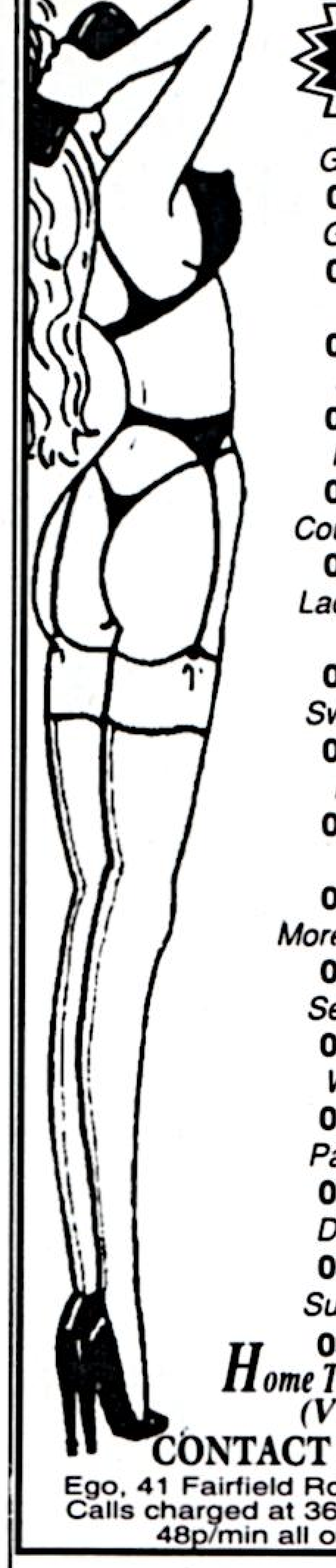
PENPAL mag for lonely people. Approval copy from: Matchmaker, (R.99), Chorley, Lancs

SUE NO FEES 0374 506 010, Sandy/Donna 051-424 2414. Men/Couples 0727 810 118

STOP!
THE 0898 RIP-OFF, NOW
LOOK
A SEX DATE GUARANTEED
OR WE'LL REFUND YOUR CALL COSTS!
LISTEN
TO THESE GENUINE MESSAGES
LADIES WITH HIS APPROVAL **0338 415810**
SEX DATES ONLY! **0338 415811**
COUPLES SEX DATE **0338 415812**
HOME TEL Nos (VIA REF No)



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LIVE RECORDED MESSAGES!
Girls Only (35+)
0338 405325
Girls Only (-35)
0338 405319
Older Ladies
0338 405354
Sexy Singles
0338 405353
Kinky Singles
0338 405177
Couples Want Men
0338 421012
Ladies Who Dress To Please
0338 405168
Swinging Singles
0338 405167
Kinky Ladies
0338 405178
Sub + Dom
0338 405171
More Mature Women
0338 405179
Sex Mad singles
0338 405170
Wild & Willing
0338 413241
Pain & Pleasure
0338 413240
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0338 413238
Home Tel No.s Available (Via Ref No.s)
CONTACT IN MINUTES!
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Calls charged at 36p/min cheap rate
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HOME TEL NO'S VIA REF No.
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OLDER LADIES **0338 413233**
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LADIES WITH HIS APPROVAL **0338 405355**
ALL GIRLS ONLY!
OK, 83 MINA RD, ST WERBURGHS, BRISTOL
CALLS COST 36P/MIN CHEAP 48P/MIN OTHER TIMES

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FREE MEMBERSHIP
PARTY LINE IS THE COMPANY WHO CAN GIVE YOU
HOME NUMBERS - "ON THE LINE"
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2. COUPLES SEX DATING
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123 CARLTON RD, SURREY, KT12 2DH.

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BIZARRE LADIES
0338 415807
WILD & WILLING
0338 415808
ALTERNATIVE SEX DATES
0338 415809
HOME No's G'TEED (VIA REF No)
LL, 83 MINA RD, BS2 9XP.
CALLS 36p/Min CHEAP 48p/Min OTHER

SEX DATE MESSAGES
0338 421034
GIRLS OVER 35
0338 421035
GIRLS UNDER 35
0338 421036
DISCIPLINE GIRLS
FROM **GIRLS ONLY**
LL 83 MINA RD, BS2 9XP. CALLS 36p/min CHEAP 48p/min OTHER
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SENSUAL MASSAGE in discreet luxury, call Janie 071-262 7123

MANCHESTER's strictest dominant massage, phone Haley now, 061-795 6320.

BANBURY – Jct 11, M40, slim busty blonde, 38-25-35, Debbie, Tel: 0295 278 128

NORTHANTS M1, sensual, relaxing massage in discreet country house offered to weary travellers, call 0831 673 369

MARIA voluptuous young pretty busty blonde offers discreet massage for gentlemen in Knightsbridge, 071-581 1216/071-823 9534

DOMINATRIX London's most bizarre and unusual fantasies experienced, 071-724 8080.

MIREILLE, beautiful slim French girls, offers unhurried massage, Lancaster gate station, 071-402 4393

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9 — PHOTO SETS

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16 — PHOTO PROCESSING

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17 — PHONE LINES

DUTCH aupair is just gagging for a night of orgasmic pleasure 0338 403 487

Mmm! bend me over and ram it in my tight holel 0338 403 485

SIDE SPLITING stud for sex!! 0338 403 481

HUNGRY BOTTOM - there pulled up tight 0898 224 428

BUZZING vibrators all tickling away at the sides - let Sheila tell you ali on... 0338 403 490

TRACY & VICKY squirm over each others oiled bodies - fun in the sun on 0338 403 494

DIAL NOW! for your own personal 2 girl sex chat 0338 403 497

LET ME fondle your huge and hairy balls 'til you spurt in my face 0338 402 807

ENTER into the castle of cum! It's a group grope - orgasmic fun on 0338 402 810

XXX RATED hot tart needs a man - she's wet & ready on 0338 402 814

OHH! my a*** is so red and sore, but hot and stingy!! lovely!! 0338 402 817

RAVING shaven nympho gets caught from the back!! Ouch, that hurts 0338 402 819

LUCY has a naughty story to tell, she's going to tell you all about her kinky sex she carries out, call her on 0338 402 823

CALL the erotic phone sluts & let them talk your rocks off! 0338 402 830

LINDA wants to w**k you silly! Let her cream you off on 0338 403 336

2 GIRLS looking for other couples to join in call 0898 224 402

PANTIES for sale on 0898 224 404

ORAL ANNIE takes it all down 0898 224 407

KATE (31) is a chef, shes going to show you some of the things she can do with kitchen utensils! 0338 402 829

"BE MY BOSS!" - I'll come to your office & you can dominate me 0338 403 489

TELEPHONE TARTS - our girls are just waiting to give you a personal sex chat 0338 403 350

FKING BIG** knockers - bury your head in these large bazonkas 0338 403 351

MILKMAID memories, creamy Mollie froths up all over you 0338 403 353

STICKY LACE stuck to your face, get your head in my knickers 0338 403 355

WOULD you like to join my husband & I in a 3 in the bed ecstasy orgy 0338 403 356

LET ME SUCK ON your dangling sex sacks - get them out & lets do it! 0338 403 414

CINDY'S been a very naughty girl!! call her and let her know what her punishment would be 0338 403 419

FOR the hottest dirty talk call... 0898 224 418

WE'RE TWO rampant females, always wet, and we'd like guys to join in with us 0338 403 417

BACK SEAT BONK, pull them to one side and ram it up the back way 0338 403 349

PANTIES around my ankles, now bend me over because I love it up my a***! 0338 403 352

PVC PLAYSUIT sweating & sexy 0898 224 424

MY BOSS likes to strip me slowly - peel my stockings off, knickers to one side and part my legs - hear all on 0338 403 354

CUM in my hot mouth 0338 403 420

LEATHER LUST bound up in black leather and waiting your instruction 0338 403 422

PENNY the flat pancake - erect her nipples on 0898 224 426

RED HOT hand rampant Helga, the German fraulin takes it hard!! 0338 403 424

BOARDROOM BANG up, office meeting and I got it hard, many times, sloppy seconds on 0338 403 406

MANDY loves to have a hot milky mouth 0898 224 427

BENT OVER for thr boss - he's coming with his ruler!! Helpl! - save me or listen in on 0338 403 400

BONK MY BAPS! 0338 403 403

CUM between my round, firm tits & rub all the sp**k in! 0338 403 484

OH! I'd love a bit of "rough" & tumble - if your a real man take me on 0338 403 405

WE'LL SNEEK you into our college dormitory and let you watch us in - shocking action! 0338 403 407

THE MILKMAN masturbates between Mellisa's hairy lips 0338 403 482

TARTY TINA wants you for sex in any position - you decide on 0338 403 483

I'M SPREAD open & ready for you to take me anyway you want 0338 403 404

ANY POSITION you get to name your way! 0338 403 402

"ORAL" mmm! make me gag on your stiff todger and choke on your sp**k 0338 403 401

I FEEL MYSELF up under the desk, I'll let you listen to my squelchy noises on 0338 403 408

PUT your rod between my breasty dumplings for a hot tit w**k 0338 403 486

I'M SITTING here alone & naked! you can take me anyway you like 0338 403 488

ALL 0898 & 0338 NUMBERS ARE CHARGED AT 36p/MIN, CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES.
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TO ADVERTISE IN CLUB RING 071-734 9191

Photographs by
Scott Evans

Stella

What could be more beautiful than seeing the stunning Stella here in nothing but a little smooth silk underwear? You've guessed it, seeing her in nothing at all! "I think it's the tease in me, you know. I just love to drag out undressing – it makes me feel so in charge I get quite turned on!" But do your men like it? Not that we're complaining... "Well, sometimes when I'm parading myself around, slowly

stripping off, but not even touching them, they can't control themselves. Then I get very annoyed and have to take them in hand, if you see what I mean."

I think we can imagine... ♣

COMING IN club

Mmmm... sun, sea, sand and Stephanie – what more could a man ask for, eh? Well, how about some fantastically gorgeous pictures of the 19-year-old blonde beach babe tanning her naughty bits on a secluded beach with no-one except thousands of appreciative Club International readers for company? Sounds nice, doesn't it? So whip out the Ambre Solaire, put on your fedora and we'll see you down at the beach, boys... ♣

Volume 22 Number 8 on sale July 15th

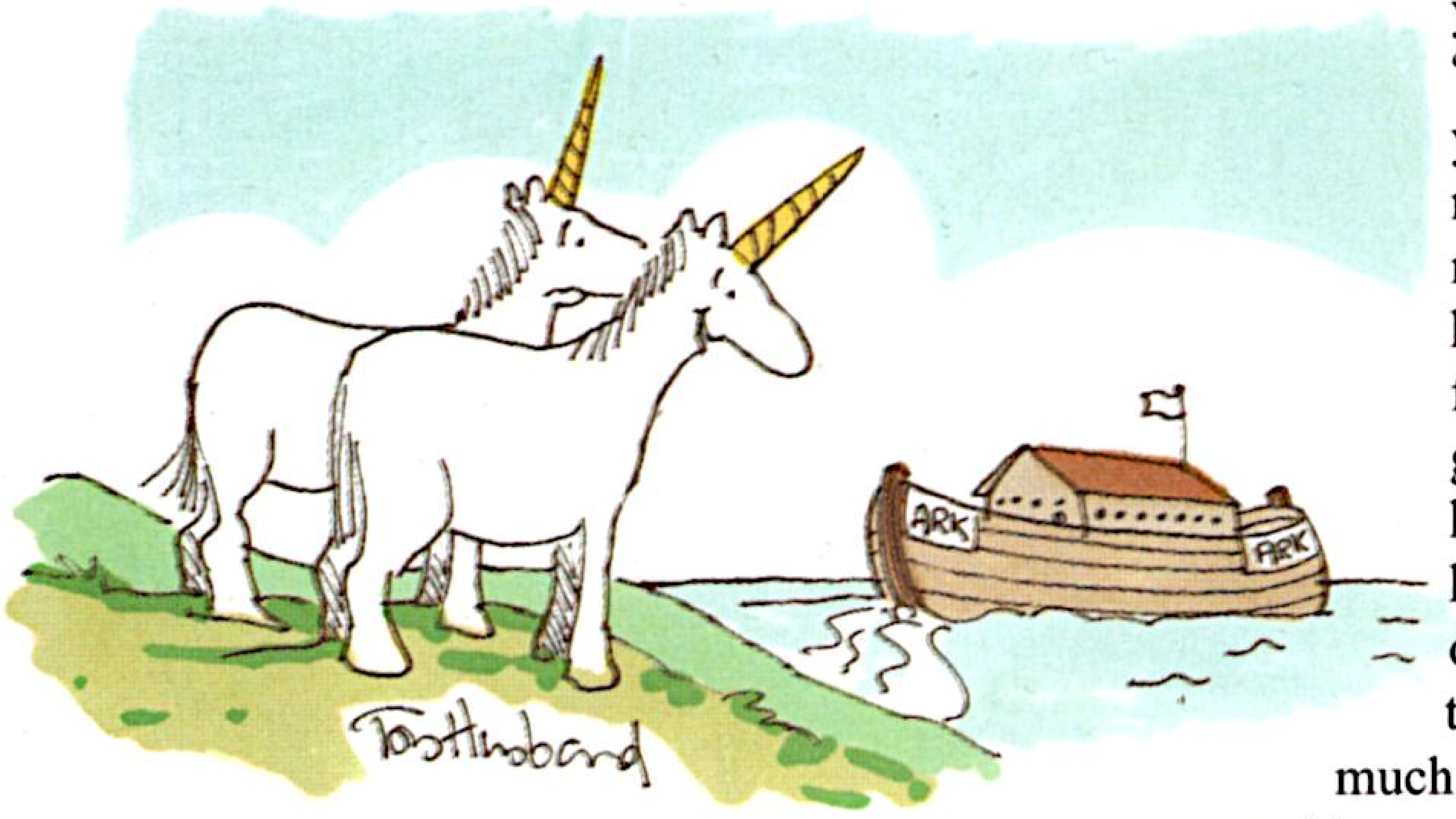
IN THE BAG

continued from page 36

naked on the floor with Martine's bum grinding down on her face. Both girls were writhing around in ecstasy, and I watched entranced as I saw Martine's wet tongue darting in and out of Caroline's tight snatch. My dick soon hardened at the sight before me, and just as I was getting ready to join the action, the door opened and in walked Debbie, our manager. I thought my lot was up, but I was amazed as Debbie just stood there with her eyes wide and her mouth open, before she quickly left the room in embarrassment. I then turned my attentions back to the girls as they both came with shuddering cries. By now my cock was raging for a fuck, and I left the stationary room in search of a willing partner.

While I'd been away the drink had certainly been flowing freely, and all the girls were dancing around provocatively and having a right old knees-up. Then I noticed Helen, one of the horniest looking women in the office, and I made straight for her.

She was wearing a dark blue, strapless dress which didn't do much to hide her gorgeous tits. As we danced close together, I gently stroked her fabulous boobs until I could feel her nipples poking out through the thin material of her dress. By this time we were barely moving on the dancefloor, Helen was clinging tightly to me, grinding her pussy mound against my bulging crotch.



"Don't worry, there'll be another one along soon..."

As we edged ourselves into a quiet corner, I slid my hand under her dress and then started to caress her smooth bum. "Mmm, that's very nice," whispered Helen, "how about doing the same to my pussy." I moved my hand around to the front and then slowly slipped my hand under the elastic of her knickers. Her pubes were soaking wet as I moved my hand down, cupping her pussy and allowing my middle finger to explore her sopping love-hole.

I frigged her gently for a few minutes, then Helen placed her hand firmly on the front of my trousers and squeezed my cock. "Let's go somewhere quieter, shall we?" she said, and she led me by the hand to the dark stationary cupboard, kicking the door shut behind us.

Helen took me to the back of the room and sat me down on a shelf, then unzipped my trousers and started greedily bobbing her head up and down on my stiff rod.

I gripped her long, blonde hair and guided her as she sucked me expertly... but then she suddenly stopped. Standing up, she slowly pulled off her long dress to reveal that she was wearing no underwear. Her pussy was beautifully trimmed and she pulled my face down against it. "Eat my cunt, you horny bastard," she ordered. "I know that's what you want, isn't it?"

I quickly dropped to my knees and then ran my tongue over her swollen, wet lips as Helen slipped a finger inside beside my tongue and frigged herself hard. Her engorged clit was clearly visible and I flicked my tongue across it, soliciting loud cries and moans of delight from Helen.

Helen had eased two fingers inside herself now and as I licked her button faster and faster she came again, quivering all over. Helen then lay back on one of the shelves and spread her legs wide, her gaping, pink hole staring right up at me. "C'mon, John," she yelled loudly. "Show me what you're *really* made of... fuck me. Fuck me hard!" I stepped forward and guided my cock halfway inside her, then pulled out again, teasing her as much as I possibly could.

"Push it right in," she pleaded. I slid my length deep inside her, as Helen wrapped her long legs around my waist and we began to screw slowly. I could feel her sticky juices running down my legs as we speeded up the pace, Helen pulling me in with her firm legs as I rammed my dick inside her. I was massaging her firm tits as I fucked her, then as I felt myself coming I pulled out my cock and directed my spray of spunk all over her tits.

I pulled her closer to me as I drained my load inside her, kissing her lips and tits as we both collapsed in a sweaty heap on the floor.

After that, I staggered back to the party for a few more drinks, before Helen and I got a cab back to her place to carry on with our sexy fun. But not before I checked how Martine and Caroline had been getting on the stationary room – a sexy sight, believe me! There were a few red faces at work the next day – and a few satisfied smiles too! – *John, Barnet* ♣

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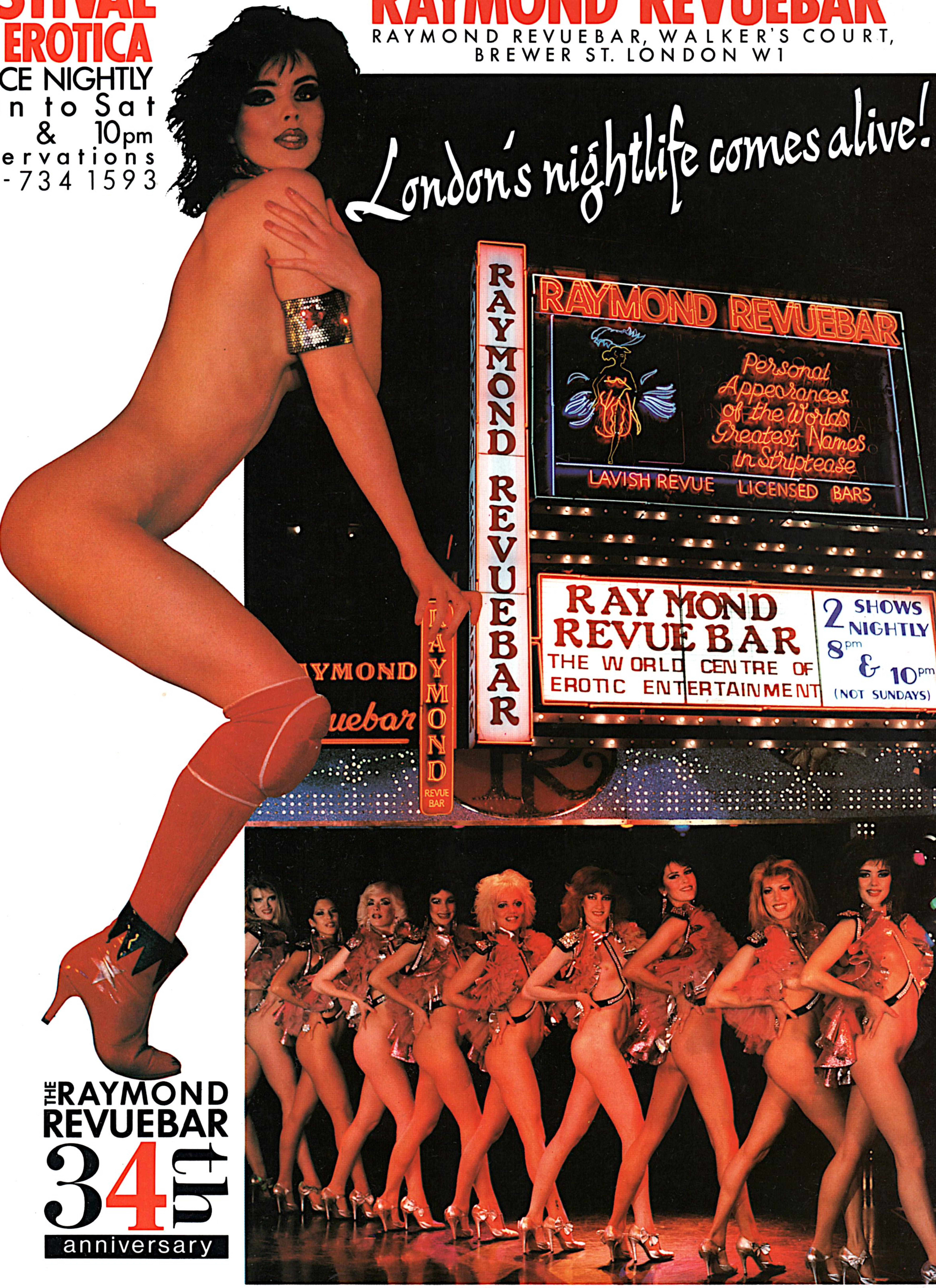
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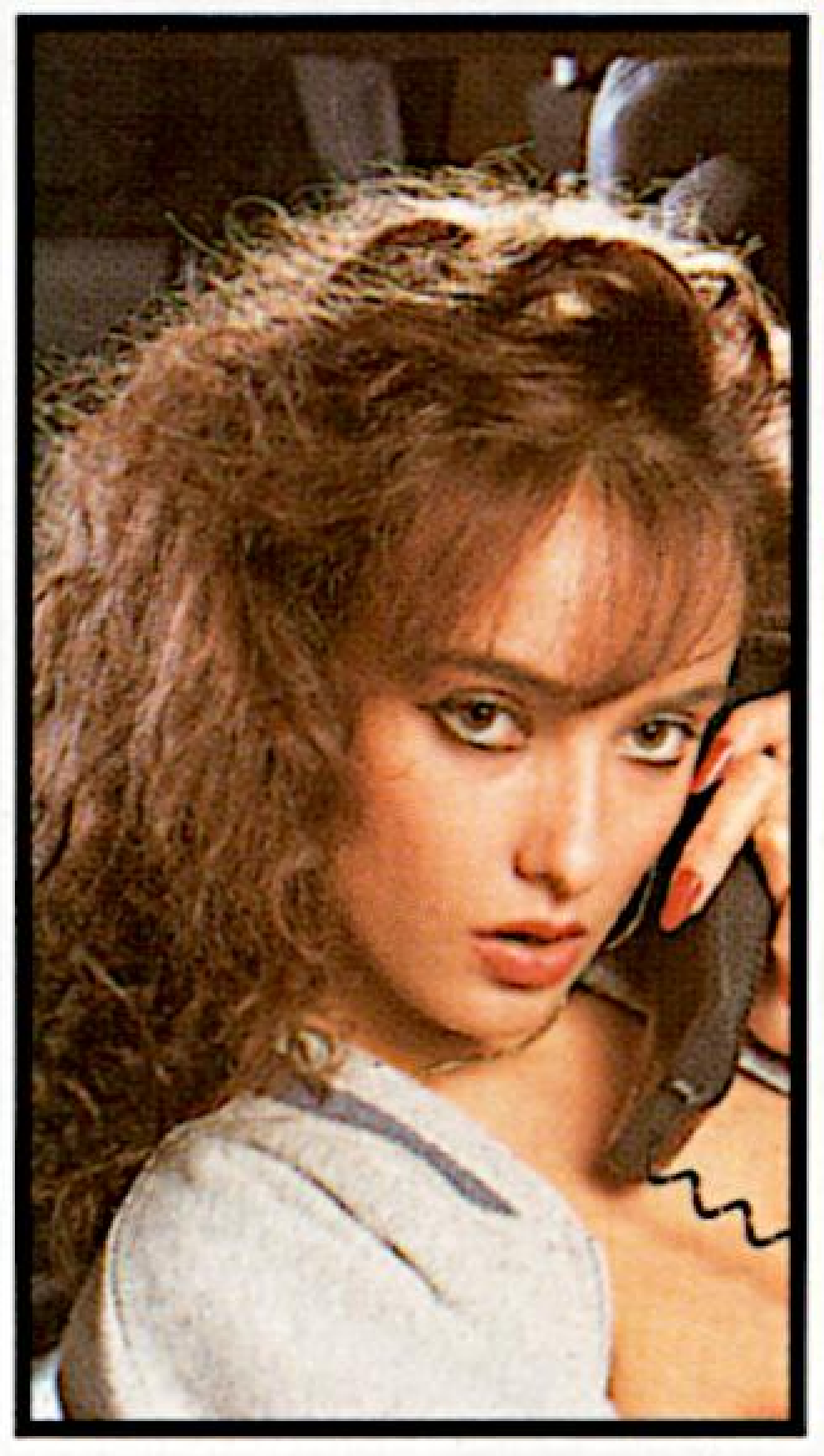

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MANDY WANTS TO BE SHOUTED AT 0898 362 515
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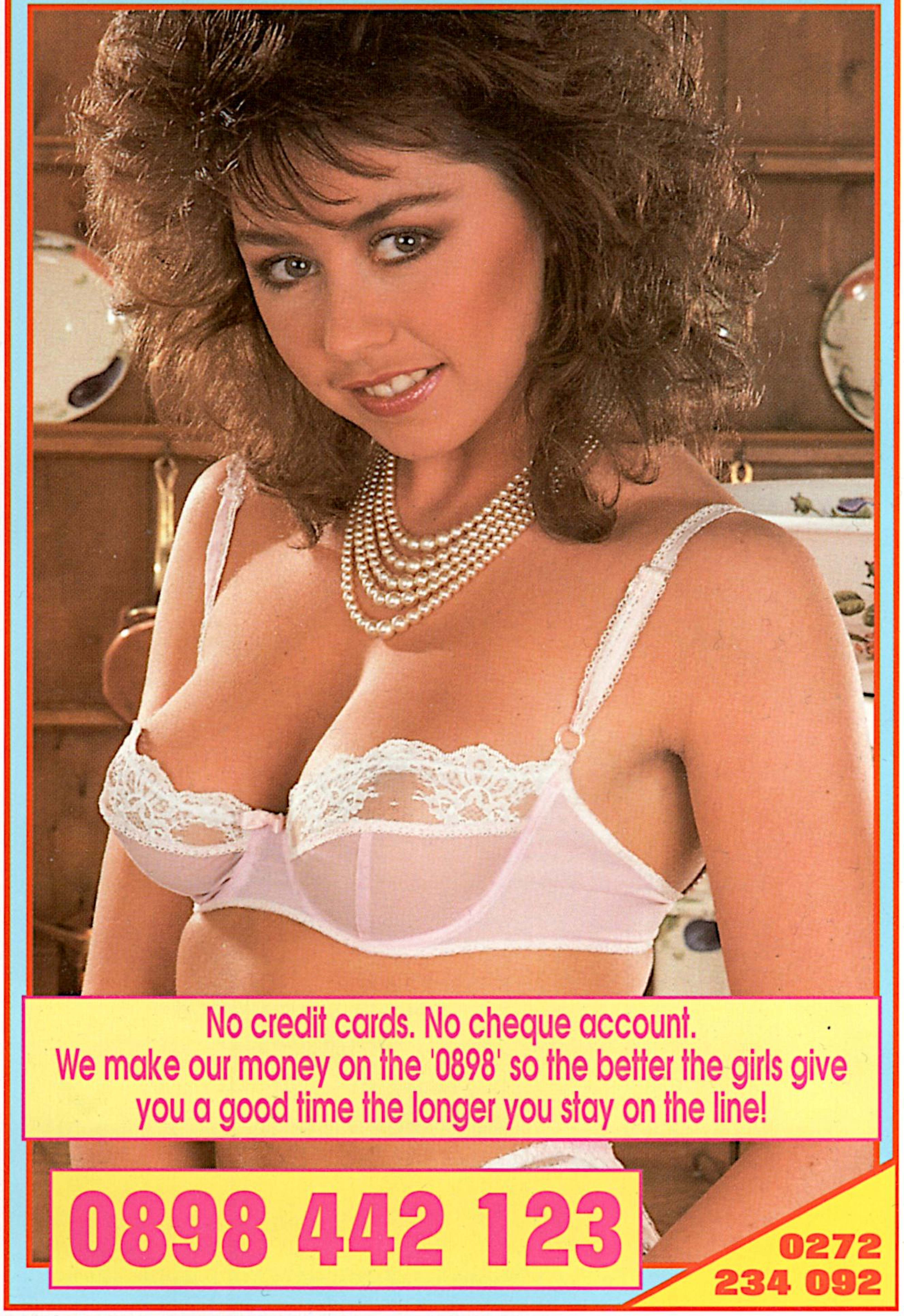

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